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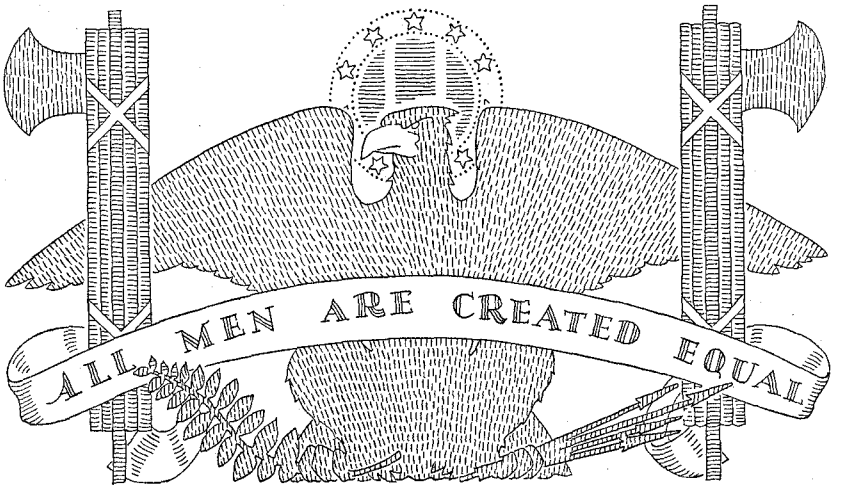

The Crisis and the Constitution

By James Truslow Adams

III. *Changes in the American People—Do We Need a Dictator?*

Can the people no longer govern? Mr. Adams in this paper analyzes the effect of the growth of national feeling and the pressure of the masses upon government. Next month he will discuss the country's attempted solution, "The Roosevelt Revolution"

In this the third article of our series, we are concerned more particularly with the changes in the American people themselves and the organization of society. The total result of similar changes elsewhere has brought about crises in government of various forms and degrees of intensity in almost every country of the world, though we are naturally especially concerned with our own.

In the United States one of the most marked developments politically since Jefferson was elected in 1800 has been the steady growth of national feeling. This has been of great influence upon the Constitution in all its parts, written and unwritten, and, as an important factor in forming that background of public will and desire which we have called the vital element in the Constitution, must be heavily reckoned with in considering the problem of today.

Many causes have been at work to produce this result. Among them we may note the Louisiana Purchase which by doubling the size and potential importance of the country opened thitherto undreamed-of vistas of future greatness. Moreover, so long as the nation consisted only of the original States, with the territory contributed by them, state pride and jealousy were powerful sentiments. The last new domain, however, was owned in common by the nation, and as new States which had not inherited the bickerings and quarrels of the old were created during the next century and more, citizens came to think more in terms of the nation and less of their State, such cleavages as came being not between States but between large sections, each made up of many states.

The War of 1812 was another influence welding the various States together, as was also the subsequent turning of our faces away from Europe to the West, the development of which was shared by all as a national task in a national possession. The Civil War, if it did not settle constitutional problems legally or philosophically, did show the strength of national sentiment and the fact that the nation was greater than any State. Its outcome killed the doctrine of states' rights in its older extreme form. The Spanish War and our temporary fit of imperialism not only increased the sentiment of nationalism but, also, in the subsequent and necessary validating Supreme Court decisions, widened the powers of the Federal Government.

Many influences besides wars, however, have been steadily at work. The growth of roads, canals, and railroads bound the country together. The demands both of profit and efficiency of service built up corporations on a national scale out of scattered local units.

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An old toll bridge or a few miles of toll road could be regulated by local authority, but it seemed absurd and hopeless to control a railroad, spanning the continent, by means of a score of conflicting Commissions of the states through which it passed. National brands, national advertising, national salesmanship, all played havoc with the idea of sovereign, self-contained states. Rapidity and universality of communications all worked in the same direction—the railway, telegraph, telephone, radio, motor car, airplane. Our political party machinery did the same. A party which is not a national party can have no hope of accomplishing anything even locally, except in rare instances. Pressures of all sorts, economic, cultural, political, have served to exalt the sentiment of nationalism at the expense of state allegiance. No one would think today of speaking, as was common a hundred and fifty years ago, of Virginia or Massachusetts as "my country." The vital part of our Constitution has undergone a great alteration. In the mind of the people the central government has become primary in function and the state governments secondary. As always this element has been reflected in the Constitution as a whole, and if we plot this curve of popular opinion and that of legislation and Supreme Court interpretation, we shall find that on the whole they coincide. It is a fundamental political fact today that the people are willing and desire to go to the Federal Government rather than to those of the forty-eight states "to get things done, and to get them done quickly," as the latest historian of our constitutional history, Professor A. C. McLaughlin, recently wrote.

Another continuous influence of importance in considering our contemporary problem has been that of the steady increase of self-confidence in democracy. I say this in spite of the hesitations and questionings of the moment, because a year or two of a movement of public opinion in one direction is nothing as against a century and a half of movement in an opposite direction. We cannot here trace in detail all the forces making for this rise in democratic belief and confidence. Some have been world-wide and some have been distinctively American. The first great surge forward may be dated about the time of Andrew Jackson and the rise of the new West. Indeed, there is much truth in the statement which has been made that he "was the first President of the American *people*," now the "most meaningful word in the American political vocabulary." This steadily growing sense on the part of democracy of its competence to govern itself and its refusal to be governed from above have constantly expressed themselves in changes in the Constitution from the time when the people insisted on taking over the functions of the Electoral College and electing the President themselves, down to the present. Its influence today as well as in the past has, like nationalism, heavily to be reckoned with. To quote again from Professor McLaughlin in his recent book, we may affirm, as he does, that "to maintain and manage democratic institutional forms, a nation must be democratic-minded; forms are not of so very much consequence in and of themselves; the development, therefore, of this spirit and sense of popular power and of popular competence is of more real significance even for the constitutional historian than are the formalities of the law—of more real significance because the most important constitutional question in the history of a free, self-governing nation is whether it can be really free, actually self-governing, capable of living." Here, then, in these two growing forces, those of nationalism as against the old logical federalism, and the increasing demands for democratic self-government, we find two of the chief conditioning factors to be considered in constitutional changes in any near future, and two of the problems of the age.

Another problem, both difficult and sinister, is found in the rise of the masses. By this I do not mean economic or social advance in the scale by any one class, but the stark fact of population itself. This fact, fateful with implications, has become actualized within the last century. Ortega states that for twelve centuries prior to 1800 the population of Europe never rose above 180 millions and that between that date and 1914 it had risen to 460 millions. In the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution in 1788 there were, in all, less than 4,000,000 inhabitants, and only two cities with a population of over 20,000—Philadelphia with about twice that and New York with about 33,000. Today we have about 125,000,000 people and five cities with more than a million inhabitants each. The five boroughs of New York City alone contain about 7,000,000 while the Metropolitan Area probably has about 10,000,000, or two and a half times the entire population of the United States in 1788, all crowded into practically one municipal community.

The problems raised by this fact of mere mass are as varied as they are complex—social, economic, political, psychological, and other. They all impinge, however, on the central problem of government, local, state, national, and international. Moreover, almost all of them are new. We cannot even list them, much less discuss them, but we can give a simple and general indication of what they are.

Let us take a typical American community of 1800, a cell of the then body politic. It might be a village of a few score families or a scattered county population. Leaving aside for the moment the matters of invention and changed standards of living, and trying to confine ourselves merely to mass, what were its community problems? Some roads, perhaps a wooden bridge or two, would have to be kept in moderate repair. For those purposes a man could contribute in money or in manual labor. There might be a primary school for the children, most of whose parents knew each other. The teacher would probably be a neighbor. There would be no sewerage system, no garbage collection, no lighting system, no fire departments, no police, no building control, no city streets or side-walks. In a town meeting or other gathering of the citizens, the simple problems could be understood by all; candidates for the few offices would be known to all; the need for taxes would be negligible. The poor or insane would be too few to be institutionalized. Food would be raised locally, and its quality known. Simple as the demands on local government were, those on the states were not much greater, and of the federal government Jefferson could say in his Inaugural Address that it should merely be "wise and frugal," "restrain men from injuring one another" and otherwise "leave them free to regulate their own pursuits," and "not take from the

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mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

Today, nearly 70,000,000 Americans live in urban districts, which may roughly be taken to mean sections with a minimum population of at least 1000 to the square mile. We have nearly a hundred cities of over 100,000 each. Apart from changed standards of living, it is evident that the mere gathering of such masses would greatly alter the needful functions of government if plague is to be avoided, order maintained, a flow of decent food continued, disasters of fire or flood guarded against, a minimum education afforded, and other basic necessities of life provided. Not only the functions but to a large extent the nature of government has had to be altered. The relationship of a citizen of the typical community of 1800 to his government was utterly different from that of a citizen of New York, Chicago, or thousands of communities today. The same applies in the case of the federal government. The governmental problems of a century ago were mostly such as could be understood by any ordinary citizen. The rise of the masses, however, has not only increased enormously the necessary sphere of government but has created such complex problems as to make it impossible for the man in the street to keep track of or to understand them all. As government becomes more powerful and important, the intelligent control by the citizen becomes lessened. At the same time, as the franchise has been widened and the sense of democratic competency has increased, the vote of the ordinary citizen has become more essential to the party in power.

We now come to another important factor—the rise in the standard of living. The century of invention has not only been coincident with the century of the rise of the masses, but the latter has been largely dependent on the former. Humanity could not have spawned such masses on the earth, in turn to increase and multiply, had it not been for the inventions which provided jobs, transportation, adequate food supply to industrial centers, and so on.

The nineteenth century was one of great scientific and mechanical progress, but for the most part, the really marvellous change, especially as to living standards, has come since the opening of the twentieth. Although I am only in my fifties, I am constantly struck by the fact that I have lived in two worlds whereas the generation born around 1900 or after has lived in only one. It is true that when I was a child we had matches to strike a light with, gas in the bigger cities, and there were railroads and steam vessels. But there was only one transcontinental railroad, comparatively new. The latest "luxury liner" on which I was taken to France at the age of three was a vessel of 6000 tons. Of the vast range of goods as we know them today, there were scarcely any. I lived in a handsome house in a distinguished neighborhood in New York, but there was no telephone, no electric bells, lights or other appliances, such as vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, and so on. There was no such thing as an automobile, a gramophone, radio, an electric tram-car (much less a subway) in existence. There were no moving pictures. Few people travelled, and travelling was hard. One kept old clothes for an ocean voyage. Many of the necessities of the poorest farmer of today were then unknown luxuries to the richest town-dweller. Social life in 1880 for even the well-to-do had much of the simplicity of the political life of 1800.

I need not elaborate on the change which has come in one generation, and which is almost wholly unrealized by the generation which has experienced no other conditions of life. As humanity has never before known, in its history of some hundreds of thousands of years, such a wealth of new goods as has been developed in the past thirty years, it may be assumed that this is a unique stage in human progress and that it may depend upon a delicate balance of forces or circumstances, which might be upset. What, we may ask, are some of those concomitant with this unique flood of luxuries or comforts? In what respects has the century or two which prepared the way for today differed from other periods?

Just as the swollen population mass and the flood of new goods rise like mountain peaks among the social facts of our time, so there are two others which rise similarly in the political and economic fields of the recent past. The first of these has been in the leading nations the unparalleled freedom of the individual. The American Revolution, the French Revolution, and other movements at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries initiated the greatest era of personal liberty—liberties of action, speech, press, and thought—which the world has yet known. That this liberation of the human mind and will was coincident with the rise of pure and applied science to heights never before attained is not, I think, a simple accident of contemporaneity. Another characteristic of the period has been the rise of modern capitalism and the accumulation of wealth, real or nominal, on a hitherto undreamed-of scale. Never before had the possible prizes for energy, brains or luck been so dazzling. Moreover, never before, in spite of much maldistribution of this wealth, has so large a part of the population shared in it, felt they had a chance to share in it, or demanded a right to share in it.

Here, then, are two more factors entering into that apparently very delicate and unique balance of forces which have brought us to the vision of a potential age of plenty. Both factors, however, entail their new political problems which must be considered in thinking of changes in the Constitution. The first is liberty. The ordinary American in 1776 reacted with fervor to the doctrine of inalienable rights, and the Constitution could not have been adopted and peaceably accepted except for the Bill of Rights added to it guaranteeing forever freedom of religion, thought, speech, and press. These were very real and important things to the ordinary man of those times because he had known what happened when he did not possess them. Having, however, now long possessed them in a high degree, much higher than ever before in history, this particular "good" has largely lost its moving force, partly because we have had no experience with a contrasted evil, and partly because we take its continuance for granted, just as the child of the new generation takes the motor cars, airplanes and all the rest of the inventions of our age for granted. In considering the Constitution, here is a fact, negative but most important.

Again, we may note that the conditions fostering the development of pure science, the inventions and technical skill which rest upon it, the accumulation of wealth, dependent thus

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far on individual initiative and ambition, and the various other factors entering into the vision of the age of plenty, all form a most intricate and delicate combination. Just what would happen to the combination if any of the factors, such as freedom of mind, the hope of individual property, or another, was removed, no man can say. The point is, however, that the masses have no conception of how delicately poised and infinitely intricate it all is. With the phenomenon of the growth of our great modern masses of humanity has occurred also the phenomenon of the steadily decreasing number of men capable of leading, either in business, science or government. This is particularly true of pure science, on which the whole of modern civilization is based. We have got to advance or face catastrophe, and the spear point of the advance—the few human brains now capable of going further—is appallingly small as contrasted with the unthinking political power of the mass. A leading physicist has said that if ten or a dozen specified scientists should die at once, "it is almost certain that the marvels of physics today would be lost forever to humanity." Even if this statement is an exaggerated one, nevertheless the fact remains that the mere hoarding of knowledge in vast libraries would be of no use were there not human brains of such fineness as to understand that knowledge and carry it further. The conditions which have produced such brains would appear to be those special conditions which have existed in the past few centuries.

With the development of this situation has come also the rise, already mentioned, of the belief of the masses in their increasing competency to govern. One by one, all the guards against a pure democracy set up in 1787 have been, so to say, lassoed and brought to earth. The people elect the President and senators directly. Congressmen are no longer sent to Washington to learn and think but to act as rubber stamps for the small home electorate on which their individual public careers depend. There have been also the initiative, the referendum, and recall. Theodore Roosevelt even suggested the popular reversal of judicial decisions. So it has gone, and today the mass is in potential control of the entire machinery of government. It could, if it so chose, elect a majority of congressmen pledged so to limit the appellate powers of the Supreme Court as to abolish the power of that Court's constitutional revision of Acts of Congress, and thus open the way to any legislation desired.

The entire fabric of government thus rests upon the mass mind, or if you prefer, on public opinion. In America, as yet I think, we may use the latter term rather than the former, but we may pause for a moment to note how that opinion is formed. The individual, as he has been doing for some generations with us, picks up facts, opinions, ideas, prejudices from school, personal conversation, sermons, lectures, the theater, pamphlets, books, newspapers, and so on. These, however, formerly all tended to create a diversified public opinion. People did not all hear the same preachers or lecturers, see the same plays, read the same books or papers, talk to the same friends. Public opinion was a cross-section of innumerable private opinions individually arrived at. Today we are confronted by a new situation. For one thing, we have the moving picture and the radio. Millions or literally even tens of millions of people by watching the screen or "listening in" receive the same impressions at almost the same instant. A leading European statesman has said that he considers these two inventions as the greatest two dangers to constitutional self-government in the future and to international peace. The mass mind, now all important politically, can be played upon intellectually or emotionally as never before. Moreover, although propaganda has always been used, it has never before been used so scientifically and to such a vast extent as at present. An intelligent public opinion based on reasoning from facts is a myth. After the flames of emotion, ignorant desire, and propaganda have played over it, it is more like the twisted ruins of a burned building.

In considering the present problem of our Constitution, in its broadest sense, we may run over the points touched on in this article thus far. There is a marked trend toward nationalism, and looking to the federal government to get things done. There has been steady growth in the confidence of the democracy to govern itself and in its desire to do so. There is wide-spread lack of recognition—extending even to the Brain Trust—of the complexity of our civilization, and of the unexpected results which may ensue from a shift in the balance of all the factors sustaining it. There is less realization than formerly of the importance of liberty, both for the genuine happiness of the individual and the safety of civilization. There is a greater desire to share in the flood of new goods which have given us the dream of prosperity for all. There is the rise of the masses, necessitating in itself a wider sphere and increasing complexity of government functions accompanied by decreasing knowledge on the part of the citizen of how those functions can best be exercised. There is, finally, the need of creating an environment in which an increasing number of human minds can reach further into the realm of pure thought, on which our civilization rests, and to which scarcely any of us can attain. These are some of the factors which should determine the solution of the constitutional or governmental problem which faces most of the nations today.

There is one fundamental decision to be taken at the outset. Shall we decide that the people of a nation under modern conditions cannot govern itself and must be governed, or shall we decide to take the chance that it shall prove capable of doing so? If the second leads admittedly to high and dangerous adventure, the first, it appears to me, inevitably leads to degradation, collapse, and the eventual downfall of civilization. Whether under the form of Fascism, Nazism or Communism, it means a dictatorship, and a dictatorship leads nowhere. It is not building for the future. For a civilized nation it is an interregnum, a temporary catastrophe such as war. Russia was not, in our sense, a civilized country. Its vast population had never known freedom, life under modern conditions, scarcely even thought. No one can tell what will come there, although apparently out of the welter of poverty and unhappiness (in spite of smiling faces in propaganda photographs), its present rulers seem to be veering back to the old despised ideas of the family, of private property, and other "bourgeois" conceptions, as necessity demands.

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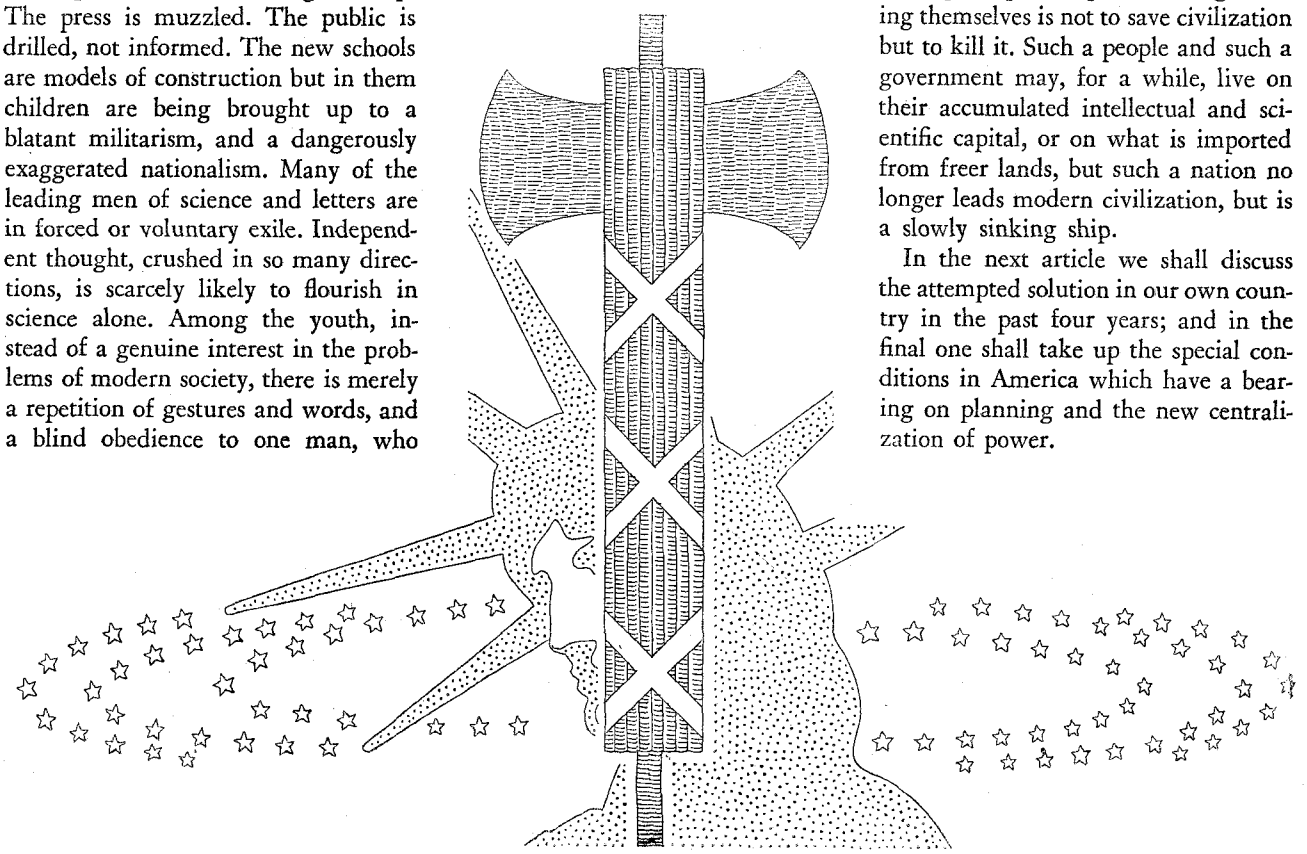
Let us look for a moment at Italy. Mussolini has been an able dictator for thirteen years. In his so-called "Cabinet" he holds personally nine portfolios of office. He *is* the government of Italy. He has brought about many reforms. The trains run on time. The new school buildings and equipment are good. The housing schemes have benefited many of the poor. We could greatly enlarge the list of certain material benefits. But what of Italy in a larger sense, and, supposing she could not draw upon a freer world outside for ideas, what would the future be of her civilization?

We may note, first, that Mussolini has solved no fundamental problems, but has created serious ones. He has not established Italy on a sound economic basis, nor has he settled the social conflict. The "class war" (now called the "tension") still exists, held in check only by the fear of an individual and ready to break out the instant he is removed. Meanwhile the mind of Italy, the only thing which can carry on civilization, is dying. Because Mussolini's word is law, he is surrounded by an obsequious body of "yes men." Men of powerful minds, of judgment ripened by responsibility and experience, are not being bred up. The press is muzzled. The public is drilled, not informed. The new schools are models of construction but in them children are being brought up to a blatant militarism, and a dangerously exaggerated nationalism. Many of the leading men of science and letters are in forced or voluntary exile. Independent thought, crushed in so many directions, is scarcely likely to flourish in science alone. Among the youth, instead of a genuine interest in the problems of modern society, there is merely a repetition of gestures and words, and a blind obedience to one man, who might die any moment. Spies and whispers make all afraid, and there is no general discussion possible of national problems. The morale of the nation is directed into the channel of war, the final diversion offered by every dictator as his personal popularity wanes. The old Italy was poor and careless, but smiling and singing. One sees few smiles and hears no songs on the streets of Rome nowadays.

The fact is that no dictatorship, whether by an individual or a committee, even when claiming to represent the "people" or that section of it known as the "proletariat," can sustain itself for many years except by creating a psychological state in the mass akin to that of war. In order to distract attention from the genuine loss of individual liberty and the real nature of the government, the illusion of an "enemy," the capitalist class, some institution or other has to be created so that the people will make the same sacrifices which they have formerly been induced to make by the propaganda and hysteria of war and the military operations against a human foe who is painted as threatening all which they hold dear. All emotions tend to exhaustion and if they are to be maintained must receive stronger and stronger stimulation. The supporter of a dictatorship is much in the position of a drug addict, and the longer it lasts the greater is the conflict between natural exhaustion and artificial stimulation. The Italian people, exhausted by a dozen years of forced adulation, have been offered the strongest drug in a dictator's power to administer—a foreign war.

Is a dictatorship, is the decision that the people cannot rule but must be ruled, any genuine solution of the modern constitutional problem? If all nations adopted such a solution, and everywhere throughout the world freedom of thought, speech, and printing were suppressed: if any new ideas which might run counter to those of the person or group in power might bring a man to prison or to death, how could civilization possibly endure? Its spearhead of rare and independent mind would be broken, and without advance we must decline. As we compare the turbulent but intellectually alive Italy of the Renaissance, in which our modern world largely had its birth, with the stifled Italy of today, we realize that physical improvements may be bought at too high a price and that to force a people to give up the experiment of governing themselves is not to save civilization but to kill it. Such a people and such a government may, for a while, live on their accumulated intellectual and scientific capital, or on what is imported from freer lands, but such a nation no longer leads modern civilization, but is a slowly sinking ship.

In the next article we shall discuss the attempted solution in our own country in the past four years; and in the final one shall take up the special conditions in America which have a bearing on planning and the new centralization of power.



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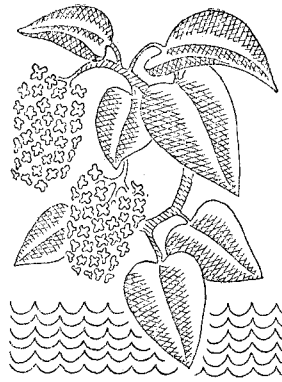
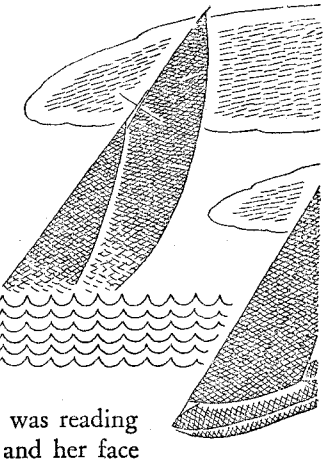


Love Is Not Love

A STORY

By Nancy Hale



FROM the windows of the train, somewhere between New York and Boston, Peter suddenly saw a stretch of blue water, Rhode Island water, and his heart gave a jump and turned over at the sweet, strong summery blueness of the ocean; that was where he wanted to be with every drop of love and longing in his body. Then the train whirled on past, into green fields and thickets, and the dull ache of disappointment began again in his heart.

His wife Elisa had gone down to the end of the car with that dreadful little package of hers; he imagined her in the washroom going through the routine he now knew so well; lifting the tiny hypodermic from its cotton bed, filling it with care and clean fingers, and shooting the insulin into a disinfected spot on her arm. She had to do that three times every day. . . . Now that she was away from him for a minute, he let himself think of her with a sharp burst of resentment. He thought she must be very happy now, going home to her family's house with him for his three weeks' vacation, to the country she had known as a little girl, and loved so still.

While he loved the ocean, he could never have it any more. He could leave Elisa and go off on cruises with other men, but that was not what he had wanted. He had wanted to go on cruises with his own wife; he stared blindly out of the car window and remembered Elisa as she used to be. He thought of her, four years ago, standing on the deck of his old yawl, that he had sold when he was married; in white slacks, with her hair blowing and her skin burned, knowing how to sail and loving it. She had been all he ever wanted, and he had married her, and they had had so much to look forward to for all their lives. Until she got sick. And she was going to stay sick; as long as she took the insulin she would not die.

Somehow his mind switched then to her mother, Mrs. Candler, who had always been sick too. Elisa's father had stayed with her and taken care of her, and that was all his life had ever amounted to. And Mrs. Candler had never been as sick as Elisa was, and was going to keep on being. . . . Peter remembered Bill McGee, his best man, and Bill's escape from a girl who was pursuing him. "Jesus," Bill said, "I took one look at her mother and I knew I had to get out quick." That had been a question of beauty. Elisa was beautiful, and so was her mother. But there was a worse kind of inheritance than that. . . . Peter thought of his father-in-law, a gray little man who had given his life away to his wife. A man gave all his restlessness and his dreams away and became a nurse to an invalid. He thought when he married a woman that he had some one to be restless with, to live a full, fertile life with, and then something happened and he found he was in a trap. You could not desert a sick woman. Peter looked out of the window. "I'm in a trap," he thought.

Elisa came down the aisle of the car, swaying a little and smiling at him. She was so beautiful. When she sat down she leaned over and put her hand on his and squeezed it. He tried to smile back, and then he turned his face toward the window again, feeling sick in his heart. She was so beautiful, but it was all still and pale now; there were lovely curved hollows in her cheeks, but he hated them. He had thought he had a wife he could fight the world with. . . . He looked back toward her, out of the corner of his eye. She was reading a book, and her face was grave and patient and resigned; looking at her hurt him, and made him angry.

He was so terribly sorry for her; of course she was in a trap too. But women had all that patience and resignation. He felt it in Elisa, he had felt it in her, a kind of enduring bravery, ever since the doctor had told her, six months ago, what was always going to be the matter with her. Women could stand things better than men, and they did. . . . If a man was told that he might expect no better than mere existence for the rest of his life, he wouldn't bear it, Peter thought; he'd do something about ending it at once . . . wouldn't he? Women were different.

He thought, suddenly, "Women don't *mind* being sick." He shifted his position impatiently. The train wheels ground rhythmically, and the sound swung in his ears, dully. "I'm in a trap, I'm in a trap. . . ."

Then they were in Boston.

Before dinner they all sat out under the lilac trees in the garden. Mr. Candler sat in an iron garden-chair, his gray clothes wilted from the day in the city and his blue tired eyes watching Elisa. Mrs. Candler lay on a canvas couch, with a shawl thrown over her.

Elisa ran about the garden with her face alive and sparkling with happiness. She stopped at the sundial that stood among the spiky yucca plants, and ran her finger-tips over the bronze plate on which the hours were marked. She walked down the alley between the privet hedges, with her head thrown back to see the late roses that swung from the looped chain overhead. She

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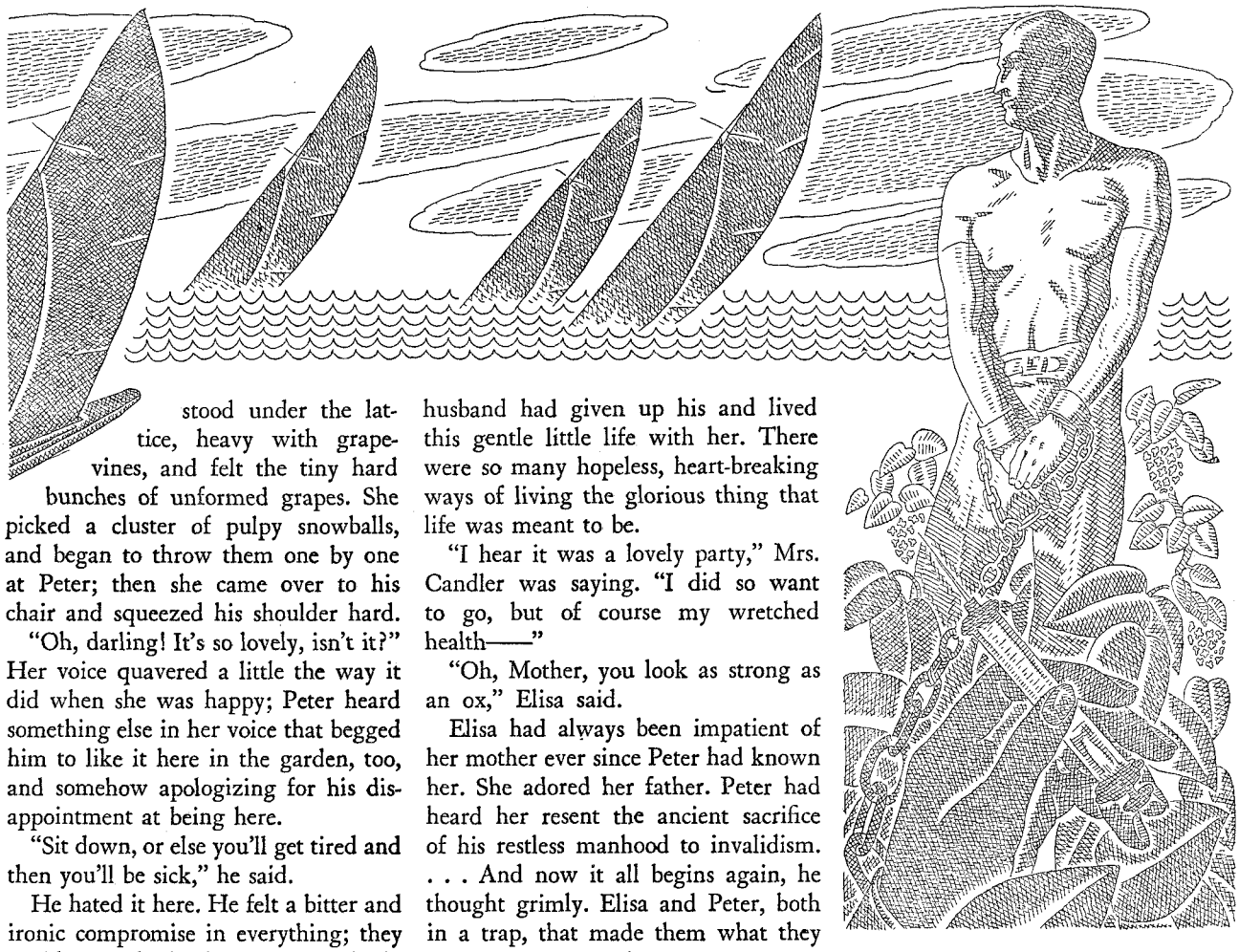

stood under the lattice, heavy with grapevines, and felt the tiny hard bunches of unformed grapes. She picked a cluster of pulpy snowballs, and began to throw them one by one at Peter; then she came over to his chair and squeezed his shoulder hard.

"Oh, darling! It's so lovely, isn't it?" Her voice quavered a little the way it did when she was happy; Peter heard something else in her voice that begged him to like it here in the garden, too, and somehow apologizing for his disappointment at being here.

"Sit down, or else you'll get tired and then you'll be sick," he said.

He hated it here. He felt a bitter and ironic compromise in everything; they could never do the dangerous and high-spirited things any more, they could only sit in quiet gardens, in this early twilight of life, and let all danger and daring go past them. He could feel that Elisa was happy in a recaptured nostalgia for her childhood here—but he was not ready for nostalgia yet. He had hardly begun to live. He hated it for her; he hated the breakdown of all her old recklessness and spirit into gentleness and resignation. It was too soon for either of them to be resigned. His heart beat in rage against the trick that had been played on them.

Elisa sat, now, quietly beside her father, and held her father's hand. Her mother was talking, lying still on her back, talking to them with a pained and patient look on her face. Peter suddenly knew how he detested Mrs. Candler. She had nothing that he knew of the matter with her, she was only a beautiful, ailing, complaining woman who had never been able to stand up and face life. She had made life into a timid, invalid matter, and her husband had given up his and lived this gentle little life with her. There were so many hopeless, heart-breaking ways of living the glorious thing that life was meant to be.

"I hear it was a lovely party," Mrs. Candler was saying. "I did so want to go, but of course my wretched health——"

"Oh, Mother, you look as strong as an ox," Elisa said.

Elisa had always been impatient of her mother ever since Peter had known her. She adored her father. Peter had heard her resent the ancient sacrifice of his restless manhood to invalidism. . . . And now it all begins again, he thought grimly. Elisa and Peter, both in a trap, that made them what they were not meant to be.

He raised his eyes in the pale blue dusk, to the soft hazy outline of rolling, wooded horizon, and longed for the sea. The grand eternal roar, the strong salt, the blazing sun on the endless blue; storms, winds, weather, the leagues on leagues of dark surging ocean; and a good, fought-out death at the bottom of it.

In the evening Peter and his father-in-law sat and smoked and drank whiskey. Their sick wives had gone to bed, so they sat alone downstairs in the quiet house.

They talked on, and suddenly Mr. Candler said:

"Pete, old boy, you take good care of my little girl, won't you?"

"I will," Peter said. He sighed.

"God." The older man sighed too, and stretched his legs out before his chair. He looked gray and tired in the faint light. "It makes me kind of sick to see Elisa like this. It wasn't the idea at all, her getting this damned diabetes."

"I know."

"She used to skip around so much. She used to be like a little deer or some such thing, running like mad and never giving up. I guess I always thought she'd be the one to get the world, if anyone could. Anything she wanted."

"Yes, I know."

"Well . . . I wish to God in Heaven I had it instead. . . . You know, I'm pretty crazy about that little girl."

"I know."

When Peter went to bed the big four-poster that they had used to sleep together in on visits had been moved away, and two narrow iron cots stood side by side; Elisa was supposed to sleep alone. In the moonlight he could see her lying in one of the beds. Peter sighed again and started to get undressed in the dark.

"Petie—"

"Yes?"

"Darling."

"I thought you were asleep."

"I can't seem to go to sleep."

He felt impatient, and his heart ached.

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"I told you if you ran around like that you'd get all tired out."

"I know. It's so hard to remember always."

He said nothing, and finished getting undressed.

"Petie. Kiss me good night."

He sat on the edge of her bed and leaned down and kissed her. She put both arms around his neck and held him tight.

"Oh Petie darling. Didn't it used to be fun, playing in the big bed?"

"Well . . ." He got up. "There's no use thinking about that."

He was alone again with Mr. Candler, at breakfast next morning. They ate silently, and then the older man got up and folded his paper; he had to make a train to his office.

Mrs. Candler came slowly down the stairs just as they went out into the hall. She leaned over the banisters and kissed her husband good-bye.

"Good-bye, dear," Mr. Candler said. "Then shall I go ahead and ask Jameson and the Harringtons for dinner tomorrow?"

"Oh, that. . . . Charlie dear, I've been thinking. I wish you wouldn't. It always exhausts me so, that Mr. Jameson. He does talk so *very* loud. Some other time, but really, Charlie, not now; it's so nice to have the children to ourselves."

"All right, dear. Only I thought Elisa might enjoy it. She and Jameson always have a lot to laugh about. . . . Well, never mind."

"No, Charlie, really no. Besides, we must try to see that the child doesn't over-exert herself. She hasn't really learned to take care of herself."

Peter, standing at the end of the hall, felt sick with all the old, bitter sickness of yesterday. He had a feeling, as he looked at his father-in-law, gray and resigned, that he was looking at himself. Fifteen years from now——?

Elisa came down the stairs and passed her mother. She looked fresh and lovely and she held her chin up in that old way of hers. Peter looked at her and thought how beautiful she was, and then he saw how pale, and looked away. "In a trap," he thought.

Elisa threw her arms around her father and kissed him good morning and good-bye. They clung to each other for a minute and then he went away.

"Petie, come on, let's go for a walk." He loved her with her chin high like that.

"Oh, Elisa!" Her mother caught her arm. "Dear child, you mustn't do that. That long tiring trip yesterday, and—. Elisa, if you won't take care of yourself I must do it for you."

"Oh, *Mother.*" Elisa pulled her arm away. "I can't just sit around all day, I'd go crazy. Petie, come on."

The day was fine and sparkling outside, with many bees humming and the scent of honeysuckle.

"Peter, tell her she can't."

"But Mother, I've got to do *something.*"

He went with her. He was still burning with irritation and resentment against his mother-in-law. She tried to drag everybody within her own net of cautiousness.

They walked along the summer lanes, dry and golden underfoot and arched over with green, with elm and maple and horse-chestnut and copper-beech. The fields lay long-grassed and murmurous beside them, and the jar-flies shrilled clearer and higher. They walked in silence.

He wished Elisa would not walk so fast. She held her chin up and walked with her own long, swaying stride; he knew it would tire her, and thought with impatience that she ought to know enough to take care of herself; he supposed he was expected to do it for her. Then all the impatience sifted itself away in his head, and there was only the dull, bitter ache and the hopeless feeling.

At his suggestion they sat down on a stone wall and smoked cigarettes. He did not want to talk; there was nothing to say any more. He stared at the warm wooded hills and wished he were at sea.

"Darling." Elisa put her hand on his. But he did not move his hand to hold hers and he did not speak.

"Darling— I'm so sorry you're having a horrid time."

"I'm having a fine time."

"No, you aren't. . . . Why don't you send a wire to Bill McGee and get him to meet you at Marblehead with his boat? There's no sense in your being miserable here."

"No. I don't want to do that. I'm your husband and I'm going to stick with you."

"—And suffer. That's what you mean. Darling, don't you know I'd be lots happier thinking of you having a swell time?"

"No. It wouldn't be any good. That's not it, anyway. I'd just as soon be here. I want to be with you."

"I suppose you mean the rest of our lives—now. Is that what's making you feel so awful?"

"I'm all right."

"Petie, tell me something. Do you feel that I'm going to ruin your life for you?"

"Of course not."

"Tell me, Petie. I wish you'd tell me if that's what you feel. It wouldn't be fair to me not to tell me if you felt that way. Oh, darling, don't you know I'd give you a divorce or—*anything?* Oh, sweet, I love you more than anything in the world and I want you to be happy."

"Don't be silly. I don't want a divorce. For God's sake, I'm in love with you. Don't be crazy."

"You mean you wouldn't want a divorce if I got one?"

"For God's sake, no. I married you, and I'm in love with you like hell, and I'm going to stay with you. Hell, no, I don't want a divorce. How do you think I'd feel, anyway—you get sick and I beat it off? For God's sake give me credit for some—decency, or something."

They stopped talking. He looked at the hills, and his mind ached and he did not want to think about anything. "In a trap," he thought. It was like a horrible tune running in his head. He thought about his mother-in-law instead.

"What's the matter with your mother, anyway?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. She's thought she was sick for so long that she really is sick now, I suppose. She can't do anything without getting exhausted."

"I know. God, a woman like that is a terror, do you mind?"

"*I* don't mind. She's always driven me crazy."

"Your father doesn't get much fun out of it, does he?"

"Not a bit. He's so sweet, it breaks my heart."

"—And I suppose he was a hell of a fine man, once. I don't mean he isn't now. But I suppose he was all full of

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plans, when they got married, and thought they would have a fine life. I remember you told me that after you were born she said it would kill her to have another child, so they never even had that. That man's had a lousy deal."

"I know." Her voice sounded queer, and he looked at her and she was crying.

"Oh, Elisa, don't cry. What's the matter?"

"Just—thinking about Father, I guess. I'm sorry."

"Well, there's nothing to cry about now. His goose has been cooked for a good twenty years."

"Yes." He felt her controlling herself. "I'm an awful fool, Petie. 'Scuse please."

They got up and started to walk back along the lane. Elisa took Peter's arm and squeezed it.

"So sorry, darling. Things like that seem to come upon me these days."

"It's all right."

"Petie, do you think I'm like Mother? Nowadays, I mean."

"What?—Don't be ridiculous."

"You do, don't you, Petie? It doesn't matter, you can't help it, poor darling. Darling—it's not much fun for me either, you know. I mean—I'm not exactly this kind of person by nature."

"I know you aren't." He wished she would stop talking about it. All of life was fixed for good, and there was nothing to be said about it any more.

"You know how you'd hate it if it was you. I guess I feel about like that."

"That's different. Women are different."

"Petie— What do you mean, different?"

"Oh, Elisa, you know perfectly well it isn't the same thing to a woman to be sick as it is to a man. It—comes sort of natural to a woman, I guess.—Oh, I didn't mean you, darling, you know that. Naturally you hate it like hell, I know.—Elisa *don't* cry!"

"I'm not crying," she said. She was not crying. "I just love you so."

After three days in that house Peter began to feel as if he were sick, too. The days were passed without event in the quiet summery garden. The air came to him to feel like a forced hothouse air, and the atmosphere was gentle and weary and sad. He felt that he was living in a vacuum, outside which men and dangers and events churned and bellowed.

He took a sort of grim pleasure in giving himself up to the enervating life, in not making an effort of any sort. Elisa, who looked pale and somehow desperate, tried to make him walk with her, but he would not even do that. He lay in a long chair in the tired sunlight of the garden and read all day long. He felt impatient at Elisa; why did she try to pretend that there was anything to be done, that there was any use in doing anything; far better give up now, and wither away into the sad, regretless monotone of their future. He grew angry with her when she persisted.

"Hell, no, why go for a walk?" he said, slumped in the long chair. "I like it here. I don't want to do anything. Sit down and don't get overtired."

He had assumed a habit of repressing Elisa's restlessness, as a start toward taking care of her for a lifetime. He even seconded Mrs. Candler, now, in her constant admonitions, and she, misled, began to tell him to take better care of himself, and to put shawls over his ankles when the breeze started up in the evening. He received her solicitude with bitter amusement.

"Petie, it isn't like you to hang around like a sick dog," Elisa said, on the third afternoon. She sat near him in the garden; there was a kind of lovely sharpness to her features.

"Sorry I seem like that."

"Why don't you let me get you a game of tennis? There are dozens of people in the neighborhood who'd take you on."

"I don't want to play tennis. I don't want to do anything. I like just sitting here all day long. I think it's fine. I'm getting used to it."

Her voice sounded exhausted. "I guess it isn't any use."

He glanced at her quickly. Then he went on with his book. He supposed Elisa was settling down into the long rhythm of semi-invalidism. Since the day they came she had not run about the garden as she had then, so childishly and happily, and Peter supposed that was just as well. She must learn not to exert herself, never to let herself be overtired. She must be sensible. He must be sensible. Life would be sensible.

In his mood it made him miserable to spend the hours after dinner with his father-in-law; he watched the gray little man morbidly and imagined himself grown like that, tired and spiritless and defeated, until his imaginings drove him wild. And so he began going to bed when Elisa did, soon after dinner. Mr. Candler sat alone and drank his whiskey and smoked his cigars through the long summer evenings. At twelve o'clock he would turn out the lights and come heavily up the stairs to his bedroom.

On the fourth night Peter undressed and went to bed; he lay there, feeling nothing any more, with the soft summer air coming in through the windows and fluttering the long light curtains; he lay on his back and watched Elisa undress. Tiny things occupied his mind; the moth that flicked along the ceiling, making a small batting noise; the two stars that he could see in the night sky outside, flickering far, far away; the light in the bathroom opposite him, that burned sharply. Looking at it he could almost hypnotize himself; it grew larger and yellower, then shrank into a point of light. He folded his arms behind his head and watched it with a dreary fascination.

Elisa went into the bathroom and stood before the mirror, washing her hands. He watched her stupidly. She had been very quiet; today she had hardly talked at all; what a quiet life they were going to lead, he thought, dully. He took a sort of unhappy pride in his new mood; nothing mattered any more; experimentally he thought of the sea, and smiled grimly inside himself to find that it brought no emotion at all, nothing at all.

He watched Elisa brush her teeth, comb her hair, drink a glass of water, the unimportant, small routine of retiring. He could see half her face in the lighted mirror opposite him, and thought how beautiful she was without emotion. Then she turned out the bathroom light and came to bed in the cot beside him.

"Good night, Petie darling," her voice said in the dark. He could hear all the overtones in her voice—the love and the unhappiness. She would have to overcome the unhappiness.

"Good night," he said.

He lay in the dark hoping that he

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could go to sleep soon. He fastened his mind on small details to drug it. Sheep, jumping over a fence. The contour and color of a large red apple. Elisa, standing before the mirror, going through the nightly routine. Hands, teeth, hair, hypodermic— But she had not taken the hypodermic.

He went over it again, seeing her standing there under the light in his mind's eye. Hands, teeth, hair—she had turned out the light after drinking a glass of water, and he knew, now, that she had not taken the hypodermic.

"Elisa!"

"Yes, darling."

"Did you forget your hypodermic?" He thought, I've even got to remind her to take her medicine. I'm like Mr. Candler. . . .

Elisa's voice came in the dark.

"No, Petie, I took it. Thanks for reminding me."

He lay still for a minute, trying to understand. . . . He switched the light on sharply, and got up and went over to her.

"Elisa! Why do you say that? I was watching you, I know you didn't take it. What are you doing, anyway?"

He stood staring crazily at her face on the pillow.

"Elisa!"

Then she was crying, terribly and hopelessly.

"Petie . . . Petie . . . I can't spoil your whole life. . . . I know all you want. . . . You hate me so for spoiling it. . . . Oh Petie . . . Petie. . . ."

He was on his knees on the floor, reaching for her, reaching for her, kissing her, his tears with her tears.

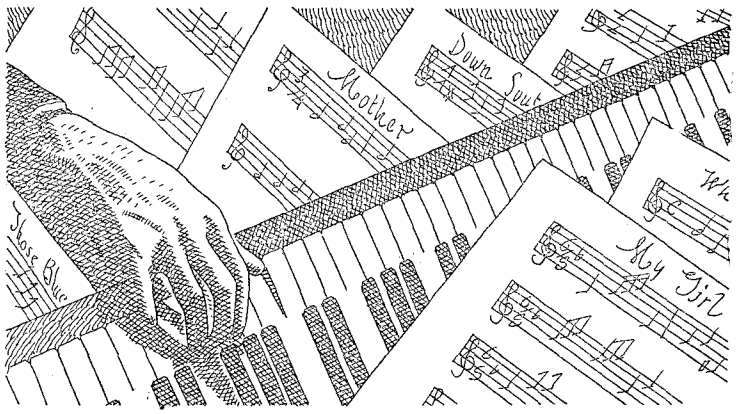
"Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling. I love you so. Elisa, my darling, I love you so."

—Then he was dragging her out of bed, pulling her to the bathroom, in a great surge of activity. Reaching for the hypodermic box on the shelf he knocked over a glass. It broke, and he swore at it.

"How long have you gone without it?"

"Only two days. . . . Darling——"

He watched her fill the tiny glass hypodermic, and watched the needle stick hard into her white forearm. He felt sweat on his forehead, and loosened his grip on the edge of the washstand. . . . "I'm in a trap," he thought. "I'm in a trap."



Tin Pan Avenue

By Doron K. Antrim

Radio and the moving pictures have turned Tin Pan Alley toward big business and dressed it up accordingly. Mr. Antrim cites the contrast between the old song pluggers and the modern methods, with stories of famous song successes

If Paul Dresser who wrote that early nostalgic "On the Banks of the Wabash," could come to life again and look up his former haunts where ballads were born amid much travail, he'd be due for a real surprise. No longer would he labor up dingy, dark stairways to cramped and cluttered cubicles where foregathered the "profession" of that day. No longer would he see desks piled high with an indigestion of papers, manuscripts, and music. Or hear pianos, burned with a thousand cigarette butts, belabored with accompaniments to brassy lungs all day. For that is the Tin Pan Alley that was, but is no more. The few remaining publishers who still held on to the old traditions and quarters have at last bowed to the inevitable, moved out and up, and with them Tin Pan Alley has passed into the limbo of legend.

Today Dresser would be whisked to the top of a towering Broadway building where the Crawford Music Company, for instance, has taken penthouse quarters. Dresser would no doubt be duly impressed and probably a bit awed on beholding such swank and spaciousness—not a piano, a desk, not even a spittoon in sight.

Instead of barging directly into the presence of the publisher as of yore, putting a lead sheet on the piano and saying, "Listen to this, it's terrific," while he gave lusty voice to his newest offspring, he would be confronted by a sweet, smiling Miss in a glass enclosed telephone switchboard who would ask him whom he wanted to see and if he had an appointment.

In the old days those sturdy pioneer publishers of popular song did not have their citadels guarded nor sit on cushioned chairs behind expensive walnut desks wondering whether to ring for the radio reports or just the ice water. In fact, they did very little sitting at all. Their long suit was circulating. It was a simple matter to get to them if they could be located in the immediate vicinity.

Those were the days when tune smiths wrote their sad, wistful ballads from stern necessity, not being able to dodge the landlord any longer; when a hit became a public obsession and put all the nation's parlor pianos in action, selling as high as 5,000,000 copies; when a hit started movements of this, that, and the other, and sometimes even made history.

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Surveying these modern offices decorated somewhat in the motif of Egyptian crypts, Dresser would surely have heaved a heavy sigh and preferred as Silvio Hein has hymned, to return to "that peaceful spot where the daisies grow." For in going Hollywood, the new Avenue has taken on sophistication and veneer, has followed the lead of big business and thereby lost its chief and only charm. Before we glance over the factors that have brought about these amazing changes, let us pause for a last look at what—was it Harry Von Tilzer?—was pleased to christen Tin Pan Alley.

Discounting much of what you may have heard, it still was a fabulous place that trafficked in moons, mammies, nostalgia, Alabam', and love lore; this old Alley that nurtured a nation's folksongs. Those denizens of the street, the old troubadours, were a picturesque, happy-go-lucky lot, either with plenty of money or almost none at all, it didn't make much difference which. As soon as one of them struck a bit of pay dirt with a hit, he either squandered the money in largess or liquor until all had vanished (vamp till ready), or started in the publishing business himself. There are still a few of the old guard left: Irving Berlin, Harry Von Tilzer, E. B. Marks, but they are thinning out.

The main stock in trade of a publisher was either his ability to write a hit or pick one. It was a gamble at stiff odds, and if he chanced upon one hit in fifty songs, he was conducting a very successful enterprise. The Alley was built on a shoe string and plenty of broken promises.

No sooner had they accepted a new song than these early publishers hied forth to try it out. "They all sang," as E. B. Marks has reminisced in his book of that title and were therefore equipped to do their own plugging. After starting it first in the burlesque shows, they begged or bribed as many vaudeville artists as they could corral to hosanna their hymn from the boards, here, there and everywhere until it died a premature death or leaped into the large sales figures. When the hurdy-gurdies were blaring it forth hither and yon, it was a hit, no mistake.

Now a hit in those days was something for publishers to get excited about. Although slow in starting, when it struck its stride, it was good for a year, maybe two or even three with diminishing returns for several decades thereafter. "Alexander's Rag Time Band," which was popular twenty-five years ago, still sells 30,000 copies a year. It is well to remember that radio was then unknown and in order to get your music and have it too, it was necessary to open up the square piano or do some homemade harmonizing on the back porch. Then the "mechanicals" began coming in, the phonograph and player-piano, and they were a gold mine to the publisher while they lasted. Here are some figures showing the various sources of revenue in the halcyon days of music publishing. They are taken from the Berlin catalog as listed in Woollcott's book, *Story of Irving Berlin*.

Title	*Duration of Sale*	*Sheet Music*	*Piano Rolls*	*Phonograph Records*
"You'd Be Surprised"	50 weeks	783,982	145,505	888,790
"Say It With Music"	75 weeks	375,508	102,127	1,239,050
"Nobody Knows"	70 weeks	1,143,690	62,204	843,062
"All By Myself"	75 weeks	1,053,493	161,650	1,225,083

Fortunes were made on a single hit song. Two boys fresh from the farm, Harry Williams and Egbert Van Alstyne made their appearance on Broadway one day with a sweetly simple pastoral, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and pocketed $28,000. Frederick Knight Logan heard an old darkie from the deep South strumming an air on the guitar, went home and wrote that plaint of the plains, "Missouri Waltz," which enriched him by $100,000. Remick sold 100,000 copies of "Hiawatha" at a clip to Woolworth. Guy Massey wrote a song from a prison cell, or so the publishers spread the tale. "Prisoner's Song" turned a neat $85,000 in royalties. Willard Robinson lost his home, wrote "Cottage For Sale" and bought it back. I could go on for pages, but that is all ancient history.

What has risen phœnix-like from the ashes of the old Alley? The scene shifts to Hollywood. Two song writers (they now travel in pairs, one of which is invariably fat) have just been handed the script of a new film musical with a notation to write six songs for as many situations in the script and have them ready in three weeks. All of which is a large-sized order, especially since one of the songs at least is expected to be a hit.

For song writers they are sleek and well dressed. They're not missing any meals on account of financial stringency —not these lads. Aren't they getting thousand dollar weekly drawing accounts all year with a royalty percentage on sheet sales? They don't have to worry about the rent. But they do worry plenty about meeting the dead line.

In writing a song, so they say, considerable difficulty is encountered, first of all, in getting a good idea which can be embodied in a title. Such an idea may elude the writer's best efforts for days, weeks or months. Then again it may come suddenly and unexpectedly. But you are not likely to see any song scribes with pencils poised, dallying around, waiting for the elusive idea. Walter Donaldson gets his playing golf and that seems to be a preferred method. However, writing a song is something that cannot well be confined to office hours or routine, Hollywood notwithstanding.

Which reminds me of the incident Charlie Miller tells when the late Ziegfeld, rehearsing *The Three Musketeers,* kept the entire cast—chorus, orchestra, principals, arrangers—waiting three days for Rudolf Friml to bring down the closing number.

On the first day, Friml phoned Ziegfeld he was on his way to the theater with the opus just composed. In driving down Fifth Avenue, Friml sighted a certain blonde of his acquaintance and forgot everything else, taking her to the races for three successive days while Ziegfeld kept the wires busy trying to locate him. When Friml finally did appear, he produced that pulse-stirring piece, "March of the Musketeers" and all was forgiven. Which only served to indicate how difficult it is to confine a song writer to anything like a schedule.

Returning to the two in Hollywood, although restive under pressure, the dead line must be met. The boys huddle again and again, sweat, stew, and bite their nails and finally the required number of songs emerges. In the mean-

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time the various studio heads sit in and render a verdict. Some of the numbers may be discarded, others rewritten. Then again, the screen star may not like one of them and absolutely refuse to sing it. Whereby a delicate situation is created. Another song team is called in and the green-eyed monster rears its head. But the song schedule is met.

When all songs are finally selected for the picture, the titles are wired to the New York office of the publisher affiliate. Music follows and professional copies are struck off and distributed to the trade. As the picture is being taken, records of each song are made with full orchestration. These are sent to New York where the elect of the radio world—Fred Waring, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, etc.—are invited to listen in.

It's something of a distinction to be the first on the air with a song while it is still fresh and virgin, and there is always the possibility it may be a hit. Say Paul Whiteman chooses to etherize a few of the new numbers. He calls in his arrangers to tailor the tunes for his band instrumentation in the style to which he is accustomed.

Now the arrangers are very important personages in Tin Pan Avenue. They too have stepped up in the world. In the days before radio, arrangers did mostly routine, hack jobs for publishers, the emolument being about $25.00 a week. Today the tune stylists, such as Adolph Deutsch, can command around $500 a week. They are an indispensable link in the chain. With a thousand bands on the air playing the same piece, the arrangers are life savers to the listeners since they have the redeeming knack of saving it from deadly monotony.

You hear very little about the gentry who style the tunes since they are the ghost writers of modern American music. Very few popular composers go in for the higher branches of the craft such as orchestration. The prevailing school of thought is that the study of harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, would hamper and cramp the creative impulse. George Gershwin believed this at one time and some of the best effects in his "Rhapsody in Blue" were due to Ferde Grofé who scored the work for orchestra. In the meantime Gershwin has studied up and now scores his own.

But since most of the tunesters consider their job at an end when they knock out a tune, the work of making it available for orchestra falls to others. Every major band has a staff of about six arrangers, specialists in various rhythm styles. Paul Whiteman's arranging bill has run as high as $50,000 a year. André Kostelanetz can easily spend $2000 a week on arrangements and $500 is an average for the smaller bands.

We are now back in the big broadcasting studio. It's the zero hour just before going on the air. Musicians are ready and tense, leader has his baton upraised, a hush is over all. Then a light signal flashes, the leader's baton comes down followed by a surge of tone—that new song from the picture goes on the air for the first time.

Now the point to this strategy of releasing the music of a film before the film is shown in the local movie house is that it advertises the picture. One of the requirements of playing picture music on the air is to announce the picture from which each song is taken so that the public becomes aware of its existence.

Which explains a good deal about the present status of Tin Pan Avenue. Most of the major music publishers are now subsidiaries of the picture producers. Eighty per cent of the popular songs turned out today are written for the pictures. Even the shorts have their ditties. Recall that rallying cry of the depression, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," from a Walter Disney short? The majority of the leading song writers are in Hollywood under contract or are free-lancing there. Irving Berlin was one of the last to succumb. A little over a year ago, he heeded the insistent and flattering offers emanating from the Coast, packed up and went West.

Although radio has come to be a necessity to the publishers, it is a thorn in the flesh nevertheless. Since its advent the sale of sheet music has steadily declined, also the average life of a song. Prior to 1925, the life of a hit song was sixteen months and the total sale 1,156,134 copies, according to figures compiled by the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. Since 1931 a song is considered good if it keeps on top for three months with a total sale of 229,866. Such a decline would have placed a strangle hold on the publishers were it not for other sources of revenue. One important source is the money collected for performing rights which are vested in the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, of which most of the leading publishers are members.

ASCAP collects from licensed radio stations, theaters, and other places where music is performed for profit, a fee for the use of copyright music over which it has jurisdiction, radio providing the largest revenue. In 1934 ASCAP collected a total of $3,376,067.39. Even so, the amount each publisher receives yearly does not compare with the amount formerly received from phonograph records alone.

As a result, more songs must constantly come from the mill because the life of each song is so short. The new output runs mostly to smartness and sophistication. Mabel, who used to play the sweet simplicities of the bicycle era on the upright, would experience sundry difficulties negotiating the modern tricky harmonies and rhythms. Songs are not written primarily for Mabel any more. They are fashioned for Dick Powell, Bing Crosby, Grace Moore, and other screen singers according to their respective styles, likes, and dislikes.

Occasionally a song reminiscent of the past slips in and upsets all calculations. "Old Spinning Wheel" made one of the best records of late years with a sale of 750,000 copies and, strangely enough, this one had no picture affiliations. Also it was a simple, plaintive bit seeming to indicate that people still like them in the Stephen Foster tradition.

"Isle of Capri," a song of the same caliber, likewise gave a very good account of itself. No one can tell what a song will do. Before the release of the picture *She Loves Me Not,* featuring Bing Crosby, the studio heads thought "Love in Bloom" too high-class a song to make much of a general appeal. Yet it fooled them all and went over 450,000 copies. Its devotees will tell you that there are still some thrills left in Tin Pan Avenue. But you can't get any of the old timers to believe that.

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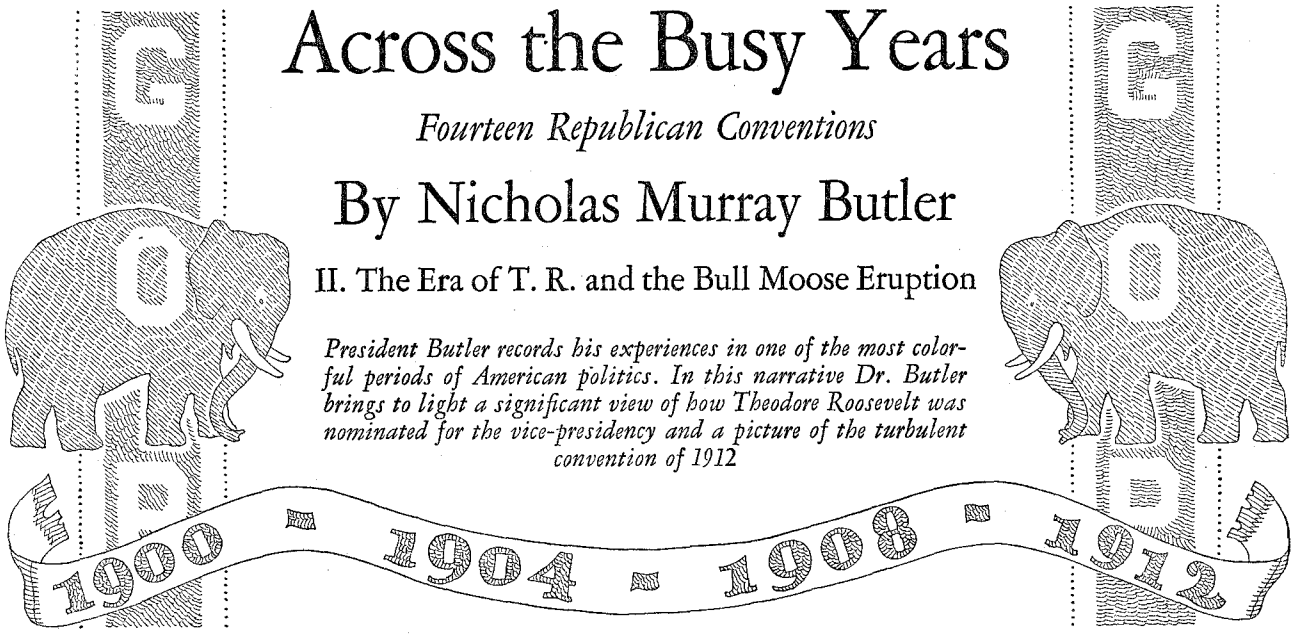

Across the Busy Years

Fourteen Republican Conventions

By Nicholas Murray Butler

II. The Era of T. R. and the Bull Moose Eruption

President Butler records his experiences in one of the most colorful periods of American politics. In this narrative Dr. Butler brings to light a significant view of how Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the vice-presidency and a picture of the turbulent convention of 1912

THE Convention of 1900 was one of the few which met elsewhere than at Chicago. It was called to meet in Philadelphia, and on the surface there appeared to be no reason why it should not be a very humdrum affair. President McKinley was at the height of his popularity, and his renomination, to be followed by his re-election, was looked upon as quite certain. The one matter awaiting settlement was the nominee for vice-president, since Mr. Hobart of New Jersey had died in the middle of his term. Political conditions in the State of New York were such that the reigning magnates of the Republican Party organization there were exceedingly anxious to dispense with the farther services of Theodore Roosevelt as Governor. They had only placed him in nomination in 1898 because they feared that unless they did so, both the governorship and control of the Legislature would pass to the Democrats, which would be quite too awful to be calmly contemplated. As a matter of fact they won in 1898 in New York by the narrowest of margins, for Colonel Roosevelt's plurality over his Democrat opponent was only about 18,000. His independent conduct in executive office and his willingness to be perfectly agreeable combined with his unwillingness to be controlled, had made these party leaders sad indeed, and they had made up their minds to get rid of him. It would not do to fail to renominate him for governor, but the fortunate fact that a new candidate for vice-president must be found to run with McKinley seemed to them to open the door of opportunity. They proceeded to act accordingly, although very quietly, and secured allies in the party organization of several other states. Roosevelt was quickly aware of this and immediately started a counter movement to prevent his own nomination for the vice-presidency. He issued public statements to say that he declined to be a candidate, and he wrote letters to friends in all parts of the country on some phase or aspect of this matter. What was going on, however, was so plain that early in the month of April, 1900, Colonel Roosevelt asked me to go to Washington and say frankly to Mark Hanna, then Senator from Ohio, that he did not propose to be nominated and would not accept if he were nominated. When Hanna heard this statement he flew into a rage, used some of his rich vocabulary of profanity, and stated with the utmost emphasis that he, Hanna, proposed to control the convention at Philadelphia, that he would not have Roosevelt nominated for vice-president under any circumstances, and that Roosevelt need give himself no farther concern about the matter. I duly reported this at Albany, but the movement for Roosevelt's nomination continued to go tirelessly on. Finally, as the date for the convention approached, Roosevelt asked Frederick W. Holls, Albert Shaw and myself to go to Philadelphia to take charge of his headquarters at the Hotel Walton, and to organize a movement among the delegates to prevent his nomination for the vice-presidency. Truly this was an odd situation. We had all seen and heard of men who were anxious to be nominated for high public office and who welcomed any organized movement in their support. But here was a man who wished a movement organized to prevent his nomination for the very high office of vice-president of the United States. One must admit on looking back that there was a good deal of *opéra bouffe* about the whole undertaking.

The gathering delegates at Philadelphia were dull enough until the arrival on Saturday afternoon of Colonel Roosevelt himself. He was immediately recognized by his characteristic smile and his Rough Rider hat. At once the corridors of the Hotel Walton began to buzz, and the one topic of conversation was how to overcome Roosevelt's objections and get him to take the nomination for vice-president.

On Saturday evening we were visited at his headquarters by the Kansas delegation, headed by J. R. Burton, who afterward went to the United States Senate for a term and then to the penitentiary for a like period. He and his fellow-delegates had in their buttonholes huge artificial sunflowers, and when the lapel of the coat was turned over there was this legend on the back in large letters:

I'M FROM KANSAS!
NOW, DAMN YOU, LAUGH!

Burton announced that the Kansas delegation did not care what Colonel Roosevelt's desires or preferences might be. They proposed to support his nomina-

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tion for the vice-presidency and to do everything in their power to bring it about. Burton went on with undisguised impudence to say that he cared nothing about Colonel Roosevelt personally, but that with Roosevelt's name on the ticket he, Burton, would be sure of election to the Senate from Kansas.

On the following morning a still more significant incident occurred. A committee of the Pennsylvania delegation called to say that the entire body of delegates from Pennsylvania intended to vote for Roosevelt's nomination. Their spokesman was that very shrewd and experienced politician, Congressman Bingham of Philadelphia, and nothing that he said could be taken lightly.

Following this interview and one or two other similar happenings, Holls and I went down to Senator Hanna's room for a farther talk with him. We told him of our experiences at the Roosevelt headquarters, and strongly expressed the opinion that "You cannot beat somebody with nobody," and that the only way to keep Roosevelt from being nominated was to produce a candidate for the vice-presidency whose personality and fitness were of so compelling a character that the convention would rally quickly to his support. Hanna greeted these statements with another outburst of profanity, and again affirmed with all vehemence that Roosevelt would not be nominated because he, Hanna, would not permit it. In response to our continued urging he finally stated that he proposed to have the convention nominate John D. Long of Massachusetts for vice-president. Our reply was that while we had the greatest respect for Governor Long, there was no possible chance of inducing the convention to prefer him to Roosevelt. Hanna brusquely informed us that we did not know what we were talking about, and we withdrew.

During the afternoon and evening of Sunday matters got steadily worse hour by hour, and when Monday morning came we were quite unable to see how Roosevelt's nomination could be prevented by anybody, no matter how politically powerful he might think himself.

The end was reached on Monday. Colonel Roosevelt, General Francis V. Greene of New York—who was not without hopes that the vice-presidential lightning would strike him—and I went together for luncheon with Mrs. Roosevelt at the house of a friend nearby with whom Mrs. Roosevelt was stopping. Senator Lodge was there also, wearing a huge blue silk badge on which appeared in bold gilt letters: "FOR VICE PRESIDENT, JOHN D. LONG." Immediately after luncheon had been served, Lodge left us, saying with brusque cynicism, "I must go back and be loyal to Long." We then had a heart-to-heart talk with Roosevelt over the situation which had developed, and told him flatly that unless he was prepared, then and there, to write a statement which might be given to the press at four o'clock, when the newspaper men were coming to his headquarters, making it perfectly definite and final that he would not accept the nomination if tendered, he was certain to be nominated on Thursday. He walked up and down for some little time, muttering and protesting, and then said with much impatience: "What is it you want me to say? I am willing to say it." Thereupon I sat down at the writing-table in the room and wrote a brief statement to the effect that while he was most grateful for the friendly support which had been offered him from all parts of the country, yet he felt that his duty at the moment was to the State of New York; that he was not a candidate for the vice-presidential nomination and that he could not accept even if nominated. Upon reading this statement, he said: "That's all right, that's all right," and then sat down at the desk, apparently to sign it. Before doing so, however, he made two changes in what had been written and one of these was to strike out the words: he could not accept if nominated. "There," he said, "that's what you want. Give it out to the press at four o'clock." I read it and said quietly: "This means your nomination." To that he made no reply.

On going back to the hotel, we found that the newspaper men were already assembling and by four o'clock the Roosevelt headquarters were packed full to overflowing with them. Indeed, so numerous were they that some of us were compelled to stand upon the bed while Roosevelt slowly read the statement. At the foot of the bed were Senator Platt's son, Frank H. Platt, and his henchman, Lemuel Ely Quigg, both of whom had their eyes fixed upon Roosevelt with closest attention. When they heard the words of the statement, their faces were wreathed in smiles and they darted for the door to report to Senator Platt that all was well and that he had won his fight. And so he had.

Beyond the incidents concerned with Roosevelt's nomination, this convention went its way in orderly and unexciting fashion. The only important happening was the very eloquent speech of Senator E. O. Wolcott of Colorado as Temporary Chairman.

T. R.'s Nomination

The Convention of 1904 was peace and quiet itself. Its outstanding event was the brilliant and eloquent speech of Elihu Root as Temporary Chairman of the convention. This truly admirable and most persuasive argument was felt to be so important and so convincing that it was the document most used by the National Committee in carrying on the campaign which followed. Of course, there was no opposition whatever to the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt and nothing arose to disturb the harmony and good order of the convention save the usual quarrels over contested seats, which represented personal and factional struggles and differences in various states and districts throughout the country. The most interesting and probably the most important of these contests was over the four delegates at large from Wisconsin, where those headed by Governor LaFollette were unseated and their places given to those headed by Senator Spooner.

After Speaker Cannon had been chosen Permanent Chairman and had delivered a characteristic speech, Senator Lodge presented a report of the Committee on Resolutions which was pretty long and pretty boastful. The speech by Governor Black of New York placing Theodore Roosevelt in nomination was one of the very best of its kind, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The seconding speeches by Senator Beveridge of Indiana and George A. Knight of California were of the same general character and the cheers were loud and prolonged.

After the roll-call had proceeded so far as the State of New Jersey, Governor Franklin Murphy of that State rose and asked that the farther calling of the roll be dispensed with and that Theo-

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dore Roosevelt be chosen by acclamation. This proposal was greeted with loud cries of "No! No!" so the roll-call went on to its end and recorded 994 votes, all of them for the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt. It did not take long to choose Senator Fairbanks of Indiana as candidate for vice-president, and the work of this harmonious body was over.

It was during the sessions of this convention that my friend and fellow-delegate, William N. Cohen, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, told me of the confidential conferences of the leaders of the party organization in New York at which it was decided that I was to be the party nominee for governor when the State Convention met in September. It shortly developed that what Governor Odell, William Barnes of Albany, Francis Hendricks of Onondaga, George W. Aldridge of Monroe, J. Sloat Fassett of Chemung, Speaker Nixon of Chautauqua, Louis F. Payn of Columbia, Elon R. Brown of Jefferson, William L. Ward of Westchester —all of whom were delegates to this convention—and the others of their group had in mind was that if I were elected governor—a fact which they took for granted—and if all went well, I was to be renominated and re-elected to that office in 1906 and then brought forward in 1908 by the party organization, with the full support of President Theodore Roosevelt—who, it soon appeared, was a party to the scheme—as candidate for the presidential nomination. This amazing plan, conceived in the most friendly and indeed flattering spirit, would mean, if I assented to it, the complete abandonment of my self-chosen and clearly conceived life work upon which my mind and heart were set. It took three months of time and an exhibition of persistent stubbornness, which some thought was ingratitude and others evidence of a lack of common sense, to prevent this plan from being undertaken. What was said, written and done to bring that plan to an end occupied all the weeks from June until September; but that is a story by itself and has no proper place here.

The way in which I came to attend the Democratic National Convention of 1904 held at St. Louis is rather interesting. I went there at the personal request of President Roosevelt, who suffered from the same complex in 1904 that took possession of President Lincoln in 1864. Just as Lincoln felt that he was certain to be defeated by McClellan, so forty years later did Roosevelt think that he would fail of re-election. He was most anxious that I should attend the Democrat Convention, observe what was said and done and report to him in detail as soon as practicable. All these things I did. I heard the Temporary Chairman, Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, make a stupendously long speech—it covers thirty-five printed pages of the official report—which while amusing in parts distinctly fatigued the assembled delegates. Champ Clark of Missouri, who followed him as Permanent Chairman, made a good speech, but it also was far too long.

The work of the convention centered about the declaration as to silver, since the conventions of 1896 and 1900 and the results of the elections which followed were uppermost in the minds of all the delegates. What the Committee on Resolutions really did was to sidestep the issue, and by a vote of 35 to 15 to exclude from the platform the so-called gold plank, which had been offered by the sound money element of the party.

The story of the nomination of Parker and his famous dispatch declining the nomination unless it was understood that he was to support the gold standard and the subsequent happenings, are all on record and are perfectly familiar.

What is not widely known is the brilliant and impressive opening of the speech made by William Jennings Bryan, just as dawn was breaking on Friday, July 8, when he rose to second the nomination of Senator Cockrell of Missouri. The convention had been in session for many hours and was very tired. The heat was intense and the early dawn was fighting with the electric lights and giving a weird effect to the convention hall. Bryan himself was white, his face was drawn, and he was visibly greatly fatigued. After saying that he had had no sleep for two nights and that his voice was almost gone, he spoke these impressive words to a most attentive audience of many thousands:

"Eight years ago a Democratic National Convention placed in my hands the standard of the party and commissioned me as its candidate. Four years later that commission was renewed. I come tonight to this Democratic National Convention to return the commission. You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight, you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you cannot deny that I have kept the faith."

In an instant the whole vast audience was on its feet, deeply moved by this very sincere and pathetic appeal to their feelings. It was some time before the crowd could settle down to listen to Bryan's speech, for he had exhibited oratorical power of a very high and impressive type.

The Quiet Convention of 1908

In 1908 the convention was distinctly dull. This was largely because despite murmurs and mutterings and despite the prediction often confidentially made that the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for a third term would be insisted upon, it was pretty clear that Secretary Taft would be the nominee. The oratory at this convention was less interesting than usual and its proceedings were marked by a certain dullness which was novel to me. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts was made Permanent Chairman and on the first ballot, 980 votes being cast, Taft received 702, including at least one from every state except Indiana, which cast its 30 votes solidly for Senator Fairbanks. Three votes from Pennsylvania were cast for Roosevelt, while 65 of the 78 New York votes were cast for Governor Hughes. A small number of votes was cast for Speaker Cannon, for Senator Fairbanks, and for Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio. In order to keep peace in the political family and at the urgent request of Speaker Cannon, Congressman James S. Sherman of New York was nominated for vice-president and the work of the campaign began.

The Bull Moose Outbreak

The happenings of 1912 were reminded of those of 1880, for once again bitterness and passion amounting to fury were in evidence on every side. The schism in the Republican Party organization which had been growing more or less rapidly for some years and which was made evident by the result of the

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Congressional elections in 1910, came to its climax when the National Convention met at Chicago. So evenly did the two factions appear to be balanced, that it was not unlikely that the control of the convention would be found to depend upon the temporary roll as made up by the National Committee, after hearing the numerous contests which were presented to them for action. The committee had been in session for several days and had decided most of the contests in favor of the Taft delegates and against the Roosevelt delegates. No sooner had the Acting Chairman of the Republican National Committee called the convention to order, than Governor Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri, who was to be the floor leader of the Roosevelt forces, rose and demanded information as to whether a temporary roll of the delegates had been prepared and was in the hands of the Secretary? Before an answer could be given, James E. Watson of Indiana, who was to be the floor leader of the Taft forces, made the point of order that this question was out of order until after the convention itself had been properly organized. Despite this objection, Governor Hadley promptly moved that the list of delegates prepared by the National Committee, known as the temporary roll, be amended by striking out the names of certain delegates which he handed to the Chair and by substituting certain other delegates therefor. Watson renewed his point of order, that this motion was out of order until the convention had been organized. After some discussion of the point of order the Chairman upheld it and when Governor Hadley appealed from the decision of the Chair and Watson moved to lay the appeal on the table, both motions were declared to be out of order for the reason that the only business before the convention was that which the Chairman of the National Committee would submit, at the direction of that committee: the name of a delegate for Temporary Chairman. The Chairman thereupon submitted the name of Elihu Root, a delegate from the State of New York. Wisconsin dissented and nominated Governor McGovern of that state. A long and angry debate followed and it was some hours before the roll was called. The result of the ballot was Root, 558; McGovern, 501; with some 20 delegates returned as voting for other candidates. Of the New York votes all were cast for Root except three from Brooklyn, three from Manhattan, three from Westchester, two from Monroe, and two from other upstate counties. As Mr. Root took the Chair, the accomplished, cultivated and polite William Flinn of Pennsylvania yelled at the top of his lungs: "Receiver of stolen goods!" and Richard R. Quay of Pennsylvania added: "You are a protector of stolen goods!" Root's speech was, of course, on the highest possible plane and was admirably received despite the factional bitterness manifest in the convention. Governor Hadley immediately resumed the fight to unseat seventy-four delegates from various states, whose names he insisted had been improperly put upon the list.

There were some amusing incidents despite all the tragic performances of this convention. Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, who had been defeated as a candidate for delegate-at-large by the Roosevelt forces was seated on the platform in a comfortable chair fanning himself and looking down at the disturbance going forward on the floor of the convention. At one time when this was at its height and some of the delegates from Pennsylvania were behaving like madmen, dancing and shouting and screaming at the top of their lungs, I asked Senator Penrose how, in the name of common sense, men of that sort got themselves elected as delegates to a Republican National Convention, for I had never seen anything of the kind outside of a street riot. Penrose, fanning himself placidly, remarked with his inimitable twang: "Oh, those are the corks, bottles and banana peels washed up by the Roosevelt tide!" To any one who had ever seen a ferry-slip on the Hudson River at high tide with a west wind blowing, this was a perfect description. At one time during the uproar there was a delegate from Pennsylvania who made himself particularly obnoxious by the noise he was making. Root, having been brought to the very edge of the limits of patience, came forward to the edge of the platform and holding his gavel by its head and pointing the handle at the noise-making delegate, could be heard above the uproar saying: "If the delegate from Pennsylvania who is so disturbing this convention does not take his seat, the Chair will order the Sergeant-at-Arms to eject him from the hall." This very definite threat produced for a few moments a measure of silence and the characteristic voice of Senator Penrose could be heard saying: "Hear how rough he talks to the Mayor of McKeesport!"

Hours were spent in the prolonged and really tempestuous discussion of the roll of the convention, since it had become clear that if the roll remained as made up by the National Committee, after its hearing of the various contests, there would be a majority of the delegates against the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt and in favor of the renomination of President Taft. Once these questions were settled, the work of the convention proceeded rapidly to its end, a number of the Roosevelt delegates withdrawing from farther participation in its work. After President Taft's name had been presented in an impressive speech by Warren Harding of Ohio and seconded in an unimpressive speech by John Wanamaker of Pennsylvania, the voting proceeded and on the first ballot Taft was nominated, receiving 561 votes. For Theodore Roosevelt 107 votes were cast, for Governor LaFollette of Wisconsin 41, for Senator Cummins of Iowa 17, and 349 were recorded as present and not voting. After the Chairman had announced the renomination of President Taft and while the cheering was still going on, Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, whose delegation had seats in the hall somewhat farther back than those assigned to the delegates from the State of New York, came down the aisle and said to me with a smile: "Well, she's did! What next?" The "what next" was the result in the following November, and the complete disruption of the old Republican Party, which disruption has continued in fact, although not in form, from that day to this.

So complete was the Republican defeat in 1912 that we all kept pretty quiet for some time thereafter. My own first political speech after the defeat was made at a dinner given by the Middlesex Club of Boston, Massachusetts, in celebration of Grant's birthday on April 26, 1913, former Governor John D. Long presiding. On the journey by train from New York to Boston, I found that my neighbor in the parlor car was former Governor Hadley, who had been

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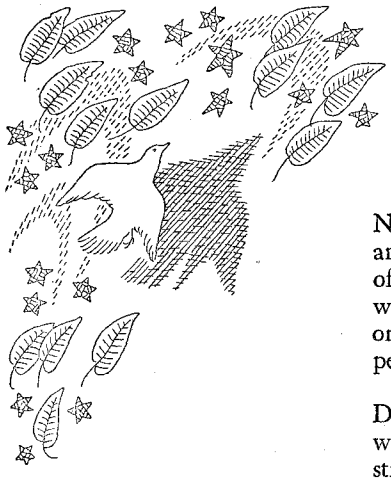
the floor leader of the Roosevelt forces at the convention. It turned out that we were both going to speak at the same dinner in Boston, and that we had been invited because we represented the two wings, or elements, into which the year 1912 had broken the Republican Party. During the course of the journey I said to the Governor: "It is all past now, but I should be very much interested to know how you arrived at the decision to make contests of 74 seats at the convention last June? Why 74 instead of 174 or 274?" Governor Hadley smiled and said: "I will tell you. After the National Committee had heard the various contests and reached their conclusions, Borah, Frank Kellogg and I decided that in twenty-four cases we had been literally defrauded of our representation. We recognized that we had a very strong case in respect to other contests, but that there were debatable questions, every one of which, however, had been decided against us. There remained twenty-four contests in which we felt that we had been outraged and that injustice had plainly been done. So we three went to Colonel Roosevelt and told him this fact. We said we were going to contest these twenty-four seats on the floor of the convention. On hearing this statement, Colonel Roosevelt cried with great vehemence: 'Twenty-four seats! Twenty-four! What is the use of contesting twenty-four? You must contest seventy-four if you expect to get anywhere.' So we raised the number to seventy-four."

This was Hadley's own statement to me. It entirely confirmed what Senator Murray Crane had previously told me, namely, that all doubtful cases had been decided in favor of the Taft contestants, but that there were a few cases in which much was to be said for the other side.

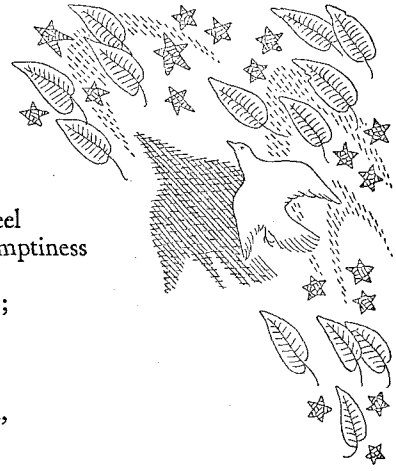
This was the first convention of which Lafayette B. Gleason of New York was secretary, he having become chief assistant secretary in 1908. At every convention since 1912 Mr. Gleason has held the secretaryship, discharging its duties admirably and to the satisfaction of all elements in the party organization.

It amused me not a little that after the convention of 1912, I was generally referred to as a reactionary. From my earliest participation in politics as an undergraduate, I had been looked upon as a rather disturbing progressive, being usually in revolt against the party organization, particularly the Platt organization in New York, as well as a close and intimate friend and political adviser of Theodore Roosevelt. In 1912, for reasons that I deemed good and sufficient, and without in any way lessening my regard for Theodore Roosevelt, I preferred to follow Taft in the fracas of that year. Although my principles and policies had not changed in the least, I found myself thereby transferred by the newspapers from progressive to reactionary.



OBLIVION

By Walter Benton



NIGHT touched me with fingers of cold bright steel
and momently my mind was charged with the emptiness
of nothing. I was one with grass and trees,
with shadows and the flying birds that cast them;
one with the silent immobility of time,
pervading all—I too was night.

Driven and seeking I have come, O ready armed,
with other things to be forgotten—
stillborn, unremembered things, unspoken
and undreamt of things, retreating now
down the prenatal way—your heavy thighs
now closing painlessly behind me. . . .
cover me well. . . .

Fanlike leafskeletons, the ornaments
of the forgotten summers, lay undisturbed
under my feet; stars like crucified flowers
quivered and fell, mingled with me; the trees
about me shook at the thought of raggled crows,
winter and wind; and so insistently
the silent pool beckoned with a brimming cup. . . .

New men shall ask for me
but they shall never know.

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Havoc Is a Circle

A Story by

Virginia Bird

MRS. MARRON pulled down the green shade to take the glare from the table, and went to the buffet to take out the things they would need for lunch. Butter knives, fresh napkins, silver.

Why, she wondered, as she set the table, was she always apologetic to Frances for anything that was not perfect? Linen runners, thin, milk-white china, heavy cut-glass goblets, the lovely copper tea service. Absurd to take so much trouble with every simple meal for just the two of them. But these things gave the child a sense of permanence, of family security and background that her youth needed. Thank heaven young people today didn't throw it off so glibly, as had Carolyn——.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Marron shut the oven off, leaving the casserole in to keep hot. She brought out cream and sugar, and dressing for the salad. Carolyn, ten or twelve years ago, had had contagious enthusiasm about everything. Ideas, rights, religion, fads, anything that might be converted into a Cause. All the young people today seemed just a little phlegmatic. Frances and her young crowd thought only of their school work, dancing steps, tennis scores.

Of course, she'd always been careful to keep Frances from the older one's influence. And it was especially important now, with Frances in her impressionable, imitative teens. Her sister's two divorces, her jaunts to Europe, her beautiful clothes, and her banter, her spectacular friends, might impress adolescent eyes——.

The front doorbell rang hard. As she went into the hall, Mrs. Marron noticed that Frances was late again. She looked at one with such unconcerned eyes when you tried to explain that promptness was a matter of personal pride.

But when Mrs. Marron opened the door, Carolyn was standing there.

II

Standing before the door, Carolyn felt herself in the middle of a circle. A circle that had long ago been a wide thing. But it had narrowed gradually, and now it pressed around her small and tight. She jerked her shoulders nervously, as if to throw the ring off. But it crawled back around her——.

She glanced down the street, where Vic was waiting in the car. As they were passing the block, she'd said suddenly, "I want to see Mother before we go. Let me out. I'll be right back."

As the door opened, Carolyn tried to smile at her mother, but it wouldn't come off. And when her mother put her arms around her, saying softly, "Oh, Carolyn, Carolyn," she clenched her teeth so she wouldn't cry. Oh, it felt *good*. It put away Vic, and a baby, and everything.

She couldn't fight Vic. She *had* to run from him. She'd have gotten out at any house that offered excuse——.

Ever since she'd told him about the baby, he'd bludgeoned her with talk and energy and planning. She'd merely mentioned she'd have to see Dr. Moss again. Then Vic's curious, tense, "A baby?" And when she nodded indifferently, he'd suddenly been alarming —his eyes feverish, his body trembling —"Carrie, let's have it. Let's go away somewhere. Who'd know—or care?"

"How naïve," she'd said calmly. "And what about Marcia? She'd look you up. We're all right just as we have been."

But Vic's voice was newly tight and bitter. "Oh, no, we aren't. We're not living. We're taking what she chooses to throw off to us. We haven't the guts to live. And what would Marcia do but crawl to an altar and charge herself up a little more salvation?"

His frenzy pulled her along. In a week, he had the Inn sold, picked a place in the South to live, had their bags packed and piled in the car. Paralyzed by his vigor, she'd come to only at the last minute, as they were passing Mother's street. . . .

Her mother had set another place at the table, opposite Frances. "We're just having lunch," she explained. "You and I'll go ahead. Frances will be here in a minute."

Carolyn smiled and sat down. Her mother bent and kissed her once more, then went outside into the kitchen. Carolyn stared at her plate blankly. Let him wait. Get in a huff and drive off, if he felt like it. His sheer strength bullying her. Well, it wouldn't. She looked up suddenly, her eyes met the large, ornate mirror over the buffet, and the tense knot within her relaxed. The house reeked of genteel dilapidation, but there was a soothing, protective air about everywhere. Even the clock, ticking. But oh, just wait until Frances got a little older, became aware of "smart" things to do—what a howl there'd be over its drabness.

Her mother came back, bringing a large silver-bottomed casserole. She put it on the table, served the salads, and sat down.

"Tell me about yourself, dear," she said. "That last letter was *so* vague." She looked at Carolyn with concerned, yet absent eyes.

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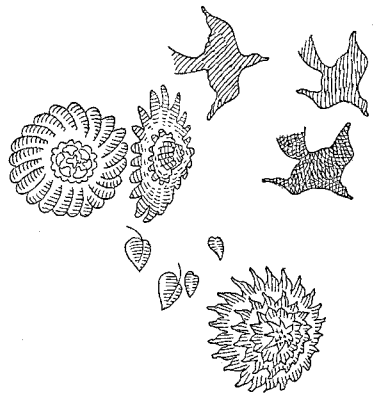

"Oh—dull doings," said Carolyn mechanically, as she picked at an artichoke. She felt suddenly listless again. It was Vic's force again. Wearying and hopeless, yet inescapable, like fighting a heavy sea.

It was no use to talk over it, within her. So she said lightly, "Oh, yes—I ran across Victor Remey a while ago. Remember, the boy I met at the League just after the war?" She speared a cracker, nibbled it from the prongs. "He runs an inn for swank sousing now. He does his best to be a complete cad, but his wife is a pious creature who won't give him a divorce."

Her mother raised her eyebrows in polite inquiry, but Carolyn said no more. She was thinking how easily she could have gone on in that effortless tone—"So we got a place together. I've just never mentioned it. But now we're having a baby. And a lovely new life. Like the best novels——"

It's idiocy. A fine gesture. It's rot.

Suddenly Carolyn's fingers clenched against her fork. Oh, God, Vic, just drive off, simply and easily, now. Don't you see that's the only thing to do? Anything else is useless. Why do you keep dragging out your boy scout dreams? Don't you see we'd have to fight and claw, like half-starved street urchins, for the things that have been heaped prodigally on other generations? On my mother, and on Frances.

But I cling, too, Vic, she thought. I sneer at you, but I nod with you, and my eyes glisten, because I want it so much. But all the time I know better, better. I'm not a fool, Vic, I can't keep coming back against some damned fate, asking for more.

She sucked her breath in deeply, feeling hysteria mount in her. Then it seemed to collapse abruptly, and after a minute, she thought dully, Oh, I am so damned tired. Once I could have fought with Vic. But I'm exhausted. I'm going to stay here. See the doctor. And then—why, any number of things. Doris wants someone in her shop, Max'd give me a part in his play. . . . She was crazily planning a hundred things when the bell rang sharply.

"There's Frances," said her mother, getting up immediately.

A minute later, Frances appeared in the doorway, a thin, straight girl in brown linen. "'Lo Carolyn!" she said cheerfully. Then she disappeared, a blur up the stairs, and her mother came into the room.

"She's a senior now," she explained, as she hurried about, placing Frances' salad, filling her water glass . . . "and has so many things . . ."

Her voice was soft and quick with pride now. Carolyn watched her dully. Chicken pie and artichokes for Frances. But in fifteen years, Frances too will know that everything tastes alike. And long before fifteen years, her serene cocoon burst, she will be as nauseous as we.

She tried to say interestedly, "A senior? How nice!" But she could only look at her mother, fussing about the table—with sick, empty eyes.

III

Like white mice running down the gray carpet. No, rats really—large, fat rats, Frances amended, glancing down at her white sneaks as she left the stairs. She turned the banister and went into the dining-room.

She saw first how Carolyn's fur, thrown carelessly across the jacket of her suit on a chair, reduced the room to shabbiness. Like an oil painting in a room with linoleum. In fact, she thought, as she kissed her mother and Carolyn and sat down in her place, her sister herself was a lovely bright daub on a gray backdrop. Her rich, apricot-color skin, her full lips and round deep eyes and dark hair. But she looked so unhappy something must nag her in pain. That was all you'd remember about her.

"Mother says you're a senior," Carolyn said pleasantly. "You make me feel at least forty-five."

Frances smiled, and Mother laughed at the delicious joke. But why was Carolyn home—sitting here at lunch, in movie-star clothes—making small talk?

Mother leaned across the table, said softly, intimately, "Frances is doing the stage settings for their annual play. *Midsummer Night's Dream,* isn't it, dear?"

"Bravo!" Carolyn said. And suddenly she too was filled with soft, quick-voiced enthusiasm, fluttering lashes, and little gestures. "I know Felix Sorberg, who does those settings every one raves about. I know him rather well. I'm sure he'd *love* to give you an interview."

Mother frowned uncertainly, but said nothing. Mother believed very much, of course, in "opportunities."

"Why should he give me an interview?" Frances asked quietly. "He'd be patronizing and I wouldn't have anything to say, and we'd both be uncomfortable."

Carolyn's face straightened oddly. "You'll never learn anything if you don't get around," she said coldly.

"That's enough of *that,* Carolyn," Mother said firmly. "She'll learn everything necessary in time."

"Not if she keeps on like that," Carolyn finished, boredly.

She got sulkily interested in eating, rather than talk. Frances ate calmly. But suddenly her mother put down her fork and, leaning toward Carolyn, she said in a quiet anger, "It seems to me you're very anxious to rush her into your own disillusion."

"She may as well know she's riding for a fall." Carolyn's tone was quick and sharp.

"The argument is silly," said Frances slowly. "What would I be disillusioned about?"

They both looked at her blankly for a moment, and then Mother said soothingly:

"You're going to be perfectly all right, dear. Don't worry."

An automobile horn honked from somewhere down the street. It kept on—short, impatient jabs. Frances noticed how still and expressionless Carolyn's face became now. Mother, pouring the tea, didn't notice. And then suddenly Carolyn got up from the table, murmuring an excuse. They heard her go down the hall to her own room. Mother, the pot still in her hand, looked after her puzzledly. Then she too got up. "Dearest," she said, "Mother wants to talk to Carolyn a minute.

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You won't mind? Eat your pears, dear. . . . " She was half way out already.

Frances went on eating. After a few minutes, she heard Carolyn crying, from her room, and Mother talking to her softly.

Then the automobile horn sounded again. Frances got up, and went to the window. There was a black roadster parked a few doors down. The rumble was piled with grips. The horn was being jabbed quickly, irritably, now. Carolyn could surely hear it. But Carolyn, she remembered, had got up and gone to her room when first she heard it.

In a few minutes, Mother would come out. She'd tell the man Carolyn wasn't coming. And when he went, she'd go back and put her arms around Carolyn comfortingly. But a little later, they would be arguing about life and getting nowhere. Probably Carolyn would cry again.

Frances turned, and went rapidly out into the hall. Carolyn's door was closed now, although she could hear them talking softly. She snapped the lock off the front door, went down the stoop and over to the car.

A thick-set, tired-looking man stared at her blankly.

"If you want Carolyn," Frances said, standing beside the car, "you'll have to go in and get her."

"Like hell I'll get her," he burst out, and, looking back through the window, his hand pumped the horn angrily. But Frances closed her hand over his fingers and he let go. "You go in and tell her that if she wants to come, I'm in a hurry."

Frances looked at him levelly. "But it isn't what Carolyn wants at all," she said finally. "She'll take whatever she gets. But you want something, and my mother wants something. So it's between you and Mother, isn't it?"

He looked at her for a few minutes, and then suddenly climbed out of the car, slammed the door, and started toward the house. Frances followed him.

They were in the hall when Mother came out of Carolyn's room. When she saw the man, she shut the door firmly behind her.

"Mr. Remey?" Mother asked, as she came toward them. Her voice was high and tense.

"I want to see Carolyn," he said brusquely.

But Mother's next thought was for Frances. Her eyes were on Mr. Remey, but she tapped Frances lightly on the shoulder, and said, "I left something on the stove, dear. Run and see about it, will you?"

As Frances went into the dining-room, she heard her mother saying, in a low, but cold voice, "Carolyn will not see you."

Then Mother shut the hall door softly, and Frances could hear only muffled voices.

Carolyn had come out now, she could tell. And even standing in the kitchen, she could hear the anger in their tones—and the pain. The sudden slamming of the front door jarred the house. Then there was complete silence. Frances heard the dining-room door open, heard her mother's slow, tired step across the floor.

She wanted to go out and put her arms around her. But she knew Mother would be crushed, if she thought Frances knew about these things and was not shocked nor frightened. It was only after they had unlearned many things painfully, that Mother and Carolyn had come to what was left. But Frances wondered why they had not learned these few, simple things first —quite early—by just watching. . . .

She turned suddenly, put the faucet on, listening to its noisy, energetic pound with relief. She let just enough water into the kettle so that it would heat quickly, and put it on the stove.

IV

"More tea, Mother?" Frances asked, reaching for the cup.

"Please, dear." Mrs. Marron's actions were slow, as if they had to be prompted, then her voice came timidly, "Carolyn was so busy, dear, she didn't get a chance to say good-bye to you——"

"That's OK." Frances dismissed it shortly. She filled her own cup.

Mrs. Marron smiled at her. Of course, she should check these sloppy habits of speech in Frances. But they didn't seem so important, after all, when there were so many other things the child would have to encounter. . . . She looked fondly from her daughter's indefinite hair, combed back childishly straight, to her lean, brown, tennis-veined wrists and hands, to her shallow hazel eyes, so absolutely cool, and grave.

There was something about these younger ones, something hard, concrete. But then Mrs. Marron laughed softly at her own absurdity. For who had a more concrete outlook than a child?

It was only their youth, of course. Their lovely, dreaming youth. . . .

WEDDING

By Boris Todrin

All I can say is that my heart tonight
Would be a little further than the word
So strangely spoken that I have not heard
Or cannot understand its vested might.
Remember the webbed moments, woven bright,
When nothing but the love within you stirred
Like some long silent, sad leaf-hidden bird
That splashed its wings in that glad native light.

We do not need this frocked assurance now
That we together in our gardened way
Will live in the lip-given promised bliss.
Far is the time when on my happy brow
I wed the song, the seed, the water's spray,
The world and you, in that first graven kiss.

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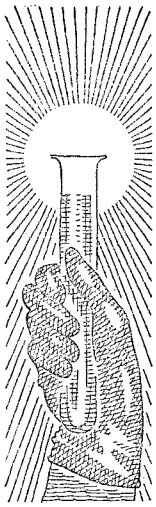
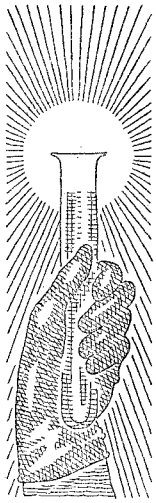
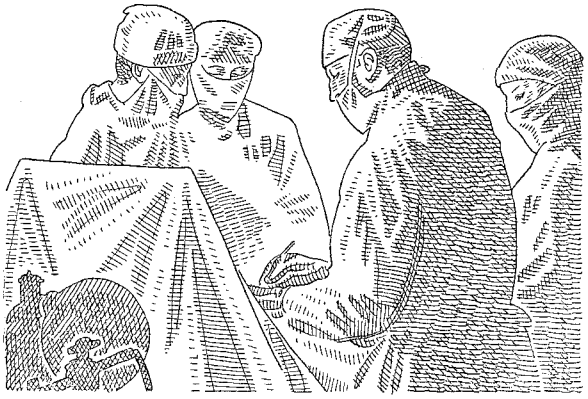


Fighting Cancer

By Louis I. Dublin



Hopeful signs are visible in the battle against one of the most perplexing of diseases. Dr. Dublin, vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and head of its statistical department, points out the recent gains made in checking the malady and the further moves necessary in fighting the dread disease



II

THE past generation has seen a complete reshuffling of the cards which spell the health of the people. At the beginning of the century, tuberculosis and other infections loomed large; as a result, death in various guises lurked around the corner for infants, children, and young adults. But in recent years thanks to the series of brilliant medical discoveries which followed the work of Pasteur and Koch, the diseases of childhood, most infections and even tuberculosis have come rapidly under control. Instead of falling victims to preventable conditions, people in large numbers now survive the perils of early life and pass readily through the middle years into old age. As a consequence, a new group of diseases challenges attention. Cancer and disorders of the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys—in a word, those diseases which attack people at the older ages are today the center of public health interest. Cancer especially is taking a heavy toll each year; to many it appears like a new menace hanging over mankind. The educated public must be informed about the facts if an effective campaign for the mastery of the disease is to be launched. Success will come only through the active co-operation of physicians, research workers, the leaders of opinion, and an enlightened community.

In 1900, cancer stood seventh in the list of the causes of death. Now it is second only to heart disease. Each year about 135,000 people in the United States die of cancer and at least half a million are afflicted with it in one form or another. The crude death rate was 106.3 for each 100,000 of the population in 1934. Both the absolute number of deaths and the death rate on the basis of the total population have been rising. A similar picture prevails throughout the civilized world. Apparently no race anywhere is free from the ravages of cancer. The earliest historical records show that it existed in ancient times; biologists know that this scourge attacks animals as well as men. One does not need, therefore, to point out the importance of the problem nor to wonder why so much work is being done to solve the mystery of cancer. Such effort has taken four forms: first, experimental work to determine the nature of the cancerous process; second, statistical compilation to codify the facts and to analyze their meaning and trends; third, therapeutic or curative work to discover possible new methods and processes for handling the disease; and fourth, educational programs to disseminate knowledge of its prevention, treatment, and cure. What have we learned and what has been accomplished?

Cancer is a disorderly growth of cells within the body which serves no useful purpose. The body is composed of cellular tissue arranged to function in an orderly fashion. Cancer is an excessive, destructive overgrowth of some of these tissues. It is not a single disease, but a group of diseases, each of which behaves more or less differently; experts claim that there are as many types of cancer as there are other diseases outside of the cancer category. As Doctor Ewing, a leading cancer expert, points out, there are scores of infectious diseases and scores of malignant tumors, each arising under different conditions and requiring different preventive measures. The common characteristic of all cancers, however, is the irregularity of tissue growth in all directions and its autonomous nature which disregards the needs of the body as a whole. In the beginning, cancer is apt to be localized. From a small focus, it spreads into healthy surrounding tissue thus impeding and impairing normal functioning and setting up disease processes which ultimately prove fatal. Wild cancer cells invade blood and lymph vessels and are carried by them to distant parts of the body where they form new foci of growth and destruction.

The disease or diseases known as cancer may attack almost any organ of the body, but the principal locations are along the digestive tract—the mouth, stomach, liver, intestines, and rectum; the breast and genital organs among women and to a lesser degree the pros-

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tate among men; the bladder, skin, and lungs. Of the various forms of cancer, those of the stomach and liver are the most important. They account for 44 per cent of the total cancer deaths among white men and almost 30 per cent of those among white women. Cancer of the breast and of the female reproductive organs also take many lives and are responsible for the fact that, in general, mortality is heavier among women than men. Men, on the other hand, frequently suffer from cancer of the prostate gland, especially after the age of sixty-five. Fifteen per cent of the deaths in both sexes are caused by cancer of the intestines and rectum. The number of deaths due to cancer of the skin and of the mouth is considerably smaller. In recent years, cancer of the lungs has become a definite factor in mortality, especially in the group under forty-five years of age. It is thus clear that both internal and external organs of the body are affected. This distinction is an important one as we shall see later; for the external growths are visible and accessible, while those that affect internal organs are not readily accessible for observation or treatment and what is worse, often show no symptoms until the condition is far advanced.

III

We may now consider the statistical question whether or not cancer is really increasing. About the apparent increase of cancer, there is no doubt. Not only has the actual number of deaths from cancer risen each year but the death rate has also gone up in the past thirty years about 2 per cent a year. Because the problem of cancer is so very important, we recently made an extensive and detailed study of the subject both in the general population and among millions of insured persons who are representative of the urban, wage-earning families of the United States and Canada. This investigation brought to light several interesting and unexpected conclusions. Although the death rate has risen considerably in the last twenty years, the increase has been limited practically to males. Cancer has actually declined among white women. This increase among men has almost wiped out the former excess mortality of women. It is very likely that the cancer death rate of men will soon be greater than for women—a condition which has prevailed in England for a number of years.

The factor of age is very important in evaluating the cancer trend. Deaths from the disease occur from infancy up, no period of life being free from its ravages. Nevertheless, it is primarily a scourge of middle life and old age. The rate rises progressively from a minimum in children five to fourteen years old to a maximum in the group seventy-five years and over. In this connection, it is pertinent to note that during recent decades the population of the United States, as of most other countries, has gradually been growing older. Not only has the birth rate been declining, but public health progress has brought vast numbers of people past the dangers of infancy, childhood, and adolescence. As a result, an ever-growing proportion have survived to the ages past forty-five —the years in which cancer mortality is heaviest. The aging of the population is clearly an important item in the rising cancer death rate but it does not account for the whole increase. Even after the rates have been corrected for this changing age distribution, they still show a sizeable rise. As we study the trend of the death rate over a period of years, we see that the increases in mortality have occurred at the very ages where the cancer mortality is concentrated. Among men, for example, the only significant increase is found in the age groups beyond fifty-five. Among women, the mortality has declined between the ages of thirty-five and sixty-five and has risen only in the group past that age. The increase in cancer is limited altogether to people past middle life.

But perhaps the most instructive phase of this particular inquiry relates to the parts of the body affected and their accessible or inaccessible nature. Accessible cancers include those which affect the buccal cavity (jaw, lip, mouth, tonsils, and tongue); rectum and anus; breast, skin, and some of the female genital organs. The inaccessible cancers are those of the stomach and liver (esophagus and gall bladder), the intestines and peritoneum, and certain of the female genital organs. A study of the death rates over the period from 1917 to 1934 shows clearly that mortality from cancers of wholly visible sites almost without exception has been declining among both men and women. On the other hand, cancers of the intestines and rectum, bladder, pancreas, and lungs which are inaccessible have increased in both sexes. The only exceptions to the rule are in the case of cancer of the female breast which increased slightly and of cancer of the stomach and liver which decreased among women but remained practically stationary among men. What do these few exceptions mean?

Improvements in diagnosing and medical reporting are largely responsible, in my judgment, for the slight increase noted in cancer of the breast. This form of the disease frequently spreads to the internal organs. The stomach and liver are often involved before death. This transfer of the disease from the primary to a secondary organ (metastasis) is very common. There is little doubt that nowadays many more cases of cancer of the breast are reported and classified as such even when there has been a metastasis to a secondary organ; formerly, many such cases were classified as cancer of the organ to which the disease later spread. Many deaths, therefore, which should rightfully have been attributed to cancer of the breast were in past years recorded as cancer of the secondary lesion which was given as the cause of death. This change in procedure would account for not only the apparent upward trend in cancer of the breast (despite the steadily mounting list of cures recorded by the American College of Surgeons) but also for the otherwise inexplicable decline in cancer of the stomach, liver, and gall bladder. To sum up then, it may be said with much justification that the rising average age of the population, the improvement in diagnostic methods, coupled with better opportunities for accurate diagnosis of the growths in the internal organs, is responsible for a very large part, if not all, of the *observed* increase in certain cancer death rates. Taking the situation as a whole, however, I am convinced that cancer as a cause of death is no longer increasing in the United States.

IV

This interpretation of the facts makes the cancer situation much more hopeful than it ordinarily appears. Contrary to prevailing lay opinion, cancer is by no

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means an incurable disease. The increasing experience of large and expert medical organizations should remove any doubt. The American College of Surgeons, for example, has published a list of almost 25,000 so-called cancer cures registered during 1932, 1933, and 1934. By a cancer cure, they mean that for a period of five years after operation or treatment, the cancer has not recurred. On this basis, they claim that about 70 per cent of the cancers of the breast operated upon in their early stages, and before they have spread to other parts of the body, are successfully treated. Excellent results also follow treatment of early cancer in other accessible sites such as cancer of the skin, cancer of the lip, and cancer of the uterus. In the case of the skin, clinical cures were reported in 95 per cent of the cases. Even in such internal organs as the stomach, high percentages of the patients were living after five years, when the operation was performed early. The important point then is to discover the symptoms before the growth has begun to involve other organs and to obtain the advice and attention of those who are qualified to use expertly the known therapeutic measures, namely, surgery, X-rays, or radium. The surgeons estimate on the basis of their experience that the total annual death rate from cancer could be reduced by one-third if diagnosis were more prompt and treatment more skillful.

Such a result calls for a threefold program embracing physicians in private practice, the hospitals, and the general public. If active co-operation could be obtained from these three, enormous progress could be made. The leading medical organizations have already rallied to the cause. The American College of Surgeons has set up minimum standards for cancer clinics, has encouraged the organization of special services in existing general hospitals, and has urged certain well qualified surgeons to specialize in this field. The American College of Radiology and the American Radium Society are establishing standards for practitioners who use this curative medium. The American Medical Association has been highly successful in focusing the attention of its members on the cancer problem. Through its constituent societies, it has been instrumental in promoting active campaigns in many states. Practically all of the State Medical Societies of the south have adopted five-year cancer control programs. Under their auspices, good cancer clinics for diagnosis and treatment are now in operation in many places.

An excellent demonstration of how effective work can be done by State authorities in co-operation with local physicians is afforded by the Massachusetts Department of Public Health. In 1926, the first diagnostic clinic was opened in that State. At the present time, twelve clinics are in operation. These have been organized by the local medical societies in co-operation with the health department. A local cancer committee determines where the clinic should be held and the policies to be followed; it supervises the quality of the service and directs its growth. The health department assists the committee with its resources in personnel, supplies, and funds. The main emphasis has been on organizing centers where adequate clinical diagnosis and effective treatment can be given. There is also a lay committee in charge of educational activities, newspaper and radio publicity; special lectures and literature likewise help to bring the public and the medical facilities together. Finally, a special cancer institution, the Pondville Hospital, is maintained to which the clinics may refer difficult cancer cases for diagnosis and treatment. The experts of this hospital also give instruction in the diagnosis of cancer to the clinic staffs. In this way, the State of Massachusetts has in a few years organized a unified but well rounded plan which meets the needs of the people. Hundreds of cases of early and remedial cancer have been discovered through the agencies set up by the State and many of these have received the care they needed. Many lives have certainly been saved and much suffering avoided. What Massachusetts has so clearly demonstrated as practicable, every State in the Union can repeat.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer since its founding in 1913 has been an effective agent in the field of cancer education and research. Its activities are in many ways comparable to the work of the National Tuberculosis Association and promise to be as effective. Its goal is to arouse the interest of the laity and to encourage the utilization of present-day knowledge and skill. Its agents work in conjunction with the local medical organizations both public and private. Through these constructive contacts, many local groups have been organized and these have assumed the responsibility and expense of conducting cancer campaigns in their respective areas. These efforts of various medical and lay agencies have already begun to bear fruit. The number of hospital centers and special clinics for the diagnosis and treatment of cancer have greatly increased. In 1928, there were only thirteen institutions which measured up to the standards of equipment and trained personnel established by the American College of Surgeons; today, there are about 200 and a large number of others are seeking to meet the minimum requirements. These organizations are filling an urgent need as is indicated by the size of their operations. One special hospital of 113 beds (the Memorial Hospital of New York) for example, is now carrying almost 12,000 patients on its active file. Over 60,000 visits for treatment and dressings were made to its clinics and an additional 31,500 visits were made to its X-ray Department last year. Although its facilities have greatly expanded in the last four years, there is a large waiting list of patients. The widespread organization of such clinics and hospitals and the training of skilled specialists to man them in other areas of the country is one of our most pressing needs.

V

The education of the community in general and the cancer patient in particular is an equally important undertaking. Much progress has already been made in this direction. People are today more alert to danger signals which may herald the approach of cancer and better informed as to methods which may be applied for its treatment. It is commonly agreed that many forms of cancer start in tissues subject to some form of chronic irritation or inflammation. It is, therefore, the part of wisdom to correct such irritations before they inflict irreparable damage. In this category comes the repair of ill-fitting dental plates and the smoothing of sharp, jagged teeth. Attention should be paid to sores that do not heal and moles or warts that be-

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gin to spread; to the lacerations that frequently accompany childbirth; to any lump in the breast or other part of the body; to an unusual discharge or bleeding from any organ; to persistent indigestion; and to rapid and inexplicable loss of weight. Symptoms of this character call for competent medical advice without delay. For in most cases, pain is not present in the early stages of cancer; by the time it is felt, the disease has often advanced too far for successful treatment. It would help greatly in the cancer program if more people, especially those who have reached middle age, would go regularly to their family doctor for a thorough physical check up. Such examinations should detect many cancers in their incipiency when it is still possible to eradicate them. After the disease has spread and become generalized, only palliative measures can be taken. One cannot say too often, cancer must be discovered early and treated promptly if any headway in checking it is to be made!

In addition to stressing these positive points, there are a few misconceptions to correct if the best results are to be attained. The number of quack remedies on the market is legion; all of them are useless and some of them positively dangerous; they cannot be condemned in terms strong enough. Up to the present time, there are only three known procedures for dealing effectively with cancer; they are surgery, X-ray, and radium. The method of choice is a matter for expert medical opinion to decide and depends upon the site of the growth and its character. Although the cause of cancer is still unknown, there is every reason to believe that it is not a germ disease and, therefore, no serum is likely to prove efficacious. In agreement with most pathologists, Doctor Ewing regards this theory of an infective agent as incompatible with existing knowledge and states:—"The assumption of a universal cancer parasite can be held only by those who assume in addition that cancer is a single disease, comparable to syphilis or tuberculosis. This assumption appears to be untenable. Cancer is not a single pathological entity, but a great group of diseases, of very varied origin and course. . . . There are about as many neoplastic diseases as infectious diseases, and no more reason for assuming a single origin for the one than for the other group. If there were less anticipation of the imminent discovery of the universal cancer parasite, fewer announcements of its demonstration, and more recognition of the specific exciting factors in cancer, the cause of cancer control would be benefited."

VI

This statement leads us finally to a consideration of the various types of research under way at present. For after all is said and done, there are many forms of cancer that cannot be detected until the disease has spread so far that, with our limited present knowledge and skill, recovery is impossible. Practically one-half of the cancers among women and about three-quarters of those among men affect internal organs. In these cases, medical science is still limited and awaits eagerly more knowledge regarding the essential nature of the cancer process. Research workers are, therefore, asking such fundamental questions as: why does the cancer cell grow so wildly; whence comes its excessive nutrition and growth energy; and how can the malignant processes be controlled? Nothing less than the answers to these riddles will solve the cancer problem.

A new era of research began about the beginning of the century with the discovery that cancer can be transplanted by grafting, in small animals. Many methods of producing cancer experimentally in the laboratory and of cultivating cancer cells outside the body are known today. In more recent years, the physicists have made important contributions by determining the biological effects of radiation on the organism. As a result, it is possible to prescribe with more than a fair degree of accuracy the dosage which is required to destroy a large variety of malignant growths without affecting the normal surrounding tissues. Through the cooperation of electrical engineers, X-ray machines have rapidly increased in power and do deliver with safety and efficiency the dosage that is required. Investigators, however, are still trying to formulate definitely the laws governing the distribution of rays of varying wave-length in the body, in order to determine with accuracy the amount of radiation which reaches to a given depth. It is known that the sensitivity of different types of tumors to radium varies, but further research on this aspect of cancer which is of such great practical utility to the physician is under way. Another subject of investigation is to arrive at a method of measuring accurately radium rays and X-rays in the same unit. Although radium therapy is already on a relatively sound basis, the successful termination of these investigations will enable technicians to standardize dosage still more effectively.

The chemists and biologists are also diligently at work—and perhaps from them, in the future, will come the answer to our riddle. Dating from the discovery in 1923 by Doctor Otto Warburg of Berlin, who later won the Nobel Prize, that malignant tissues are characterized by a remarkable loss of respiratory function and that they possess an extraordinary power of lactic acid formation, a new light has been shed upon the metabolism or the internal vital processes of tumors. This would suggest that cancer cells have a different chemical set-up and therefore a different physiology from other cells. The research men who are emphasizing the far-reaching significance of these two peculiarities of cancer cells believe that if the mechanism of cell action could be more clearly understood, it would be possible to alter the metabolism of the cell with the result that cancer might be cured. Up to the present time, success has not crowned these efforts because cancer cells can live without oxygen and have a much greater capacity for breaking down sugar and producing lactic acid than normal cells. Their ability to live without oxygen militates against direct attack by certain chemical agents. Some way must be found by means of which the metabolism of the cancer cell can be restored to normal. That would open up a wide field of productive investigation. Most promising are recent studies on the effects of vitamins on cultures of normal and cancer tissue; of hormones from various organs; and of ferments of various types on growing cancer cells. In short, our knowledge in the whole field of the biochemistry of cancer is rapidly increasing.

Even the statisticians have made and are continuing to make important contributions to the problem. They have helped to clarify the trends of cancer. Their technics have been invaluable in determining the inheritance of susceptibility to cancer. In the future, however,

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their rôle in research will be even greater than in the past. There is need for more reliable statistical analysis of the value of different operative procedures, of radiation therapy and of other types of treatment which appear worthy of trial. Studies of racial susceptibility to cancer, of the relationship between occupation and the disease, and of the effects of certain chemical or physical agents, must be made before very long. Certainly much experimental work carried on by clinicians in the past has been marred by the lack of proper controls and of incomplete records of cases and their subsequent study. The collection and interpretation of autopsy records may also lead to a clearer understanding of the distribution and the causation of the disease. It is significant that Doctor Francis Carter Wood, one of our leading cancer experts, should acknowledge that altogether too often research workers in this field have drawn conclusions from very small numbers of cases. He would insist that those who work in the field of cancer should as a preliminary training be competent with the approved methods of statistical analysis. Certainly such additional training, if it could be made available to pathologists and laboratory workers, would help greatly.

Above all what needs to be done at the present time is to co-ordinate the research work now going on in so many different directions in the clinics, the hospitals, and laboratories. There is unfortunately altogether too much duplication of effort and repetition of studies that have already been brought to a successful conclusion. There is evidence of a lack of unity in the direction which research is taking. I have for many years urged that workers in the field of cancer research should come together to talk over their common problems, to become acquainted with the investigations going on in other places, to decide on where the next point of attack should be made and how to parcel out the field among those laboratories and institutions which have the best equipment for a given type of investigation. Leadership and unification of effort are as necessary in the cancer field as in industrial research where such important contributions have been made.

There must also be better organization and more directed effort toward the training of persons who are to engage in cancer research. The disease deals with such complex materials that those who engage in its investigation must have a high degree of competence not only in laboratory methods but in the sciences of biology, chemistry, physics, and even in statistical technique. It will not be an easy task to educate the large numbers needed to render constructive service in this field. Such workers, after they have been most carefully selected, will require several years' training in well-run laboratories before they will be competent to undertake independent research. To obtain the right kind of men, it will be necessary to pay decent salaries and to provide greater opportunities than have been available in the past, such as high positions in academic circles or clinical practice, or both.

It must be obvious that such a plan as has been outlined will call for sizable funds. At the present time, cancer research is being conducted by small units working independently, usually with small financial resources. There are, of course, striking exceptions. The International Cancer Research Foundation, founded a few years ago by Mr. Donner of Philadelphia, with a very liberal endowment, points in the right direction. There are similar evidences of an appreciation of the magnitude of the problem in other centers. If the various interested workers and their supporters could but get together and pool their resources, they would have a much better chance of obtaining the substantial support which the importance of the cancer problem calls for. Where we are spending thousands of dollars today, we should be spending millions. Where we have a few hundred physicians trained to recognize and treat cancerous states, we need thousands. Where we have a mere handful of highly trained investigators, we need hundreds. It will not be an easy matter to bring about these changes in the facilities for solving the cancer problem, but it is a task that stimulates the imagination. With public interest commensurate with the huge stakes involved and with sufficient support from high places including both governmental agencies and large private givers, it should be possible to bring together for united action that group of gifted men who may lay out the direction which the future campaign should take and lead it to victory.

ODD MOMENT

By John Holmes

He wrote in the dust upon the mirror, "Death,"
For the best of reasons: it had seemed to him,
For once not taking second thought, a grim,
A sudden, wildly humorous thing to do.
The five transparent letters hung like smoke
Upon the glass he wished he might go through,
Between the real room and its ghost beyond,
That other quieter room so like his own,
Where even thought might let his mind alone.
Step through like Alice; nothing there; no cat,
No cards, no queens of chess, no Tweedledum,
Only his empty chair, his shelves of books,
His rugs, his walls, waiting for him to come.
Nothing, he thought, prevented but this glass
That gave such light to sight, such peace to grace—
And saw himself there staring at himself,
Death written plainly on his smiling face.

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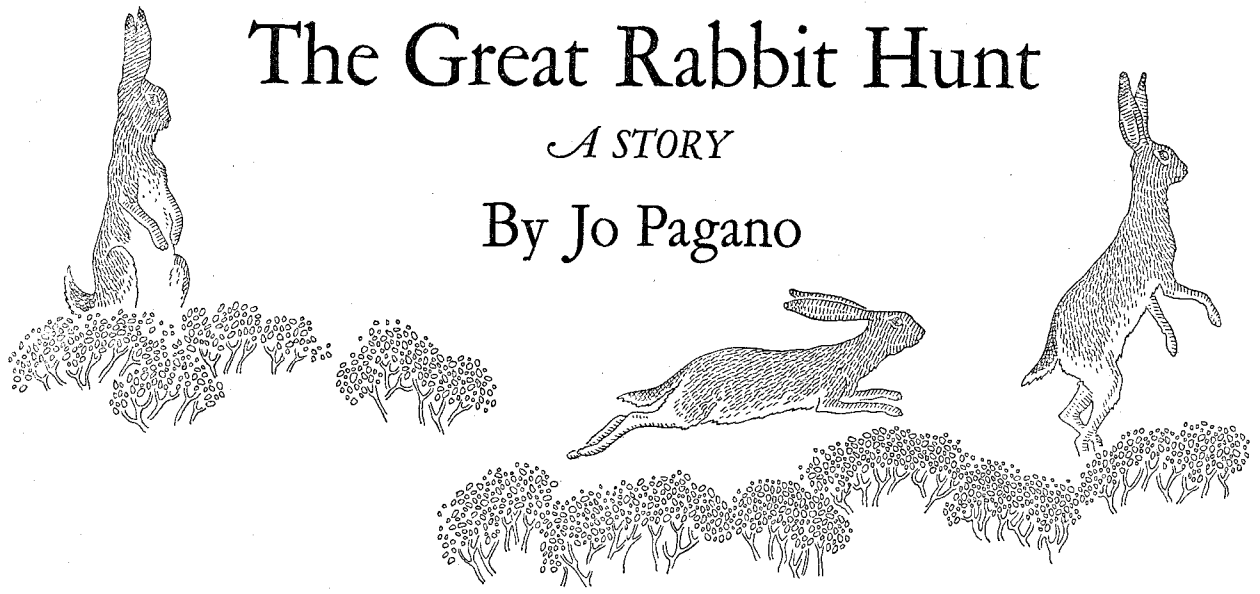
The Great Rabbit Hunt

A STORY

By Jo Pagano



THE history of that memorable episode, the great rabbit hunt, begins, properly, with a visit my parents and I paid one Sunday to the home of their *paesano,* Gianpaolo Maccalucci. ("A curse on the day we ever set foot in his house!" as my mother said forever afterwards.) This visit was simply one of the numerous Sunday visits we paid to the Maccalucci home, unmarked by anything unusual save that it was our initial introduction to Gianpaolo's hobby, the hunting of the "jack-a-rab."

We had hardly set foot in the house when our nostrils were assailed by a fragrance impossible to describe—a fragrance at once delectable and succulent, haunting and appetizing: a fragrance composed of the delicious aroma of some kind of tangy frying meat, blended poignantly with the commingled smells of garlic, sage, butter, parsley, black pepper, the whole capped by interweaving wafts of green bay-leaf. . . .

"Per Bacco!" ejaculated my father before he had so much as taken off his hat, his eyes turning kitchenward and his nostrils quivering like excited bird's-wings. "What is that?"

"What's-a-matter? What's-a-matter?" chortled Mrs. Maccalucci. *"Ti piace?* You like it?"

"Like it!" beamed my father. But it was a truly noble odor! And what (*smiling ingratiatingly*) might it be?

"Ah! Ah!" chuckled Mrs. Maccalucci, her mustache bouncing happily. "Gianpaolo, he'sa been hunting the ra-beetsa——"

"The ra-beetsa?" echoed my father, not comprehending.

"Rabbits!" explained my mother—she was considerably more proficient than he in interpreting the oft-times completely mystifying accents of their *paesanos.*

"Oh—rabbits!" said my father, his eyes lighting in understanding.

"Si! Si!" said Mrs. Maccalucci. "What's-a-matter? What's-a-matter? But come!" she added in Italian, bustling us toward the kitchen: he could see for himself.

Gianpaolo was just coming up from the cellar, carrying a dust-covered gallon of wine.

"Ohé, paesano!" he shouted upon espying my father. *"Benvenuto, benvenuto*—welcome, welcome!"

He set the wine down and threw his arms around my father enthusiastically, and for a moment or two the house rocked with the explosive reports of their affectionate greetings; then Gianpaolo turned to my mother, of whom he stood considerably in awe.

"Cara signora!" he said, bowing deferentially from behind his big nose.

My mother greeted him graciously, and my father turned ceremoniously to the huge old-fashioned kitchen-range upon which stood a steaming, lidded pan, from whence came the odor that had assailed us when we stepped in the house.

"And is this it?" he asked courteously of Mrs. Maccalucci, his brown eyes turning warm with anticipation.

"Si, si!" she beamed; and that he might better investigate the source of the heavenly fragrance, she lifted the lid off the pan.

"Ah—" he sighed, bending above it and allowing, with half-closed eyes, the wisps of steam to circulate about his nostrils.

"You like-a the jack-a-rab?" broke in Gianpaolo, surveying this scene hospitably; and without further ado, he ordered his wife to bring out plates for my parents and myself.

"But no," protested my father—not very convincingly, I'm afraid: "It is too much trouble."

"No trouble, no trouble!" dissented Mrs. Maccalucci. "What's-a-matter?"

My mother glared at my father.

"Please don't bother," she said to Mrs. Maccalucci. "Really——"

"What's-a-matter?" cried Mrs. Maccalucci. "It'sa no trouble. *E nu piacere,* it is a pleasure."

"Si, si!" beamed Gianpaolo. *"Mangia, mangia,* eat, eat!"

They appeared genuinely insulted at my parents' protests, and without further ado, Mrs. Maccalucci brought out plates and silverware and set them upon the oilcloth-covered table.

"Ah—" sighed my father contentedly when at last we were seated at the table, our respective plates heaped with fried rabbit and thick slices of home-made bread, a blood-red glass of wine at each of our elbows. He tucked a napkin into the vest that encircled tightly his huge belly, and took an anticipatory nibble of rabbit. *"Per Bacco!"* he bellowed. "It is a feast for a king, all right!"

"Then you like it, in truth?" beamed Gianpaolo.

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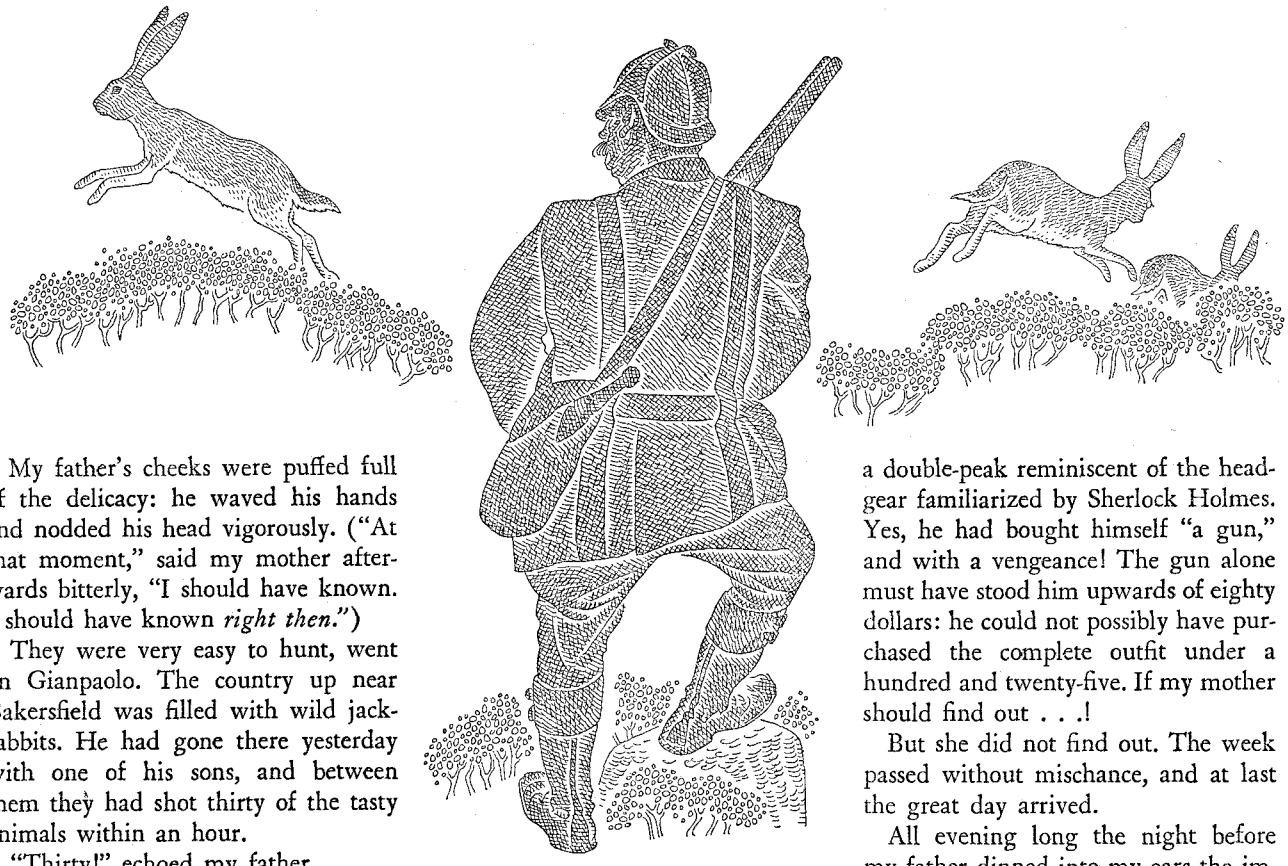

My father's cheeks were puffed full of the delicacy: he waved his hands and nodded his head vigorously. ("At that moment," said my mother afterwards bitterly, "I should have known. I should have known *right then.*")

They were very easy to hunt, went on Gianpaolo. The country up near Bakersfield was filled with wild jack-rabbits. He had gone there yesterday with one of his sons, and between them they had shot thirty of the tasty animals within an hour.

"Thirty!" echoed my father.

"But of course!" said Gianpaolo. It was nothing, nothing! The country was overrun with them—in truth, without exaggeration, there were literally thousands of plump "jack-a-rabs" awaiting patiently the advent of the intrepid hunter.

"Imagine!" said my father greedily. He looked at Gianpaolo thoughtfully for a moment. And what, he added inquisitively, was needed in order to hunt them? (At this moment, I remember distinctly, my mother looked at him sharply.)

But nothing! beamed Gianpaolo. A gun, some shells. . . . He looked at my father with the light of an idea dawning in his solemn, furtive eyes. Would my father, by any chance, care to go hunting with him?

"But yes!" said my father enthusiastically, wiping his mustache with the back of one huge hand. When would Gianpaolo like to go?

It did not matter, said Gianpaolo: any time that was convenient to my father. The following Saturday or Sunday——

"What are you talking about?" broke in my mother, addressing my father. "Hunting! You have no gun——"

"That is no matter," said my father, shrugging indifferently. "I will buy a gun."

("Ah! Ah!" wailed my mother afterwards. "I should have known, I should have known: I should have known *right then!*")

II

For two days I had thought my father was acting suspiciously. There was that in his manner which suggested, to one who knew the signs, that something out of the ordinary was taking place: he walked about as though he were secretly bearing the load of some weighty problem, and occasionally I caught him looking slyly at my mother. But it was not until I by chance happened to move the corner of a piece of canvas in the garage that the secret of his mysterious behavior was revealed —for there, concealed from the gaze of prying eyes by the canvas, stood not only a shiny new double-gauge shotgun, but (heaven help him if my mother should see it!) a complete hunter's outfit—boots, corduroy suit, a knapsack (presumably to carry the "jack-a-rabs" which Gianpaolo had promised him the following Sunday), and, to top it all off, a leather hunter's hat with a double-peak reminiscent of the headgear familiarized by Sherlock Holmes. Yes, he had bought himself "a gun," and with a vengeance! The gun alone must have stood him upwards of eighty dollars: he could not possibly have purchased the complete outfit under a hundred and twenty-five. If my mother should find out . . .!

But she did not find out. The week passed without mischance, and at last the great day arrived.

All evening long the night before my father dinned into my ears the importance of our being on time—for it was I who had been elected to chauffeur him and his *paesano* on their bloody pilgrimage.

"Now be sure and set your alarm!" he told me at least a hundred times. "*Don't forget,* whatever you do! Understand? We must be up *no later* than one o'clock."

"But why so early?" I protested, not relishing the thought of getting up in the middle of the night to drive a hundred and fifty miles in search of jack-rabbits.

He looked at me contemptuously, shaking his shaggy head in disgust.

"All you are good for is to eat and sleep!" he said with rhetorical sarcasm. "Don't be so damn' lazy! Get up—get some morning air—it will do you good for a change!"

"*Ma quanda chiachiere,* but what nonsense!" broke in my mother. All this excitement and work, and for what?

"When I was his age—" began my father.

"*Ma statte zitto, statte zitto,* keep quiet, keep quiet," said my mother calmly. How could he blame me? One o'clock in the morning! From the amount of fuss he was making one would think——

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"That's all you know about it, you and your *baby,*" retorted my father, jerking his head contemptuously toward me. Gianpaolo had told him it was better we get an early start, to avoid the crowds who would infest the country later: what was the use of going at all, if we didn't do it right? (As he made the last remark, he pursed his lips with sly self-satisfaction.)

"All right, all right," I broke in, to forestall the budding argument. "I'll be up on time, don't worry."

"Be sure you don't forget now!" he repeated. "One o'clock, and not one minute later!"

And one o'clock it was. It seemed to me that I had just dropped off to sleep when the jangle of the alarm rattled shrilly into my ears. I jumped bolt upright, thinking the house was falling down on my ears; then, fighting up through the fog of sleep, I turned the alarm off, yawned, and climbed dizzily out of bed.

From my parents' bedroom I could hear a series of groans, grunts, and gurgling wheezes. My father was getting up. In a moment he tiptoed out into the kitchen, his suspenders hanging in two loops along his well-padded flanks, his hair shaggy and touselled, his eyes bloodshot and half-blind from sleep. He grunted when he saw me and told me to heat the coffee. I wondered what he was going to do about the hunter's outfit, but said nothing; at last we tiptoed out of the house and down the back steps to the garage in the inky darkness. Once inside the garage, he ordered me to turn on the headlights.

"Now then," he said, turning to me with an air of heavy secrecy, "I want you to say nothing about this to your mother, understand?"

I promised, pretending to be mystified at what it was he wanted me to keep to myself.

He walked heavily over to the canvas, upon which the rays of the headlight cast a glaring illumination and, lifting a corner of the flap, brought out the hunter's suit.

"Well!" I said. "What do you call that?"

"Sh!" he admonished me, then held it up proudly. "It is a suit to go hunting. There is no use," he said, "in doing anything unless you do it right. Your mother—well, your mother, she is a wonderful woman, but you know how she is when it comes to spending money. Here, give me a hand."

He sat on the running board of the car and I helped him lace on the heavy boots. His old clothes we hid beneath the canvas: in a few minutes he was arrayed in the new outfit, the knapsack slung smartly around his shoulder and the peaked cap sitting atop his shaggy head.

"How does it look?" he asked proudly.

"It looks fine," I assured him. "We should have brought a camera along."

"By God, that'sa right," he agreed. "I should send some pictures to my brothers in Colorado!"

III

It was not yet two o'clock when we arrived at the Maccalucci domicile, but already the rickety frame house was ablaze with lights. We parked the car in front and went around the back, entering by the kitchen. Here Mrs. Maccalucci, her waddling body girdled by the familiar lavender wrapper and her hair hanging in wisps about her eyes, stood sleepily above the stove, frying some hot peppers in oil in preparation for our breakfast.

"Ohé, paesano!" she cried in greeting. "But how magnificent you look!"

"Do you like it, in truth?" beamed my father, carrying himself as upright as a general in full-dress uniform.

"Like it!" she repeated. "But you look magnificent, magnificent!" They spoke in Italian, their words falling in a voluble stream from their lips, "Gianpaolo!" she added, calling to her husband. "Oh Gianpaolo! Come look at the magnificent appearance of *Signore* Altieri!"

The bathroom, in the Maccalucci house, opened directly off the kitchen: from behind the peeling door we could hear the sound of running water.

"What? What?" came the guttural, sleep-clogged tones of Gianpaolo; the door opened hastily, and out stepped my father's *paesano,* his close-cropped black hair plastered wetly onto his head, his leathery face and close-set eyes crinkling in anticipatory wrinkles of greeting. He saw my father and stopped short.

"Sangue de la Madonna!" he ejaculated wonderingly. He stood, awe-struck, and stared at my father's resplendent uniform, then stepped forward and touched a finger to the coat. *"Sangue de la Madonna!"* he repeated. "What a magnificent hunter's suit!"

"Then you like it, in truth?" said my father.

"Like it! But it is magnificent, magnificent!"

"Ah well!" said my father, in sudden embarrassment. "It is nothing—only," he added in English, "there's no sense in doing anything unless you do it right."

"That'sa right, you bet," agreed Gianpaolo, also in English; and to his wife, in Italian: "Is the breakfast not ready yet?"

A moment more, she protested: just one moment! She added thick chunks of bacon to the hot peppers, then raw slices of potatoes, and when the whole was cooked to a fragrant, golden brown, she broke a dozen eggs into it; a moment more, and we sat down to the steaming *colazione.*

Dawn was just appearing, gray and murky, as we reached Bakersfield. We turned west for another twenty miles or so and headed into flat desert country. Here, according to Gianpaolo, the "jack-a-rabs" abounded. The sun was up by now, touching the clumps of gray-green sage-brush with a soft radiance. We parked the steaming car, stepped stiffly out, and looked around. For miles and miles the country stretched, flat and desolate beneath the rose-colored sky.

"But where are the jack-rabbits?" asked my father politely.

"Patience, patience!" admonished Gianpaolo. "It is necessary to walk out for a space in order to catch sight of them."

"Out there?" said my father dubiously, looking with reluctant eyes toward the forbidding stretch of land and shifting his knapsack uncomfortably.

"But of course!" said Gianpaolo. "Do you expect that they should come and eat out of your hand?"

My father grunted.

"So be it," he said resignedly. *"Per Bacco,* but I have developed a thirst though!"

"Ah . . ." said Gianpaolo, grinning slyly. "That I had anticipated."

He reached into the back of the car and brought out the huge, wicker-han-

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dled basket in which Mrs. Maccalucci had packed our lunch. He lifted up the cloth, reached inside, and pulled forth a gallon jug of wine.

"But what is this?" said my father delightedly.

"Drink!" said Gianpaolo. "Did you for one moment think that I would come unprepared?"

"After you," said my father courteously.

"No—you first," said Gianpaolo.

"But I insist!"

"And I insist too," said Gianpaolo his forehead wrinkling stubbornly.

"Come, come," said my father in sudden English. "Take a drink and be quick about it—the rabbits will be asleep again before we get started."

Gianpaolo pulled out the cork and took a sip of the wine, then handed the jug to my father, who lifted it high in the glinting sun and took several deep, gurgling draughts that echoed in his throat like a melodious brook.

"Ah—" he said, setting it down and wiping his mustache with the back of his hand. He stood for a moment, smacking his lips contentedly; then turned a menacing glance toward the desert. "Now then!" he said, clasping his gun firmly, "let's have a look at these rabbits!"

IV

For ten or fifteen minutes we trudged out into the desert without catching sight of a victim. The sun was well up by now, and it was beginning to grow hot. My father wiped the sweat off his brow and shifted his knapsack again.

"Sangue de la Madonna!" he muttered, scowling toward Gianpaolo. "And where are the rabbits?"

"Patience, patience!" said Gianpaolo irritably. "We have hardly got here and already you—looka, looka!" he shouted in English. "There'sa one now!"

"Where?" bellowed my father, whirling around and nearly knocking Gianpaolo down with one arm.

"Donkey!" shouted Gianpaolo in Italian. "There, there!" trying, meanwhile, to keep himself from falling and to lift his gun up at the same time.

My father lifted his shot-gun wildly and took aim. The jack-rabbit was scurrying madly toward a clump of sage-brush. My father levelled the barrel toward it and with scrooged-up face and pursed lips, pulled the trigger.

There was a deafening roar, the gun bounced upwards—and he sat suddenly on his posterior in a clump of brush.

"Did I get him?" he bellowed.

"Get him!" echoed Gianpaolo, with heavy sarcasm. *"Madonna mia,* where did you learn to shoot?"

My father looked up at him, then rose heavily to his feet and brushed off his breeches. He stood like that for a moment, brushing off his clothes with short flicks of his huge hands, looking with narrowed gaze at his *paesano,* then,

"My friend," he said in Italian. "I do not think I care for your attitude in this matter."

"Ees that-a so?" responded Gianpaolo heatedly. "Ees that-a so?"

"It is so, in truth," said my father, still speaking Italian. "Now then, if we are to continue on this expedition——"

"You'd better get going," I broke in. "It's going to be too hot to walk before you know it."

They both looked at me; then without a word my father picked up his gun and we started out again.

Another five minutes passed, then ten, then fifteen—and no sign of a rabbit. Every few moments, muttering to himself, my father shifted his knapsack: he wiped his forehead, took off his cap and stuffed it in one pocket; then opened his collar. At last, with an oath, he tore the knapsack off and flung it to me to carry. A deep scowl was grooved into his forehead, and his eyes flashed as he darted swift, belligerent glances into the brush.

Beside him, without a word, the squat, bow-legged figure of Gianpaolo trudged onward.

Suddenly my father stopped short.

"And how much longer must we walk in order to find these 'thousands' of rabbits you promised?" he demanded coldly.

Gianpaolo looked up at him over his shoulder.

"And is it my fault if they appear scarce?" he retorted. "Only last week——"

"Yes, yes, I know: only last week you shot thirty rabbits here within an hour—that you have already told me."

"Then," said Gianpaolo, his eyes narrowing, "you think perhaps I was not telling the truth?"

My father spread his hands.

"That I could not say. I know only that you told me there were thousands of rabbits here: we have already been here almost an hour, and——"

"Hey!" I shouted. "There's one now!"

"Where? Where?"

They both whirled around, their shoulders colliding: they lifted their guns simultaneously and fired almost at the same moment, the reports of their guns blending in one ear-splitting reverberation.

The rabbit, bounding frantically toward a clump of brush, did a half-somersault into the air, flattened out, and fell prostrate upon the ground.

My father and his *paesano* stared at its recumbent form unbelievingly; then with exclamations of delight, ran toward it. Gianpaolo lifted it up by the ears.

"A beauty, a beauty!" he cried gleefully, in Italian. "Dear friend, you shot nobly that time."

"Ah, but no!" said my father. "It was not I—I could not hit the side of a barn."

"But I insist it was you!" beamed Gianpaolo. "I remember distinctly that at the moment I fired my foot slipped in a gopher-hole. I could not possibly have hit him!"

My father looked from the beaming countenance of his friend to the rabbit.

"Do you think it was really I?" he asked shyly.

"But I know it! Here, take it—it is yours!"

My father took the rabbit from Gianpaolo's outstretched hand and held it up, surveying its limp carcass with a professional eye.

"Yes, it is a beauty, in truth!" he observed delightedly. He looked at it for a moment more, then turned to me. "Put it in the bag—and be careful you do not crush it," he added; then flung a fraternal arm about his friend.

"In truth, it is a great sport!" he said; and arm in arm they plunged briskly onward, their faces beaming.

For upwards of an hour we tramped amidst the sage-brush. By now the sun was well overhead and its rays beat down blisteringly. My father had not only taken off his cap and loosened his shirt: he had removed his coat and given it to me to carry. His face was drenched with sweat, and he puffed

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and wheezed as he walked, his heavy boots sinking *plock plock* into the crusted earth.

"*Madonna mia,* this is work all right!" he muttered, wiping his face with his crumpled handkerchief.

Every once in a while he and his *paesano* made forays back to the car to quench their thirst: on an average of every twenty minutes they took a shot at a rabbit. By noon they had bagged three more between them.

"But I cannot understand it, I cannot understand it!" wailed Gianpaolo. "Only last week, in this very spot—and now, my dear friend has gone to all this expense and trouble——"

"It is nothing," said my father magnanimously. "What does a rabbit more or less matter? We will buy them in a butcher-shop if necessary." He hitched his trouser-belt. "Come, I'm hungry—let's go back to the car and eat."

They sat on the running-board and laid the basket on the ground between them.

"In all my experience I have not seen them so scarce," said Gianpaolo gloomily, munching a thick sandwich and squinting his eyes toward the scorching reaches of sand.

"It does not matter," my father assured him. "Drink, drink!"

They took great copious swallows out of the jug, which now stood at the half-way mark; by the time they had finished eating their faces were flushed and shining.

"And now," said Gianpaolo thickly, "would my dear friend care to make another expedition?"

My father wiped his mustache and looked toward the desert with reluctant eyes.

"The devil take it!" he said at last. "It is too hot and my feet burn. Come, let's start back."

"But the hunting!" protested Gianpaolo.

"Another day, another day," said my father, rising to his feet unsteadily. "I have had enough sport for one occasion."

V

On the way back in they finished the rest of the wine, and by the time we reached the Maccaluccis' home they were singing *O Sole Mio* at the top of their voices. I pulled the car to the curb and killed the engine.

"But what is this?" said my father, cutting his voice off in the middle of a note. "What are we stopping here for?"

"We're here," I explained.

"Here?" he echoed, looking uncertainly out of the car. "*Per Bacco!* Already?"

He opened the door and climbed heavily out of the car. They got their guns and the four rabbits, which they had divided, two apiece, between them, and started up the steps. My father slipped his coat and knapsack back on, and he was buttoning the coat as we went in the front door. At that moment, from the back of the house, we heard the melodious accents of a familiar voice. My father stopped short, his face paling.

"*Madonna mia!*" he whispered, terror-stricken. "My wife!"

And so it was. She had taken the street-car to the Maccaluccis', and in company with Mrs. Maccalucci was awaiting our return.

"My suit, my suit!" he whispered frantically, and began tearing off the knapsack and ripping open the coat.

At that moment Mrs. Maccalucci and my mother, having heard us enter the house, stepped out of the kitchen. My mother looked at my father: he stopped fumbling with the buttons and gazed at her foolishly.

"*Cara moglia,* dear wife—" he began, swaying a little, and smiling in her direction.

She did not answer: she stared at him with an expression of disbelief, her eyes running up and down his hunter's suit—now, alas, sadly covered with dust.

"And what is that you have on?"

"Ah . . ." he said, shifting from one foot to the other and smiling ingratiatingly. "It is a suit," he said, "that I bought for the occasion——"

"A suit you—" Suddenly her glance darted with quick comprehension to his shiny new gun, to the knapsack, the new boots. "And how much did you spend?"

He looked at her helplessly.

"Not very much," he said; and then, as if with sudden inspiration: "But look!" he cried in Italian, snatching the limp bleeding rabbits out of the bag. "Observe the beautiful rabbits!"

She continued to look at him, her eyes narrowing slightly.

"And *how much did you spend?*"

"But *cara moglia—*" he said, gesturing helplessly with the rabbits: blood dripped off them and onto his breeches: he seemed to become suddenly aware that he was still holding them and stared at their skinny carcasses foolishly.

"Well?"

He looked up at her, then shrugged tormentedly.

"Not very much," he repeated.

"And how much is that?"

"Well, perhaps a —" He coughed, squirmed, began to grow red. "Perhaps a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!" she repeated, her face blanching. "*A hundred dollars!*"

"But yes," he said, with false affability, and gaining courage. "You see, the suit——"

"God save us!" she muttered piously in Italian. "God save us!" She looked from him to his *paesano,* who stood, crushed and trembling, a little behind my father.

"But *cara moglia,*" said my father. "For the sake of the sport——"

"For the sake of the sport!"

"But yes! And look—look what beauties they are!" He lifted the rabbits up and took an unsteady step forward. She stared at the rabbits dazedly, then,

"Don't come near me with those horrible things!" she suddenly screamed.

"But *cara moglia——*"

"Ah! Ah!" she wailed; and suddenly snatching one of the rabbits out of his outstretched hand, she brought it down on his head.

"Wait, wait!" he pleaded, ducking and holding his arms up for protection.

"A hundred dollars!" *Thwack!* "A hundred dollars!" *Thwack!*

"*Per Bacco!*" he bellowed; and turning tail, fled out of the house.

She stood for a second staring after him, white-faced and trembling; then suddenly dropped down in a chair.

"A hundred dollars—" she muttered. She looked up at us. Tears were in her eyes. "And I could have bought them both for eighty cents!"

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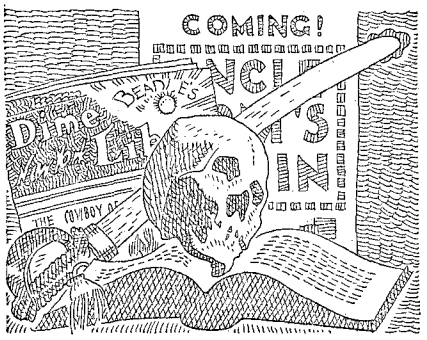
New Frontiers of Research

By Arthur Hobson Quinn

In an old trunk in your attic may be records, documents, or diaries which should be preserved. Libraries and research organizations are taking an added interest in anything which illumines the study of American institutions and American life

ALTHOUGH the geographical frontiers of the United States have been closed for many years, the intellectual and spiritual frontiers must remain open as long as the Republic lives. For national decay can set in only when limits are set to that restless spirit which in the early days pushed onward the borders of the Union, and which today is spending itself in the task of preserving the civilization three centuries have established. To prevent such a check upon the pioneering of the spirit is one of the main functions of *modern research*. I shall not attempt here to define "research." Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins, and to many it is associated only with the test tube and the telescope, and the average citizen leaves it to its own devices.

I am concerned here with a different aspect of research, the effort to illuminate the present and to preserve for the future those human relations which the study of American institutions can best accomplish. Every American, I take it, is vitally interested in knowing that the records of his race shall not be lost. Not only the records of battles, depressions, and recoveries, but also of what his predecessors were thinking, feeling, hoping, and planning, and how under an apparent crust of materialism they were keeping alive that spark of practical idealism which has distinguished us from the days of John Smith, of William Bradford, and of William Penn. These records are of value not only in themselves, but also because the past has a way of repeating itself, and crises may often best be met through a knowledge of what keen minds foresaw in days when the invisible ink of the future was read only by those whose vision was sharpened by the light of peril. Emerson, for example, foresaw the Civil War four years before Lincoln, and Edwin Arlington Robinson in "Cassandra" foretold much that politicians could not or would not see.



It would seem perhaps to the casual observer that there is plenty of material, lying all around us. That is just the trouble. There is so much of it that it is being destroyed every day through carelessness, indifference, ignorance, or even by the impersonal clutch of climate. Sometimes the very activities of research are fatal to its material. Every month from the floor of the room in the New York Public Library in which the older newspaper files are kept, the attendants sweep up forty pounds of paper which has dropped off in the mere process of handling the papers. How long will they last under this condition? Some few years ago, the situation grew so acute that the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council became so much concerned that they established a joint committee to report on the best steps to take in the education of the public in its share in the great task of preserving materials for research in the United States. How complicated the problem is soon dawned upon the committee, and we divided ourselves into sub-committees. To my lot it fell to belong to a sub-committee who were to determine just what kinds of material should be preserved and what should be destroyed. The title of my sub-committee, "On Categories of Research Material," almost defeated our efforts, for as soon as we began our preliminary inquiries to scholars and experts, from one and all came back the reply, "What is a category?" It was a useful lesson in simplicity and it began our own education, which consisted largely of the abolition of frontiers and the creation of new ones.

One frontier which soon disappeared was the presumptive right of any one to say, "This *is* and this is *not* material for research." The natural impulse of a historian is to associate research with something that is old, since time is a great destroyer of the unimportant. But time destroys also the important, if its significance is not early recognized, as those collectors know who are now trying to buy a copy of the first volume of Eugene O'Neill. "Old" and "new" are really not the terms to use. "Permanent" and "passing" are better. How much of the scientific theory, the social theorizing, the political speculation, the literary criticism and especially the articles by educational "experts" which now seem important, will disappear, yet they take up a great deal of space in the newspaper or magazine of today. Perhaps they will have some value when the *History of Human Error* is written. Yet our natural impatience with such loose thinking should not blind us to the fact that the historian of the future will find our age an intensely interesting one, and the total impression gained by a reading of at least part of the periodical literature of today will be essential to his purpose. The post-Civil War period was an age of political corruption and sectional hatred, which has of late been quite adequately brought out. Yet on turning over the pages of *Scribner's Monthly* in the Seventies or its successor, *The Century*, in the Eighties, we see how nearly every number contains an article or a story making clearer to the North the real life of the South or to the South the meaning of the Union. It was a great national service and, since many of the articles were not printed in book form, the problem of the preservation

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of these pages, which time may surely cause to disintegrate, is a real one. It may seem fanciful to imagine a day when a research scholar will find it difficult to locate the pages of the great periodicals of the nineteenth century. Yet I purchased not long ago, for the large sum of two dollars, a file of twenty-nine volumes of *Scribner's* and *The Century* and thirty-six of *Harper's,* because a library had "no room" for them.

This question of space is becoming more and more pressing. As new records accumulate, the tendency is to destroy the old. It is not generally known that in certain sections of the United States county records are being quietly dumped into adjacent rivers. In other places, especially in the South, lack of funds prevents adequate care of them. A brave effort was made to obtain CWA funds to make a nation-wide survey of these county records, and at least prepare a list of them, hoping that the effort would prompt their present custodians to preserve them more carefully. But the project was checked by the judicial decision that such work could not be done directly under national auspices, but must proceed through state agencies. Consequently comparatively little has been accomplished, though there is some hope that the project may be revived under the Works Progress Administration. The value of such records is not generally recognized. Much of course is not important, but again, how do we know? The only record we possess of the first performance of a play in the English language in the Colonies in 1665 is given by the records of Accomac County, Virginia. Three citizens of the county were haled before the court on the charge of performing a stage play, "The Bare and the Cubb." The judge with unusual wisdom insisted on having the play performed before him, decided it was not harmful, and assessed the costs on the plaintiffs! In the history of the stage, a great deal of our information is obtained because somebody objected to its people, or it comes from letters and memoirs, fortunately preserved. Our conception of Valley Forge may be changed somewhat when we read in a letter from William Bradford, Jr., to his sister that the officers amused themselves by giving Addison's *Cato* on an improvised stage in May, 1778, in celebration of the French alliance. Those who saw the anniversary performance of *Cato* in May, 1928, at Valley Forge with the charming background of its hills and valleys could look back to the stormy days of 1778 with a new appreciation of how, even in war time, life goes on.

These few instances indicate that another frontier of research which must be kept open and caused, if possible, to disappear, is the conception of knowledge as made up of air-tight compartments. The political scientist who fails to note what a tremendous effect upon public sentiment must have resulted from Fanny Kemble's dramatic recitals of Longfellow's magnificent apostrophe to the Union in "The Building of the Ship" is simply unaware of what was going on in people's minds in 1850. Literature may reflect opinion; it may also lead it. What an appalling light is thrown upon the state of medical science by *Dorval,* a novel of 1801, in which the heroine, dying of smallpox, gently distributes her personal belongings to friends and servants! The proposal of President Conant of Harvard that professorships should be established to show the interrelations of the fields of knowledge is significant, even though it is not new. I heard Woodrow Wilson, when president of Princeton, make much the same suggestion. The danger, of course, lies in knowing less and less about more and more, but it has its great advantages also. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to President Conant's inspiring idea lies in the breadth of knowledge such a professor must have. The replies which our committee received made clear the appalling variety of materials which should be studied by any one who ventures to trace the records of American achievement or American ideas. From the anthropologists came a plea for the preservation of skeletons from discontinued cemeteries so that the skulls of Americans might be studied. From the students of business history arose a demand that commercial houses preserve their records and make them intelligible.

In the field of political history it is apparent that the national records are preserved much more carefully than those of the states and that the records of the cities frequently are not existent or not available. One pessimistic correspondent suggested reasons for this last condition of affairs which are only too obvious. The sociologists are certainly pushing on the frontiers of research, for one suggested that the records of personal conversations in a barber shop would have great significance in revealing the thought of a community! Another called attention properly to the fact that in rural communities printed records, such as newspapers, or even the minutes of school boards and commissioners, do not tell what actually happened. He quoted an instance where a bitter struggle against intolerance, affecting the ideals of a whole community, is simply recorded in the words, "The position of commercial teacher is declared vacant." He suggested that the editor of the country newspaper should keep memoirs, not to be published till his death, in which he recorded the real motives and actions of his community. I suggest that just such records are to be found in the fiction of Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Hamlin Garland, William Allen White and many others, without waiting for the death of the editor!

Another frontier that is being widened is the reluctance of research to lose its severely objective nature and to record personal, often oral, information before it is lost. This, being subjective, must be weighed carefully and never published as definitive unless it has been checked by documentary evidence. In my own field of research, which happens to be American literature, I have been privileged to receive information from writers or their families or friends which should settle definitely problems that have been discussed theoretically again and again. For example, one of the most persistent rumors about Poe is that he took opium. I have before me a letter from Mr. Dallet Fuguet, cousin of Thomas H. Lane, who was one of Poe's intimate friends, was associated with him in the conduct of Poe's *Broadway Journal,* and wound up the affairs of that ill-fated sheet. Mr. Lane stated positively to his cousin many times that Poe did *not* take drugs, and that he was in a position to know if Poe had done so. Yet that rumor will probably never die.

Personal evidence should be given credence only when it explains established facts, and especially when the persons giving it are reliable. One inci-

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dent of the Civil War, which has always fascinated me, happened to my wife's granduncle, and I have the story through several relatives who check each other. He was a manufacturer of leather goods who furnished supplies to the United States Army. Visiting Secretary Stanton on business, he was waiting in the anteroom, nearest the door of the private office. An aide came out and held the door open for a moment. The contractor distinctly heard Stanton say to some one within, "McClellan must never be allowed to enter Richmond!" Then the door closed. What a light this incident sheds upon the broken promises, the unexplained delays, the sudden recall of McDowell's army on its way to join McClellan, all the impediments which Stanton interposed between McClellan and victory! But in the absence of any documentary evidence, it is improbable that a historian would care to make it a matter of record.

What can the intelligent public do to help in the preservation of research material? First, stop destroying it. In one of the few letters the author of a new life of Harriet Prescott Spofford was able to obtain from the novelist's niece occurred this choice sentence: "I have had to spend so much time sorting and *burning* my aunt's correspondence." The valuable papers of the Southern poet Paul Hamilton Hayne were saved from similar destruction only by the initiative of Duke University. Cases like these make more imperative the proposed survey of all manuscript material in American history and American literature which has received the approval of the committees of the American Council, to which the project has been submitted, and is now awaiting the one necessary factor—sufficient money—to put it in operation.

Of equal importance is the placing of valuable manuscript material in the proper places. Many families own letters and diaries which are gathering dust, but which should be open to scholars. The ideal course is for them to follow the example of Mr. Robert Montgomery Bird, the grandson of the playwright, novelist, physician, and editor of the same name who wrote *The Gladiator* and who conducted a voluminous correspondence with nearly every prominent statesman of his time. Mr. Bird gave the extensive collection to the Library of the University of Pennsylvania, Doctor Bird's college. George Henry Boker, playwright and ambassador, left his collection to Princeton, his alma mater, to be given after his daughter-in-law's death. These papers were kept for years, however, in an unsafe place simply because it did not occur to the families that they were so important or that they would seem important to others. Comparatively recently, an official report made in 1815 by the Board of Navy Commissioners to the Secretary of the Navy, making a general survey and important recommendations concerning the entire organization of the Navy, was discovered to be in the possession of a descendant of one of the commissioners, who has now placed it in the public archives. We are not as a people trained to turn for advice in such cases to a person or institution qualified to give it. Such an authority is best found in a university library, a great public library, or the library of a state historical society.

Libraries, too, must in certain instances widen their frontiers. The library has grown up through the collection of books, and only the great research libraries are aware of the value of more fugitive material. Play manuscripts, theater programs, records of publishers, theatrical managers, actors, agents of all sorts may have great historical value. Yet in the files of play brokers in New York are hundreds of play manuscripts which are in danger of destruction, simply because their owners look upon them not as material for research, but only as something they can rent out to stock companies or little theaters. There must be literally hundreds of collections of theater programs kept by lovers of the stage which will simply be lost because they do not know how welcome they would be at Harvard, Pennsylvania, Chicago, Brown, the New York Public Library, the Library of Congress, the Huntington Library, or the American Antiquarian Society, the chief centers of collections of American drama. Quite recently the vigilant director of the Rare Book Room at the Library of Congress showed me 3000 plays he had rescued from the cellar and placed in that marvellous collection of books and manuscripts now in their new quarters in Washington.

As the materials for research grow more intangible, they become of course more difficult to preserve. One of the most interesting elements in the lives of great men has been the records of the books they have read, especially in their formative years. The mute testimony of the Librarian's records at the University of Virginia, for example, shows how wide were Poe's interests in that one short year. But the modern library's card system, which destroys the record when it is completed, will make it impossible for the future historian to know what was read by the great men who are now going through college, and there are more of them than is generally supposed!

I have been told that the day of great benefactions for research is past except from those foundations already established. I do not believe this. There must be in the United States of the future those who will give generously to aid in gathering and making available the materials out of which in each generation the historians of American institutions will interpret them with keener insight and deeper sympathy. If private benefactions are discontinued, surely the national government which has done such good work in preserving historic sites, could extend its efforts to the more fugitive material lying everywhere around us. There is something distinctively American in the spectacle of the two great pieces of reconstructive work at Yorktown and at Williamsburg. In one the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior is restoring the scene where the great drama of the Revolution ended, and in the other the Rockefeller Foundation is re-creating the atmosphere in which the first capital of Virginia nurtured the seeds of future liberty. Only a few miles apart, public service and private benefaction work harmoniously in their similar efforts. Both are guided by the spirit of true research which animates not only the seeking after facts but, more important, the fusing of facts into imperishable truths, that will push back the last frontiers of ignorance and intolerance and push forward the frontiers of knowledge and liberality. To this enterprise the co-operation of every citizen of the United States is invited, and there are few indeed without the power to make their contribution.

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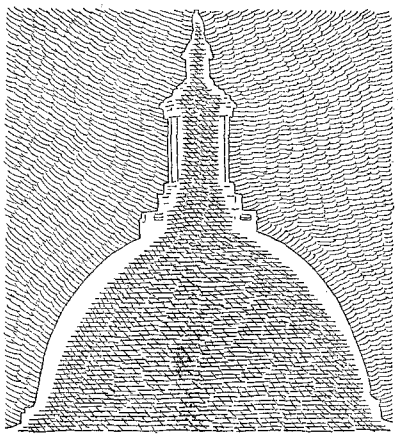
Working for the Government

By C. Hartley Grattan

A survey of the whole problem of manning the government in which Mr. Grattan, who has himself worked for the government, points out important facts concerning the bureaucracy and the policy makers, with reflections on the British ideal of Civil Service



EVERY so often there is an item in the press announcing that the employment figures for the Federal Government service have risen to a new peace-time high. A few days later the papers opposing the government will comment savagely on the fact, the professional speech makers will follow suit at the next ensuing political banquet, and the public will once more know that the end is at hand: the bureaucracy is devouring us and there is no hope for the Republic. The tears flow copiously and through them comes the pathetic wail, "For God's sake turn the rascals out!"

Bureaucracy is a word of tremendous emotional power and like all similar words, a definition of it is rarely attempted by those who use it most frequently. To examine the thing in detail would result in dissipating the power of the word to arouse the blind hostility of the credulous public. If it should be discovered that "bureaucracy" is not a malignant disease and that the destruction of the bureaucracy would not cure a thing, then a perfectly good weapon in the fight on the government would have to be sent into discard. For in essence the hostility to the bureaucracy which is so pervasive in American life is but a phase of the hostility to government. Americans have a way of continuing to believe that that government is best which governs least, the position of anarchists of the right and left. If they once experienced the horrifying chaos which would obtain in an undergoverned but highly developed society, they would temper their remarks and immediately plead for a bureaucracy to bring order once more to the nation. Bureaucracy is, in Charles Beard's definition, simply the "permanent body of civil servants, selected and promoted on principles of merit and competence rather than on grounds of partisan service. It is classified and graded and paid salaries and wages which, save in exceptional times, are usually lower than similar services command in the business world. The bureaucracy in its several divisions—for it is not a united body—carries on the work of the government from day to day while politicians come and go." With this definition in mind—and it is temperately accurate—it is easy to understand why blanket hostility to the bureaucracy can hardly lay claim to respectability.

Politicians come and go but the bureaucracy goes on forever. It is estimated that there are upwards of 700,000 elective offices in the United States of which between ten and twelve thousand are legislative, the rest being administrative. It is about these offices that election campaigns are fought, for control of them is the aspiration of every political party worthy of the name. No party is willing to remain permanently in the opposition; it cannot live in that capacity; and election to office theoretically gives it a chance to effectuate its policies in action. Not all of the 700,000 officers are of equal importance and none is so powerful as to be beyond the reach of restrictive influences. The presidency, which is undoubtedly the office of greatest strategic importance, is limited by the state of mind of the Senate and House, the nature of the advisory group surrounding the occupant, the force and power of the various and sundry pressure groups seeking to work their will on the government, the temper of the electorate. Indeed all elected officials are subjected to many kinds of restricting pressures and while they may be more responsive to one pressure than to another and may conform to an over-all party pattern to a considerable extent, the point is that their actions are severely circumscribed by forces beyond their control.

It is for these officials that the bureaucracy works, directly or indirectly. It has been called into being to execute their policies. The significance of the pressure operating on the elected officials in the formulation of policies is very great in determining the nature of the work done by the bureaucracy. It is not too much to say that the bureaucracy cannot be understood apart from its position in relation to the policy determining group. Yet it is almost always discussed as a thing in itself by its most violent critics and by its friends who propose to improve it by one device or another. The notion is abroad, for example, that if the bureaucracy is brought to a high enough peak of perfection, the problem of government is three-quarters of the way toward a solu-

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tion. In my view the exact opposite is the case: the condition of the bureaucracy is but twenty-five per cent of the problem just because it is so much in the power of the policy determining group.

The American bureaucracy consists of above three million individuals, in 1932 the exact figure being 3,278,500, in which year they received compensation totalling $4,520,954,000. The workers were distributed as follows:

Federal	934,000	$1,171,157,000
State	252,000	338,689,000
Municipal	591,000	895,539,000
County, township, and district	312,000	450,837,000
Public education	1,189,000	1,664,732,000

These and the figures, immediately following were taken from *Better Government Personnel,* Report of the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel, Appendix V, "A Statistical Analysis of the Public Service." In addition to this summary report the Commission has published twelve monographs and "Minutes of Evidence" all of which were consulted by the present writer.

While it is apparent from these totals that the Federal employees are but a little more than a quarter of the group and receive about the same proportion of the compensation, it is nevertheless upon their heads that the hot coals of criticism are chiefly heaped.

When the Federal employees are classified in major functional groups, the following picture emerges:

General functions (legislative, judicial, executive, general administration)	57,182	6.2%
Military functions	384,105	41.9
The postal service	360,235	39.6
All other civil functions	116,821	12.6

Now nine-tenths of the criticism of the bureaucracy carefully avoids casting reflections on the military group which, as the above figures show, accounts for two-fifths of the total. Indeed some of the most vituperative critics are ardent militarists and rarely miss a chance to increase the military budget and the military bureaucracy. Nor are there many individuals who would deliberately attack the post office by an onslaught on the employees, for that would involve an attack on the efficiency of a vital artery of business communication. Most of the criticism of this institution is aimed at its administration, and especially at the man currently holding the office of Postmaster-General, usually the President's chief political wiseacre. With these groups eliminated, we have less than a fifth of the Federal bureaucracy left and, if the criticism is analyzed, it will be found to bear down most heavily on the one-eighth of the service classified under "all other civil functions," a point which is made even more apparent when it is understood that it includes the "promotion and regulation of agriculture," "the promotion and regulation of commerce," the "regulation of the currency, banks, and credit," and the "promotion of labor interests" among other functions. It is also apparent that it is at this point that the "bloating" of the bureaucracy has come since 1932, the year to which the above figures refer. It is here that the AAA, the SEC, the HOLC, and probably the FERA and the WPA, perhaps the PWA and such like Rooseveltian setups should be classified. Indeed, it may be generalized that "all other civil functions" will continue to expand in the future far more rapidly than the other functions of the Federal Government with the possible exception of the military services. This is the direction of social evolution.

It is unfortunate that it is practically impossible to give a thoroughgoing analysis of these broad inclusive categories. It is known, however, that about three-fifths of the employees of the Federal Government living in the District of Columbia in 1932, and about one-third of those in the field, were "engaged in the performance of clerical, administrative, accounting, and other work commonly associated with office, business, or fiscal administration," while 17 per cent of the District employees and 30 per cent of those in the field were engaged in the "maintenance of public property, the construction of public works, the manufacturing and handling of supplies and equipment, the transportation of persons and goods, the transmission of official papers, the domestic care of persons in the employ and custody of the government, the guarding of prisoners, and the preservation of law and order." This leaves but one-tenth of the District and the same percentage of the field employees whose work is "based upon the established principles of a profession or science and which requires professional, scientific, or technical training equivalent to that represented by graduation from a college or university of recognized standing." From this it is clearly apparent that the bulk of government work is of a non-scientific character and is rather an outgrowth of the execution of policies determined in the first instance by elected officials with the advice of appointed officials and of unofficial persons of various kinds. The bulk of the employees have almost no power of their own in this respect and can be directed to carry out policies which they may, as individuals, abhor or know to be antisocial in ultimate consequences. It thus becomes an open question just how far improvement of the bureaucracy as a functioning mechanism and as to personnel would improve the quality of the government as a servant of the people. It might simply result in getting bad policies executed with greater efficiency and therefore with maximum destructiveness. On the other hand, a bureaucracy which was, however efficient, unsympathetic to the program of the political directorate could do an immense amount of damage either by direct sabotage or sheer indifference and inertia. This is merely to say that policy is a crucial factor in determining the quality of the bureaucracy at any given moment and that one cannot separate administrative efficiency from the policy being administered except as an exercise in logic. Since "administration" is the task of a man, it is in large measure an inextricable tangle of psychological factors.

As every one knows, the fundamental device for improving and controlling the personnel of the government is the Civil Service, but it is also generally known that not every one who works for the government, even for extended periods, is under Civil Service. This is true not only of elected officials and the traditional group of appointed officers like Cabinet members and their important assistants, but also of vast numbers of routine workers. One of the most fertile devices for multiplying jobs is the establishment of so-called temporary "administrations" or "corporations," both of which have been freely used by the present government. Similar devices are used by all administrations faced with emergency situations; the Wilson government used them during the World War; and it is likely that they will always be used to some extent. Moreover, the Civil Service has never

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been extended to achieve a hundred per cent coverage of Federal employees at any period and while competent authorities believe that 95 per cent of all Federal jobs could and should be under Civil Service, there are upwards of 190,000 "exempt" jobs in Washington today and the number is constantly increasing. Indeed, leaders of the employees have raised the question of whether or not the Civil Service is menaced by the multiplication of the non-Civil Service workers. Any critical observer must conclude that it is. The spoils system is insidiously corrupting the entire service and is a far greater menace than "veteran preference" which is bad enough. It is the happy hunting ground of Jim Farley and of Congress.

Beyond question, a necessary major objective of any group interested in preserving the government service from utter debasement, is drastic counter action when "temporary" and other non-Civil Service appointments begin to rise to such a point that they obscure the permanent staffs—not necessarily in numerical significance but in giving the tone to the government service. That point has been reached today by the Roosevelt administration; the danger signals are flying. Washington is periodically swept by a wave of gossip about putting all employees of new organizations, which promise to be permanent, under Civil Service by "blanketing" them in, but very little is actually done about the matter. To do so would, of course, deprive the politicians of their spoils as an election is approaching.

It is clear as a pike-staff in Washington that while it is reasonably easy to recruit personnel for new agencies, especially just now when private employment offers so few jobs, personnel of fairly high quality, it is impossible to dismiss it with equal promptness while the depression continues. "Politics" plays a part in getting jobs in all agencies, in some more than others, and in getting some kinds of jobs more than in getting others, but it plays a strategic part in the keeping of all jobs. The situation is clearly illustrated by the snail's pace at which the NRA organization is being disbanded; and even the few who are being dropped are not leaving the government service, for they are being "transferred" or given "preference" in still newer organizations which happen to be expanding.

There is more than a little truth in the frequently made allegation that once a person gets on the government pay-roll, it takes an earthquake to shake him off. This is especially true if his position is not important enough to make him worth "buying off" with a good job in private industry, or if his work does not bring him to the notice of private employers. That dozens of "good men" are picked off every year is fairly common knowledge, though to mention names would be unnecessarily invidious, and under present conditions it is inevitable. In contemporary Washington the chances are very good indeed to make the transfer: the city, especially under NRA, was full of business men who knew a good man when they saw one, and not a few of those who temporarily took up government duties were business men on loan (James Moffett, A. D. Whiteside, S. Clay Williams, W. Averell Harriman, for example) who naturally did not entirely abandon their good men when they finally resigned. Probably the most favored are the lawyers and for some funny reason service in the government is regarded as giving prestige even by the most conservative, anti-government, legal firms. There is the striking and fairly well-known example, which shall here be nameless, of the young man who assisted Donald Richberg in his peculiar transactions, who arrived in Washington an unknown employee of a New York City law firm and returned to New York on the collapse of NRA to become a partner in the same firm. Yet it can hardly be said that this picking off of useful men by private business utterly ruins the government service any more than the temporary enrollment of business men in government service wrecks industry. Rather it illustrates how closely the two fields assimilate to a fundamentally similar intellectual pattern. In any case plenty of excellent servants remain with the government, especially in the scientific services, and many eventually arrive at important bureaucratic positions and high distinction in their fields. I think of Doctor O. E. Baker, Senior Agricultural Economist in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, who knows more about rural conditions than any other American scholar. Nevertheless the shifting is constantly going on and is probably more frequent in the temporary agencies which have, with all their glaring faults, brought hundreds of exceedingly valuable servants into the government fold, than in the permanent service. The reformers would like to retain as many of these new and brilliant men as possible and are seeking to devise ways and means of turning their eyes, and the eyes of the still younger persons now in the colleges, to the government service as a career. From this desire many of the current recommendations about the government service spring.

The Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel devoted a large part of its energy to discovering a solution of the personnel problem. The report it rendered is shaped to advance the idea of "government by merit." Pointing out that the Civil Service is at present designed to keep persons of routine competence in routine jobs and not to keep the ambitious in the service at all, the Commission proposes that the service be redesigned to allow for a career. As administered at present, jobs are analyzed, examinations are designed, and recruitment has as its objective, the fitting of square pegs into square holes and leaving them there. This is, in its way, all well and good, but it is stultifying in that no provision is made for moving the pegs around to any extent. Certainly no one with any great capacity would be willing to be placed in one of the holes with minimum prospects for advancement. By changing the nature of the examinations from the present over-emphasis on narrow technical competence to an emphasis on general, all-around ability, and modifying the promotion system to allow for a progression from a minor supernumerary job to an administrative post allowing creative responsibility, it is hoped to make it possible to recruit thousands of bright young men and women who would otherwise never work for the government except in times of restricted opportunities in private industry like the present. In fact the predicted success of the new procedure is to a large measure based on the assumption that there will never again be free opportunity in private business like that supposed to be characteristic before 1929. By so modifying the Civil Service structure that a career is made possible, it is hoped to create a whole new field for trained and

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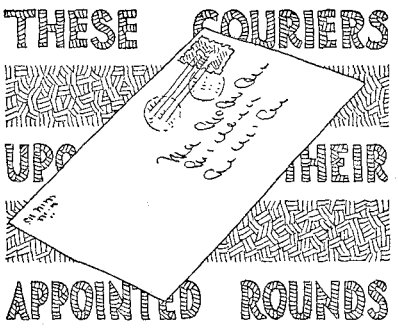
talented individuals which will not only profit them but also the government and the people governed.[1]

On reflection it is clearly apparent that the "career" group could never be more than a minority in the service. The bulk of the government servants must remain, like the bulk of the servants of private industry, routine employees. It is their misfortune not to be endowed by social good fortune with the training for more than "routine clerical work," so much of which government requires. The career group, on the other hand, would be a college-educated group of proved competence and special endowment and analogous to the group in the British Service which was recently described as "fifteen hundred scholars who rule the British Empire." Of course the structure of the Federal Government would have to be modified very considerably to allow an American group to gain as strategic a place in our government as the British "scholars" occupy in theirs, but perhaps such changes could be made without too much trouble. Knowledge of the British situation, however, leads one to question whether or not this change would be all to the good. It should immediately be pointed out that the British group is a decidedly undemocratic group; it represents the upper and well-to-do middle classes; and its American equivalent would be no more democratic than the average of the graduates of the swankier universities—Princeton, Harvard, Yale. Certainly it would not in any sense represent the laboring class, but would assist in fastening on the nation rule by the middle class as outlined by Arthur N. Holcombe of Harvard.[2]

Moreover, the infusion of this new blood into the upper reaches of the service would most decidedly not solve the problems of what the French call, with their invincible realism, the "proletariat" of the government offices, and those problems promise to become more and more acute. They may even, as in the case of the proletariat in general, completely override all of the nice problems which agitate the reformers and their commissions.



The extent to which the work of the government is carried on by low-paid employees is rarely realized by the general public which is so constantly subjected to propaganda about the extravagance of the bureaucracy. It is not realized, for instance, that three-fifths—six out of ten—of the employees working in Washington in September 1933 were earning less than $40 a week and that but one-twentieth were receiving $80 a week or more. From this same city we have had periodical revelations in the last few years, and especially in the reports of the SEC, of the incredible regular salaries and even more incredible bonuses paid to the high-placed servants of big business. Since these are always justified as necessary incentives, it is a wonder that government workers have any incentive to get out of bed in the morning. Moreover, the opposition always alleges that the current administration is paying huge sums to its appointees and hastening the ruin of the country. Thus it was recently announced that under the New Deal there were 989 individuals getting $10,000 a year or more, with the implication that this was gross extravagance. When the figure was analyzed it was discovered that but 78 of the 989 were employed in new agencies created by President Roosevelt, the balance being such year-in-year-out employees as the President himself, the Cabinet officers, generals, admirals, and the 531 members of Congress. Since then the President, by executive order, has instructed the Bureau of the Budget to survey the salary lists of almost all of the temporary agencies and bring them into line with the scales in the permanent establishments, and while it is unlikely that the 78 getting over $10,000 a year will be reduced, since included on the list are such leaders as Harry L. Hopkins, minor employees may find their slight advantage over permanent workers cancelled. It is significant to note that one of the worst offenders in the matter of salaries was the administration most influenced by private business standards, the NRA!

It is frequently alleged that if the pay is not great, it is earned by very little work. This, too, is impossible to accept as true on examination of the facts. Every one knows that in the temporary agencies and in all permanent agencies burdened with "depression work," hours in recent years have been fairly long and the work very exhausting. Ignoring this situation for a moment, an analysis of conditions which obtained on October 1, 1934, shows that the average Civil Service worker put in about 46 hours a week and that under the Mead Act which went into force on October 1, 1935, the average was lowered by but 2 hours per week. While the largest single group formerly worked 44 hours and now is to work 40 hours, a sizeable group of government employees now labor anything up to 84 hours per week. Moreover, it is frequently impossible to get over-time pay, this being especially true in the temporary agencies where the theory is rife that a government job is not merely a job but is a patriotic duty. Thus while the government employees are not universally sweated, they also have not achieved, as a group, as short work-weeks as are characteristic in many of the highly unionized trades chiefly employed in private industry.

Nor are working conditions so strikingly excellent and certainly they are not unique. The Federal Government, through the Civil Service, gives its workers somewhat greater security of tenure than is characteristic in private industry, but it is not absolute as thousands discovered when the economy wave swept over Washington in the last days of the Hoover régime and the early days under Roosevelt; it grants them pension rights but this involves the unambitionless acceptance of a routine job for life and pensions can be won in private employment in combination with free opportunity for advancement;

[1] See the Commission report, *Better Government Personnel;* monograph no. 2, *The British Civil Service* by U. S. Civil Service Commissioner Leonard D. White; and monograph no. 12, *Government by Merit* by Lucius Wilmerding, Jr.

[2] On the matter of the British "scholars" the following interesting interchange took place at Palo Alto: Mr. Gulick of the Commission, "The English, in their whole national service, with perhaps 450,000 people, have only about 1200 people in their administrative division, and about 400 of those are in what they call the training grade." Mr. Herbert Hoover in reply, "Of course you have a class structure in England that has a bearing on all that" (!!)

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and while Federal workers are slowly achieving a fairly rational leave arrangement, employees in private business often have firmly established vacation privileges too. And it should not be forgotten that these boons were, in most instances, only granted under pressure from employee organizations. Nor should it be idly assumed that working conditions in the Federal service are uniformly ideal. While the government has spent millions on gorgeous public buildings, replete with air conditioning, any visitor to Washington knows that thousands of workers are stuffed into "temporary" structures put up during the Wilson administration to meet wartime needs, and recent visitors have discovered new agencies functioning under conditions that few private employers with any pretensions to solidity could afford, for reasons of business prestige or fear of government inspectors, to tolerate. The FERA for example has been housed since its establishment in a miserable old fire trap, permeated with the smell of defective toilets, appropriately situated between that mausoleum, the Corcoran Art Gallery, and the Girl Scouts headquarters, and about six months ago it took over the Washington Auditorium, scene of many wrestling bouts, and installed its force under conditions that can only be described as "mad."

The Federal Government, as a matter of bitter fact, is perpetually taking advantage of the fact that it is the Federal Government and forcing its workers to accept conditions which otherwise would not be tolerated. The magic word in this connection is "sovereignty." The classic story of the government as an operator of a sweat-shop is that of the postoffice service so excellently told by Mr. Sterling Spero in *The Labor Movement in a Government Industry*. In this book Mr. Spero narrates with scholarly calmness a tale of mismanagement and outright oppression that will make the blood of any decent citizen boil. Every possible pressure was put on the workers to keep them in line, including a "gag" rule issued originally by President Theodore Roosevelt and confirmed by President Taft, which forbade the postoffice employees to petition Congress in their own behalf, and they were finally exasperated to the point of threatening to strike *en masse*—or resign *en masse* if prevented from striking. It is the ever present possibility that government workers may revolt and strike that keeps the doctrine of sovereignty to the fore, for it is argued that a strike of government employees is not a strike in the usual meaning of the word but a rebellion, an attack on the sovereignty of the state, an act of treason. Indeed, an analogy between the members of the military forces and the civilian employees of the government has been drawn by more than one commentator —Nicholas Murray Butler for example. If that analogy held water, which it doesn't, a strike would be mutiny!

When an employee organization begins to take too keen and aggressive an interest in the economic welfare of its members, it is very apt to encounter the hostility of the political leaders of the department to which they are attached and the disapproval of the higher permanent officials. The government's record in fighting unionism is long and black and there is hardly a trick which has been used by private employers that has not been used by government officials, including blacklisting, firing union leaders (for "inefficiency" and the "good of the service"), and company unionism. At the present moment, the issue is not to the fore, for the government employee unions are entirely subservient on the matter of strikes and are, as one might say, vulgarly patriotic. Though in the past affiliation with the workers from private industry represented in the A. F. of L. was bitterly fought by the officials and while any administration may bring a Cabinet officer to power who will raise the whole question once again, it is at present quite generally accepted because, as Mr. Spero has put it, "the official labor movement clearly shows that it has no conscious revolutionary objectives and . . . is willing to play the part of a leading defender of the social order which the state represents. . . ." [1] It is largely because of this that the right to strike has been waived by the employees themselves. Just as the coming to power of a more conservative employer-administration may raise the affiliation issue again, so the development of a more radical labor orientation may once more lead to the assertion of the right to strike by the workers. If the conservative administration and the radical labor leadership appear on the scene simultaneously, as they might well do, there will be fireworks.

The question immediately arises as to what should be the relation of government employees to the great and frequently revolutionary social movements of the present era. The traditional position has been that the civil servant is neutral as between the various contending groups, but it should be recalled that the doctrine of neutrality grew up at a time when all hands were agreed upon such fundamentals as the necessity of preserving and defending the democratic system of government and the capitalist economic order, and when both were healthy and flourishing. In all likelihood "neutrality" is a derivative principle. At the present time both democracy and capitalism are in decline and we have organized groups in every nation seeking to destroy the one or the other or both, and this certainly puts an entirely new face on the matter of neutrality. What will in all likelihood happen is well illustrated by the fact that while the masses of the British service supported the General Strike in 1926, the upper crust of the permanent service revealed its sympathies in 1924 when out of this group in the Army, the Navy, and the Foreign Office came the forged Zinoviev Letter which panicked the country into overthrowing the Labor government. At the moment when a crisis once more tears England wide open, is it not likely that in spite of legislative safeguards and the long tradition of neutrality, the masses of the government employees will follow labor leadership and most of the "1500 scholars" the reactionary group? In France, as is fairly well known, the civil employees of the government are a powerful group in the *syndicats* and the Left political parties, and have played a very important rôle in the United Front against fascism—all of which flies in the face of neutrality but clearly indicates the nature of their sympathies.[2] In the United States, where it is likely that the social turmoil will continue over several decades, the question of what shall be allowed to and demanded of government servants will be vigorously debated, no doubt. The doctrine of neutrality, in my opinion, will not stand, and, also in my opinion, the

[1] See Commission monograph no. 4, *Employer and Employee in the Public Service* by Sterling Spero.

[2] See Commission monograph no. 4, *Public Personnel Management in France* by Walter R. Sharp.

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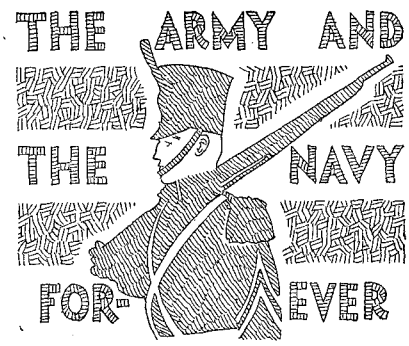
temper of the American rulers is such that special "loyalty" oaths will be exacted by legislation after the pattern of the so-called teachers' oaths. The attempt to force loyalty will fail in the long run as it always has, for as Mr. Spero has said, ". . . the efforts of the state-employer to separate its servants from the main stream of the labor movement can be no more successful in insulating them from the left-wing labor militancy of today than it was in keeping them out of the general labor movement a generation ago. . . . The increasing militancy of the labor movement, together with the steady growth of the government services, will make it more and more difficult for the state-employer to limit the freedom of action of its employees and prevent them from seeking their ends by every method used by the labor movement as a whole."

It hardly requires that one be a prophet to realize that the government service will continue to expand in the future. Charles Beard once gave an admirably succinct summary of its multifarious tasks today:

> If the entire bureaucracy should quit functioning for a day, water would cease to flow at most faucets, sewer pumps would stop, guides to navigation on the sea and the air would be cut off, epidemics would spread swiftly from lurking centers, millions of school children would run home to make problems for their harassed parents, criminals would go hungry, and the publicly operated charities would close, with what discomforts to our very best people no one could tell. This bureaucracy serves society with all the sciences and arts known to modern age, beginning with agronomy at the top and running down through bacteriology, biology, chemistry, electrical engineering, hydraulics to X-ray expertism and zymotic disease specialism at the bottom—an amazing technical and economic structure, reaching in its ramifications far beyond the eye of any single observer.

That is what has been achieved in an era which was pretty consistently hostile to the bureaucracy and it does not lay stress on the innumerable services rendered to the bitterest anti-government group in the community, the business group. It is frequently overlooked that under Herbert Hoover, the Department of Commerce became one of the most bloated branches of the bureaucracy and served business extensively, intensively, from the crack of dawn far into the night. In the future no political party will dare to lay profane hands on the bureaucracy once its leaders gain office and achieve even the vaguest understanding of what the bureaucracy does. If on some conceivable tomorrow the Republicans come back to power, they will not dare to destroy the bureaucracy dealing with relief in its various phases including social security (eventually to require a personnel of 10,000), the bureaucracy dealing with farm problems (though the AAA may be discarded and some kind of production subsidy established), the bureaucracy handling loans to industry and the banks (the RFC), to farmers (the FCA), to home owners (the HOLC). These institutions have become essential and integral props of the existing order, the order all good Republicans avow they aim to save from the equally dedicated Democrats. They fall under the heading, "all other civil functions." These developments indicate the "drift" which is resulting in the rapid increase of the bureaucracy in spite of all the howls about it, and the multiplication of agencies of this description will undoubtedly continue in the future as Charles Beard advocates in *The Open Door at Home* and Stuart Chase argues in *Government in Business*. In his chapter, "Government and Society" in *Recent Social Trends*, Professor Charles E. Merriam began his summary of "the specific trends in American government which are already clearly defined and . . . are likely to be projected farther in the near future," thus: "1, The expansion of the activities and costs of government, particularly in the service, welfare, educational, highway, military, and regulatory functions." On the other hand, if the American people should decide that the drift toward collectivism must be transformed into a conscious policy, then the bureaucracy will grow even faster, with ten jobs blossoming where one blossomed before. While this prospect will raise the hair on the heads of all who are impressed by bureaucracy-baiters like James Montgomery Beck, it is the direction in which not only the American but also all governments in the world are moving today. It is the prospect for tomorrow.



Under these circumstances the question of policy determination is of the very first importance. That is what Doctor John Dewey had in mind in his *Liberalism and Social Action* when he advocated the application of the scientific method to the problems confronting the government, the acceptance of the conclusions of such studies by the officials charged with handling the problems, and the enforcement of the correct policies by a liberal political party. Unfortunately this is a prescription of the future, not a description of the government as at present constituted, for scientific methods can now be used only within the framework of the policy of the governing political group and how that policy is hit upon has already been surveyed. When to this handicap is added the equally disastrous circumstance that the "social scientists" are, as a rule, timid and time serving, and only too willing to play ball with the politically adept ruling group, the prospect of scientific method being used to *determine* policy is practically nonexistent. Currently the technics of this method are chiefly used to validate the policies already determined upon and when the researchers try to influence the determination of new policies they are often rudely rebuffed if their suggestions run counter to "political" considerations. Nor are they any better off when they turn up facts embarrassing to the politicalized administrators—either facts about existing situations it is desired to ignore (e.g., the condition of the Arkansas share-croppers which was "hot" politically because to bring it into the open would deeply offend that noble Rooseveltian, Senator Robinson), or the true story of the CWA, an example of the facts about a policy being too depressing to be released. The story of the WPA from beginning to end is a prime example of the total failure of research to influence a policy adjudged to be politically indispensable by the party leaders. The trouble obviously is that there is a yawning gap between the researchers and the politicalized policy makers. This will eventually lead inescapably to the ironic situation that the government social scientists will know all the facts about our social difficulties

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and not have the slightest influence on what will be done to "correct" them. A revolution may overtake a society in such a predicament because the social forces at work will push the masses into positions far in advance of those which politically hamstrung policy-determiners consider it possible for the government to occupy.

Of course it is vain to imagine a situation in which policy will be exclusively derived from scientific conclusions and hence given over entirely to professional research experts, nor will any but the excessively optimistic, or the utopian, wish to give dictatorial powers in this sphere to the social scientists. There will always be an acute necessity for flexibility in policy determination—not horsetrading, nor open or concealed conflicts of vulgarly economic interests whether sectional or otherwise—but as to the choice of roads to an agreed-upon objective. Any objective likely to appeal to a sufficiently considerable proportion of the nation to demand governmental attention will be derived, not from research, but by the clear formulation of those social values which periodically well up from the masses as, for example, the aspiration for social security in the present day, and it will be brought to power by political means. Necessarily there will be hot debates about objectives and in a disturbed society like ours many have already been offered—those subsumed under such names as fascism, humanized plutocratic democracy, socialism, and communism. Now except in the case of the first it is possible reasonably to contend that exact information can play an important, even on occasion a decisive rôle, in determining the right road to the objective—that is, if it is effectively presented it can temper political chicanery and dogmatic theory. It was undoubtedly some such conviction as this that led the Haldane Committee in its *Machinery of Government Report* (1919) to state that "no adequate provision is made for the organized acquisition of facts and information, for the systematic application of thought, as preliminary to the settlement of policy" in the British Cabinet offices, and to deplore the fact.

Just this last year, in presenting a program for improving the Australian government structure—a structure more like ours than is the British—Professor F. R. E. Mauldon elaborated the Haldane suggestion as follows:

> I am satisfied that the Cabinet needs a special economic division. . . . It will not be political, like the Loan Council, or the Agricultural Council, which determine policy, but a specialist bureau which collects and analyzes data. . . . It would comprise a small number of permanent men, expert in different fields, and its personnel could always be increased by drawing temporarily upon university staffs, or other scientific bodies. . . . The bureau would undertake research at the request of the Cabinet, or Parliament, or on its own initiative. Its material would . . . be available to the Government, the public, or Parliament.

Now of course the government at Washington has available many research organizations engaged in studying social problems (our concern here) upon which it can draw for material, but any one who has worked with any single one of them is well acquainted with the astonishing lack of correlation among them. To correct this condition the Central Statistical Board was set up recently, charged with the task of assessing and integrating the various research bureaus without, I believe, aiming at detaching any of them from their respective departments and assembling them in one large research unit. Rather the idea was to bring uniformity into the collection of data to insure the comparability of statistical results, to prevent duplication of effort as far as possible, and to insist that the best available technics be utilized. This is a long step forward but two more must, in my opinion, be taken. The first is to discover some method whereby the findings of the several units can be brought together in one place and correlated in relation to a problem posed by the policy-determining group, this perhaps to involve the rehandling of existing research and the setting of new problems, rather than the execution of original research other than in exceptional instances; and the second is to discover a usable method of bringing the data so assembled forcefully to the attention of the policy-determiners at the moment when the policy is being determined. The second step is the crucial one, for literally tons of raw data exist in Washington and competent correlators can be found with reasonable ease. The question of getting this data to the attention of the policy-determining group is more difficult and is, it would seem, a problem in personnel. It would, in my opinion, involve the selection of a specialist in each of the major fields—public health, agriculture, education, relief, finance, etc., etc.,—who is capable of thoroughly mastering the material the research workers turn out (the chiefs of the research bureaus are far from being one and all capable of this today), and of presenting it effectively, relevantly, pointedly, and without fear in round-table debate to which the specialist would be invited as a matter of routine, not occasionally when the politicians want to flatter or bait him. In short, such a man would have to be strong, forceful, and thoroughly imbued with a conviction of the importance and utility of exact knowledge in social affairs. Men of this type are rare today and perhaps always will be. Nevertheless they must be found if research is to come into its own. When they are, expert knowledge will become one of the important "pressures" on policy. And when this becomes true there may be some hope that the present ridiculous situation will be ended: it will no longer be so easily possible to write to the Government Printing Office for documents prepared by government research workers which give one the material with which to confute current political policies!

One point in connection with policy under present conditions constantly eludes the optimistic and it is of the first importance to the understanding of the current predicament of the trained and instructed personnel. It is the reason why office holders frequently make admirable verbal and written statements of policy or proposed policy, while their actual administrative performances fall lamentably short of the profession, as is illustrated by the debacle of public low-cost housing, the contrast between the President's advance description of WPA and WPA today, and the difference between Author Henry A. Wallace and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. The reason, on reflection, is simple: the original statement is at best a kind of honest demagogery, while the performance is the natural result of the compromises which circumstances force. Political understanding is largely a matter of knowing better than the average reader of the press or listener to the radio just what prospect there is of actually carrying out an announced policy. In connection with the WPA this involved such simple bits of knowledge as, for example, that the workers on relief were not dis-

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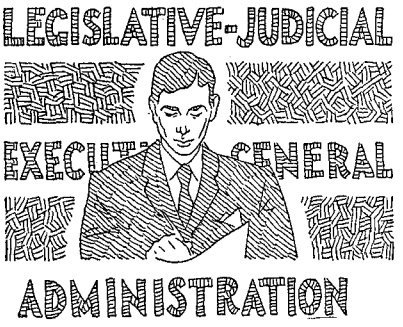
tributed in a "normal" fashion—that there was a disproportionate number of unskilled; that they were not distributed geographically in a fashion to make it possible easily to correlate them with feasible projects, i.e., they were concentrated in urban industrialized areas; and that they were casualties, in large measure, of private industry while most WPA projects were to be kept, by Presidential demand, outside the domain of private industry, thus raising the immensely complex problem of how to use private-industry skills. The essence of the matter in its personnel aspects is this: the civil servants cannot predicate their work on the professed policy, but must proceed on the basis of the compromise (and compromised) policy the exigencies of the situation force upon the political leaders. This frequently disgusts them to the point of destroying even normal efficiency.

It was a situation of this kind that led to one of the many minor tragedies of the New Deal. Many hundreds of ardent young men and women went to Washington to work with Roosevelt in the remaking of the country along the lines laid down during the campaign. Quite apart from the question of whether or not the policies announced were sound the fact remains that when the pushing and hauling of the pressure boys was finished, a high-falutin policy frequently had to be executed in a fragmentary and idiotic manner. Moreover, it was impossible to proceed from a premise which seemed to be organic in the Roosevelt thinking by logical steps to the formulation and execution of the relevant policy. Some place between the speech and the actual act of administration, the logical and expected objective was compromised. The shift may have been made when the consultants, themselves victims of various pressures and all kinds of ideological twists, sat down to write the notion into the form of a law (the Rooseveltians are adjudged by experts to be poor hands at drafting laws—technically poor, that is—and given to trying all kinds of "dodges"); the damage may have been done in Congress where not only did the legislators get in their licks but also the pressure groups once again and to the greatest extent—no objection from the President being forthcoming in most instances as his supporters have frequently and publicly complained; or the whole business may have been quietly stifled by the men in actual charge of administering the law who had been "reached" by interests in danger of being financially damaged. How the discrepancy between intent and result arose is relatively unimportant in this connection for the consequence was the same: the ardent young folk gradually lost hope and either left the government service completely disillusioned, or turned into base and vulgar job-holders and climbers. In either case they looked to the true masters of our economy, the private employers, for good jobs. They moved toward—need I say?—another and perhaps more devastating disillusionment. A good deal of this heart-break could have been avoided, it is plain, if these young optimists had received realistic instruction in government at college. (Many of the older Rooseveltians did have the requisite cynicism to survive, but they had acquired it in the years since college and were amused by the horseplay.) However, not all the tragedies were young, for there is Fred Howe to be remembered, and one must always take into account the vast American capacity for believing that "this time things will be different."



Because I saw all this with my own eyes, so to speak, I would lay great stress upon the content of the education to be given students, at whatever level, who expect to find a career in the government service. It may, to sentimentalists, be a miserable business to "cynicize" the young, but I fail to see how we are ever going to prepare young persons to work for the government otherwise, unless the millennium is really just around the corner. It also seems to me extremely necessary that they be made clearly to understand the nature and importance of policy making as it is today and as it might be if "research" played a more strategic part. To hornswoggle them into believing that just because the conditions of the service have been improved in their organizational aspects, the chances of a happy and rewarding career are excellent, is basely to deceive them. It is but to compound folly to contend that administration is a technic apart from the policy to be executed, though this position is taken by some civil-service reformers, and teach them "administration." As ex-President Hoover told the Commission, "There is no such profession as 'administrator' apart from an intimate knowledge of what is to be administered." In short, it is imperative that they be given a clear picture of what working for the government means and told plainly that, come what may, the crucial decisions will not be in their hands but, in the immediate instance, in the hands of the political leaders, and in the secondary instance, the people at large from whom all governmental power ultimately derives.

Since this is indisputably the case, in spite of all metaphysical allegations to the contrary, the American people, while offering their best applause to all efforts to improve the service and perhaps professionalize certain branches of it, should spend their major efforts in discovering a way to bring to power those leaders who will support policies which fit the facts and who will lead us forward from our present predicament into the promised land that lies before us. That is the three-quarters of the problem of government which is farthest from solution. No amount of skilful administration of bad policies can get us one step along the rocky road to a rational social order, though bad administration of reasonably good policies may strew unnecessary additional rocks in our way—and hence the best possible service is to be striven for in spite of the risks. Once arrived at the goal a resolute attack on the task of finding the personnel equal to the task of administering the economy can be made with an enthusiasm at present totally lacking. Such bureaucrats will achieve results which will be highly rewarding, not because they are supermen, not because all of the base dross of "bureaucratic politics" has been purged from them, for it won't be, but because the tasks set will have a large measure of scientific rationality and justice for all as their fundamental qualities.

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Modern Frontiersman

By Charles Morrow Wilson

A clearing in the Arkansas Mountains, a Boy Scout troop, a wilderness library without a librarian represent the activities of Ted Richmond, who has gone back to the land and finds it good

It was a rainy day in the hills. Jasper, the weather-grayed county seat with a population of almost four hundred, waited listless and amiable. The hotel mistress, having served me princely fare, abandoned a dissertation upon correct squirrel cooking when I told her that I was headed towards Plumlee, beyond Sherman Mountain—that I was in search of a true segment of the far-reaching and invincible American frontier—that I had figured the Ozarks of Northwest Arkansas to be a logical scene for such searchings.

"I know Ted Richmond who is homesteading down on Buffalo Shelf. I figured maybe I'd drop in on him."

The innkeeper folded her arms and eyed me diagonally.

"'Drop in' is right. On a day like this up on Sherman Mountain, that's what you're most liable to do."

I took new courage along with a final helping of fried chicken.

"I've heard there's a road up Sherman Mountain as far as Plumlee. Might be I could drive that far and go the rest of the way afoot."

My hostess sensed the futility of further argument.

"If you do go, you'll have to take somebody along to help you out of the mud. Maybe you could get Alf Daley. He was born and raised up on them rims and he knows 'em like a fox knows his den. Alfred lives and works over at the telephone office—that little house yonder with the wopajawed roof."

I went in search of Alfred and found him professionally beset. Jasper, Arkansas, has its own telephone system with a grand total of thirty-seven telephones. Of these about twenty were temporarily out of the running. Alfred cranked away at the switch box, shouting salutations to backbrush patrons, who, for mechanical reasons, were unable to return them. Finally Alfred slammed up his head set.

"Hell, why have telephones? I might as well go to the door and yell. I might really better. That way folks here in town could hear me."

I told him I wanted to visit the rim lands beyond Sherman Mountain. Alfred took kindly to my predicament.

"Reckon I might as well go with you. This time of year there's not more than a dozen phone calls a day here and not half of them get through. You wait till I get on some old boots."

We started, and the day continued rainy. Lulu, my somewhat dim-witted coupe, moaned dismally as she changed from gravelled highway to the mountain byroad. For a spine-wrenching mile we alternately slid and spun. Then it got worse. Alfred suggested that we get out and walk.

"This was really meant for walkin' anyhow. About the only one that uses the road regular is the mail carrier. Sometimes he rides mule-back, but generally he walks."

We buttoned our coats tightly and stepped forth, following a footpath that would have been discouraging to a mountain goat. Rain piled down in silvery cavalcades. The trail led through giant oak forests that have never been molested by axe; through sheltered ravines where grass stayed green and late wild flowers waved defiances to all prospects of winter. Miles followed, and finally as I wiped the rain from my eyes for the hundredth or so time, I saw my companion turn off the trail and vanish into a decrepit log cabin.

I joined him on its narrow porch, which was garrisoned with palings split from clear-grained red oak, and a line of tubs and pans which were doing their modest bit towards saving the waste of rainfall. I shed my water-logged coat with the observation that I was truly glad somebody had a house in those parts. Alfred was perplexed.

"You miss the idea. This here's a post-office—a town."

Try as I did, I couldn't see any town. Furthermore, I had never before visited a post-office equipped with a cross-cut saw, a chopping axe, quilting frames, wool cards and strip-bottomed rocking chairs. On asking further of the town, Alfred assured me that by *town* he meant neighborhood. I inquired the neighborhood's limits.

"Countin' Hemmed-In Holler and the river valley, it's altogether about fifteen miles long and eighteen wide."

A hound dog, that bore the aromas of sylvan wastelands and vanquished polecats, bade us wistful welcome. Then the cabin door opened and a woman, white-

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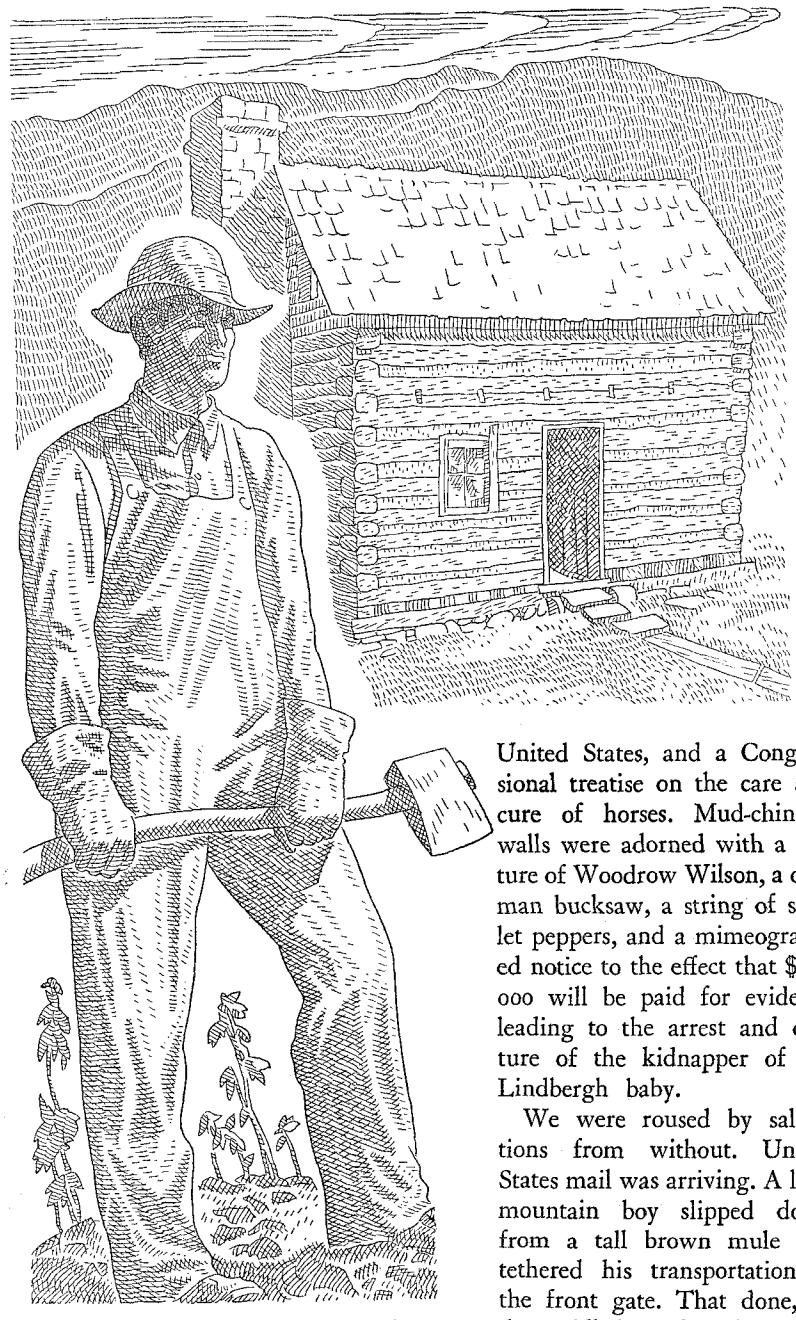

haired and bent, strolled out. We traded views on the weather and I inquired if she were postmaster.

"No, sir, my Pa's postmaster. I just live here."

On learning our mission the postmaster's daughter was reassuring.

"You all might just set here in the dry. This here's Tuesday and Mr. Richmond generally always comes in after his mail Tuesday afternoons."

We entered the foreroom and took places before an amiable fire. The daughter was doing quilting. We begged that she suffer no interruption and settled ourselves beside a home-built table which held a worn family Bible, a copy of the postal code of the United States, and a Congressional treatise on the care and cure of horses. Mud-chinked walls were adorned with a picture of Woodrow Wilson, a one-man bucksaw, a string of scarlet peppers, and a mimeographed notice to the effect that $25,000 will be paid for evidence leading to the arrest and capture of the kidnapper of the Lindbergh baby.

We were roused by salutations from without. United States mail was arriving. A lank mountain boy slipped down from a tall brown mule and tethered his transportation to the front gate. That done, he removed a saddle-bag of mail, covered the saddle with his slicker, and hurried to the porch. The mule waited docilely, steam pouring from its laboring flanks.

When the mail-carrier came in, the ante-room door opened and the postmaster appeared. Uncle John Spencer, who is an even ninety, felt well enough to attend to professional duties, which on that day included disposition of four post-cards, two newspapers and a farm magazine. The mail-carrier explained that he was about done with riding now that the fall rains had started, and that his route covers seventeen miles as the crow flies, which is the one feasible way of getting over it.

The postmaster, partly blinded from his harvest of years, adjusted his steel-rim spectacles, peered at the incoming post and deposited it in a well-locked closet.

True to prophecy, mail-bringing portended the arrival of James Theodore Richmond, modern frontiersman. Ted Richmond showed plainly his association with land. He was weather-browned and clear of eye and complexion. His hands had lost the tell-tale softness of offices. His shoes and overalls gave added testimony of hard work.

"Thanks for the shelter."

The postmaster of Plumlee studied me quizzically.

"You're plumb welcome, young man. Don't say nothin' about it. They's queer people comes by here every now and then. The last one before you-all come in a buggy—an old gent named Rutherford from up Carter-ways. He'd got religion from up at a camp meetin'. When I seen him he'd jest lost it because his buggy bounced down a ledge rock and busted a right fore wheel."

The three of us tramped forth, following a trail that led down a succession of excessively steep inclines and bluffs, known locally as rims. Ted Richmond showed us into his home, a two-room log cabin, home-built and furnished principally by results of spontaneous home carpentry.

"I came here because I wanted to be in a country side that wouldn't be spoiled by highways and filling stations and billboards. I believe this is one of those places. It's a frontier, and it'll never be anything else."

He pointed out a newly cleared field of rich, black earth.

"I commenced clearing early enough to plant about five acres this summer—to corn and strawberries and garden truck. Five acres ought to be enough to keep any cabin in victuals for the winter. There's one of the things that happened."

The far corner of the room held a basketful of turnips, any three of which would fill your hat. Then he fetched from the cellar a panful of potatoes, proportioned for the palates of giants. Talk turned from production to finance.

"I came here figuring to live on a hundred dollars a year. I've been settled a little more than a year now, and I've lived well enough—better on the whole than I was accustomed to doing in town on a

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lean salary. Up to date I've kept going on a trifle less than fifty dollars. I believe that a hundred dollars a year would give one a perfectly safe margin."

He lit his pipe and fell to kindling a fire.

"I'm earning my own land here. I've built my own house, and I'm raising most of my own food. I'm keeping a cow and a family of pigs to help on.

"Understand, I don't say that mine is the only way. Homesteading is all right when you can get the right sort of land, but it's oftentimes economy and wise business to buy land. It's cheap now. In lots of backwoods sections tillable land can be bought from three to five dollars an acre. Personally I believe in land. I believe that productive farm land is a solvent investment, now or any other time."

Ted Richmond shows genuine enthusiasm for his backwoods neighbors. Although living ways in the countryside have changed precious little during the past half-century, he finds his neighbors generally alert to the current world, fully as much so as are the denizens of Park Avenue, or the Loop, or Olive Boulevard.

Shortly after his arrival at Plumlee, the newcomer set about organizing the first scout troop ever known in this particular neck of woods. The enterprise was quick to show promise. Word travelled from ridge to ridge, and twenty-one hill boys appeared at the first meeting—youngsters ranging in age from ten to nineteen years, healthy and straightforward and eagerly alert. Most of the scouts-to-be came afoot, a few by horse-back. One boy tramped eighteen miles and at least a dozen more came from distances greater than ten miles.

So a strictly out-of-doors troop came into being, with a sworn policy to meet in the open and to indulge in some manner of tramp or exploration at each one of the bi-monthly gatherings. Each meeting has taken place in the open, and every gathering has found an interesting occupation; a hike, a venturing into a mountain cave, study of birds or tree life, a session of swimming or boat-building, or tries at navigating the plunging waters of Big Buffalo Creek with home-built craft.

The musterer declared with all frankness that he has never before worked with a more splendid group of American youth; that he finds the backwoods youngsters unpretentious, quick-witted and agile of body, refreshingly sincere and luckily rid of the common distractions of the towns.

When the wilderness scout troop was duly organized, Ted Richmond next set about to realize another favored hobby, a community library, reckoned to serve a countryside generally without books.

The homesteader acquired the library notion while in the Army. Following an injury in action, Richmond was assigned to special schooling at the University of Toulouse, following which he served on the editorial staff of an A.E.F. service publication. When the sheet was suspended, its doughboy staff voted to invest the accumulated profits toward opening a library at Toulouse, an institution reckoned to fetch current American literature to French readers. Ted Richmond had charge of the venture, which proved to be a passable success.

Having established himself in this far-flung Arkansas frontier, he set about organizing the first public library ever known in Newton county. He calls it the Wilderness Library, which is a fitting enough title. He housed his own beginning offering of books in a dry bluff shelter known in the rimlands as Robber's Cave, a name dating back to post-Civil War days when parts of the back-hills became temporary strongholds for highwaymen and romantic rascals.

Since no building was available at the time, Ted Richmond took hammer, saw, boards, and nails to the cave, built shelves there, fetched down his capital of books and sent forth word that the enterprise was open to all who might care to use it; that there would be no librarian on duty; that neighbor people were welcome to go within, take whatever books they wanted and keep them until they were finished; that there were no fines or dues or obligations.

Rules and by-laws of the wilderness library stay the same. Only the location has changed. A cave is hardly the ideal site for a reading room, as you may already have surmised. Ted Richmond has now given over one room of his cabin to the books. The latch thereto hangs free and the stacks wait open and inviting, and the frontier countryside is proving itself tremendously eager to take on the reading habit. The homesteading librarian testifies that the books are returned punctually and with unvarying honesty. Volumes lost during the first year's run can be counted handily on the fingers of one hand. The library is growing, through processes of generous donation.

Toward sunset the rain slackened, and having devised a supper of ham and eggs, butter and milk, and home-made bread, we tramped forth into the autumn twilight to make a closer investigation of the holding, and to begin studying at closer range this particular laboratory of surviving frontier.

The countryside has one non-sectarian church, a site of plain-spoken and informal worship. There is no salaried preacher. Three land-owning farmers alternate as pastors, with any one who feels the urge welcome to supplement. The countryside school, which occupies the church house, is kept by another agrarian who teaches a roomful of back-brush scholars, ranging in age from five to twenty-five years and duly subdivided into seven grades. The school is supported by millage and non-resident tuition, the latter payable principally in firewood.

We proceeded to visit several homes thereabouts and found them generally possessed of dignity and cleanliness and grace. Although farmable land lies on every side, this community of lost frontiers is one of modest-sized farms, cleared and tilled with the underlying notion of self-sufficiency.

Once an upbrush neighbor named Sam Newcomb cleared a really big farm on a high hillside. Dame Nature appeared peeved at such presumption. One wintry day Sam came home to find that he had no farm. In the course of an afternoon's checker-playing a landslide had taken place. About a fourth of the mountainside, Sam's farm and cabin included, decided to move a few hundred yards nearer the equator. It did, and Sam never could quite figure out which particular terra firma was his own, or exactly what was up and what was down.

Locally, at least, the episode has wielded considerable of a moral, namely that it is inane and unwise to farm too big a clearing; that Earth rather resents the sight of too much mortal ambition in agricultural production. So, apparently, do the World Pools, and Midwestern Democrats and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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The far-flung neighborhood shows a population principally Anglo-American, direct descendants of British farm folk who ventured to America at a time when England was a nation of young life coming into full prime. The race has filtered in by way of the southern highlands. Husbandmen and tradesmen of eighteenth-century England could very probably rub shoulders and swap yarns with these 1936 frontiersmen, and suffer few misunderstandings, either of speech or ways.

Ted Richmond finds his neighbor people possessors of magnificent versatility engendered through a great agricultural heritage; agrarians of manifold avocations—farmer, wood-cutter, hunter, cobbler, carpenter, fence-builder, trader, butcher, salesman, or mechanic as needs of the season require; while farm wives are likewise housekeepers, cooks, nurses, dressmakers, wash women, milk maids, and frequently enough field workers; in all a people willing to subside and to accept, to stake their lives upon the nurturing earth, which takes labor and sweat in return for modest support, and as a final swap claims bodies to augment its fertility. Livings are easily made, but accumulations of wealth are hard and slow to acquire. Spontaneous democracy is everywhere apparent.

I meditated upon Frederick Turner's great definition:

"The effective force behind American democracy is the presence of practically free land into which men may escape from the oppressions or inequalities which burdened them in the older settlements. . . . American democracy was born of no theorist's dream. It was not carried on the *Susan Constant* to Virginia nor the *Mayflower* to Plymouth. It comes out of the American forest and it gains new strength each time it touches a frontier."

I sighted new depths and colorings in Thomas Jefferson's far-seeing dictum:

"Cultivators of earth make the best citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most virtuous, and the most independent. They are tied to their country and wedded to its liberty and interests with the most lasting bonds. As long, therefore, as they can find employment in that line, I would not counsel them to be mariners, artisans, or anything else."

After we had returned from the evening's pilgrimage and built up a convivial fire, Ted Richmond handed me a sheet of paper, weather-browned and blurred from exposure to rain. It was an auction notice for properties belonging to a neighbor man who had lately died, without leaving heirs.

"This is my notion of an authentic inventory of frontier capital."

The accounting read:

1 tub dishes and kitchen pots
2 highboys, 3 tables and 4 beds complete
1 cider press
1 lot hog meat
7 bundles new oak boards
1 mare with colt
1 milk cow
1 scythe
1 cook stove
1 sow with litter of 6 pigs
1 fair-sized crib of corn
17 bales good hay
120 bundles oats.

"Simple annals of the deserving poor."

"A bit pathetic in a way."

Ted Richmond nodded.

"Yes, in a way it is. Then again it isn't. This man lived long and well. He stayed with the land he was born and raised on. He was good to life, and life was good to him.

"Of course his worldly goods aren't worth much on the market—not as much likely, as the price of one city theater party, or a speak-easy sojourn, or one sashay to a night club. But that wouldn't have worried him. Out here anybody learns right off that money and property are secondary to good living. Town folks have the habit of talking about standards of living, when what they really mean is standards of buying, or standards of industrial consumption. The two aren't the same—by a whole lot. We figure that a man who owns a patch of ground that can grow food for himself and his family, and give a margin for a few plain clothes and a little recreation, can never be very poor. Cash earnings are a scanty part of what the ground has to offer."

We talked more of primitive finance. Ted Richmond allows personally that any able-bodied man with a plot of tillable land ought to be able to get along, even with a fair-sized family, on a hundred dollars a year in cash money. He reckons that in event of bad crop seasons it might take a little more—but if harvests are plentiful, it shouldn't take that much.

His reckonings of buyable necessities—personal—include:

Clothing: Three pairs of overalls a year; six shirts; one pair work shoes and one pair Sunday shoes; a Sunday suit—good for three years; an overcoat—good for five years; a hat, cap, and two pairs of work gloves each year; underwear, toilet articles and such like in quantities requisite.

Food, he allows, should be home-grown. A logical surplus of butter or eggs, or pork meat, or lard, or firewood, should be swapped for such extra staples as sugar, coffee, flavorings, soda, salt, baking powder, chinaware and cutlery. Home-grown wheat and corn can be ground at a countryside mill, and the grinding charge paid in toll. Tools and machinery parts and incidental hardware should stay within fifteen to twenty dollars a year.

Among luxuries he suggests three or four good books a year, a magazine or two, a daily and a weekly county newspaper, an occasional journeying to a near-by town, a vacation in the form of a two or three-week tramping trip.

All of which sounds conservative. But Ted Richmond offers amiable reminder that a clearing back in this abiding frontier, where clearings average only about forty acres to the family, is limited in cash-raising potentialities.

"Still, it's what you get that counts—not the amount of money you pay for it. I've never known any people who got as much out of just plain living as these folks do. Their ways are proven by sound testing. For centuries their sort have stayed with this type of life, good and long-living people whose hoes and plows and sweat and hopes have built the ground-work for this nation."

During the days that followed, I was come upon with increasing conviction that Plumlee and its countryside is justly typical of the surviving American frontier; of our realms of hills and forests, mountains and mesas, our waiting "marginal" lands, which even in this more or less good year 1936 represent important sections of at least forty-five of these forty-eight states.

That our prevailing back-to-the-land trend could be justified according to

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strict economic theory is not at all certain. But Ted Richmond contends there can be no intelligent denying that the tillage of unoccupied lands offers real and current advantages; that it gives immediate employment, produces shelter and subsistence and lessens the bitterness of competition among urban job-seekers. He is becoming increasingly certain that the earth still holds her age-old prowess for restoring strength to him who touches her in his struggle against the powers that threaten to overcome him; that along with subsistence of body, land gives an equally important subsistence of spirit.

He reckons that the term "frontier" has two principal connotations; first the fact of an abundance of cheap and unoccupied land; secondly, the willingness on the part of a good share of the citizenry to make use of and cherish such land. Accordingly Ted Richmond believes that the American frontier while far less extensive is as real and tangible in 1936 as it was in 1836.

The nation now holds a surplus of about 150,000,000 acres of idle farming land, cultivated during the past generation, but for various reasons no longer tilled; land deserted through city drifts, market shifts, bad management, accented industrial prosperity or other passing realities that have thinned the ranks of our long-waning yeomanry.[1] State-owned lands still awaiting purchase represent another area the size of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont taken together. Our unused and relinquished acreage is confined to no particular section or group of states. The chances are that such an area waits within a hundred miles of you, within two hundred at the outside.

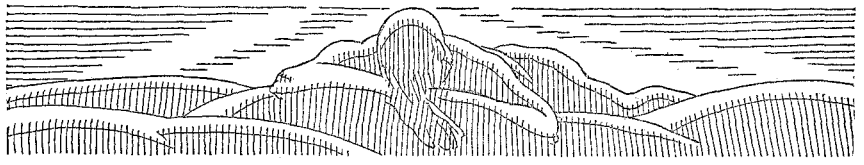
The frontier's cheap and available lands stay a reality. Furthermore the year brings good evidence that the American temper is set to till and cherish at least a reasonable share of this vast and vacant holding. The Department of Agriculture believes that the agricultural census of 1935 finds at least 6,000,000 more rural Americans than did the census of 1930; that the vast majority of this would-be yeomanry are native-born Americans possessed of farming lineage, sons and daughters of farms who have gone to towns, and finding towns hard-put, have gone back to land.

So it is with Ted Richmond.

"Understand I'm not promoting a landward trend of population. I'm not an economist, not a statistics juggler. Frontiering, or farm-taking, or whatever you want to call it, is a matter for the individual to decide. It's mainly an issue between him and the earth he reckons to use. But it's the finest life I've ever run on to. I believe about three Americans out of four would feel the same way about it, if they gave it a fair try-out. Maybe I'm wrong. That's only what I believe."

The night was waning. Outside, a rising west wind lifted brittle scurryings of dead leaves. A swaying oak branch scraped lightly against the clapboard roof. Alfred, the neighbor boy who had been lured away to the high commerce of telephony, dozed. The open fire wavered, as increasing feebleness came upon it. Frontier bedtime was at hand. We made ready for sleep.

[1] Author's note: Federal homesteading discontinued indefinitely.



AND BE AT PEACE

By Kimball Flaccus

QUINN roughed his gray-black hair and fiercely said:
"One morning in July in nineteen fourteen,
The guns came in at Howth; I shouldered mine
And proudly marched to strike a blow for freedom.
In Easter Week I potted drunken Tommies,
Sniped later at Black and Tans, then sent to hell
My non-conforming countrymen, the Irish.
For ten long years my clean American gun
Slept at my side, and waking barked a challenge,
And buried, quiet lay with no rust on it."
He drank his whiskey. "I am fighter enough
To know when Ireland has enough of fighting.
The glove has been flung down, the gesture made,
Honor is satisfied; I hope to God
For the last time the cobble-stones of Dublin
Have tasted loyal and rebellious blood.
Now let the elements in this crack-pot country
Preserve what measure of freedom they have won,
Compose themselves, and lend an ear to progress.
If any one asks me, which nobody will,
What nation I belong to, I shall answer
That I have served the Ireland in the heart
Till 'twenty-four, but am a slave no longer.
If any one should say my country needs me,
Which some one will, as sure as jealousy
Breeds hate, and hatred sires the wolves of war,
Then shall I blindly turn and slowly walk
Northward and westward to the cliffs of Achill.
There gulls conduct their own sweet propaganda,
And I may join the parliament of seals
Who swim at night, and talk, and settle nothing;
There I may stand alone and watch the sun
Pour out its gold impartial camouflage
On all the waves, before it slides beneath them.
From those bare heights a man might step off Europe,
Bright heavy gun in hand, and tread the air,
And like a sea-bird split the Atlantic surges,
And like a stone be rolled in undertow
Against the pitiless knees of savage boulders,
And be at peace until the end of time."

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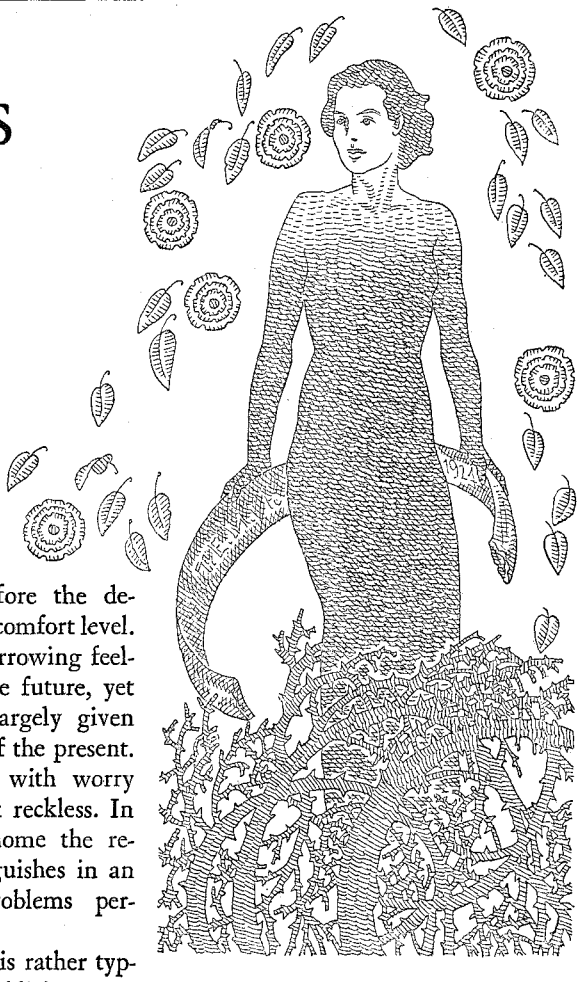
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Philandering Wives

Anonymous

What has the "new freedom" meant? When disillusion comes to marriage, is there satisfaction to be found elsewhere? Here a woman considers her own experience and presents her conclusions



We have been nurtured in America on a romantic thing called love. In recent years it has been complicated by sex and horrified discussion about the younger generation. From my own observation, it is not the youngsters, but we married people between the ages say of twenty-five and fifty who are providing most of the complications. We take advantage of the new freedom with a zest but avoid serious consideration of this emotionally chaotic world we live in.

It is true we have reached a high degree of social tolerance, and a mere violation of the conventional code means little to most of us. But our social attitudes are askew—something is wrong. We are bound to find ourselves in predicaments more or less serious. I speak from observation, experience, and contemplation. It's time somebody spoke out frankly about it. It may be too early to draw any conclusions, but we might learn a great deal from the experiences of others.

Occasional flashes from people in other places have led me to believe that the situation I am about to describe is general rather than specific. My milieu is a suburban town not far from one of our large cities. My circle of friends cannot be essentially different from thousands of other Americans. They are reasonably prosperous. The men occupy important positions in the business and professional world. They work hard and their economic position, while less satisfactory than before the depression, is well above the comfort level. They all suffer from a harrowing feeling of insecurity as to the future, yet the habit of thrift has largely given way before the demands of the present. So little nest feathering, with worry lurking makes them a bit reckless. In the inner circle of the home the results show. Romance languishes in an atmosphere of petty problems permeated with real fears.

I suppose my own case is rather typical. My husband was publicity manager for an important corporation and drew what was considered a good salary. I want to be quite fair with him; he was generous with his money when he had it. But that was one of the rubs. It was his money. He could get whatever he wanted, with no questions asked. I had to buy things on charge accounts and the first of the month was invariably an unpleasant time. There never failed to be arguments. He just couldn't see the necessity for the things that I wanted—many of which were for both of us: things to make the home more homey—and he just would not see how much it actually costs in these days to do what must be done. When I was faced with the hard fact of a depleted bank balance and bills which the salary check did not quite cover, I would become alarmed myself and begin to remind him of dues at the golf club and cases of Scotch and other expenditures of his own that did not seem strictly necessary. At that point the argument usually degenerated into a quarrel. He had a certain position to maintain and he would be the judge of what was necessary to do it! But how about my position? There is no end to that sort of thing once it starts—each blaming the other for what is, after all, either something that cannot be helped or at least a mutual failing. I had been in love with my husband and—I may as well confess it—despite all that has happened, I still am. But it was not easy to feel romantic about him after one of our money messes. And romance was the thing that I craved. I believed that I wanted it more than anything else. Yet it kept eluding me.

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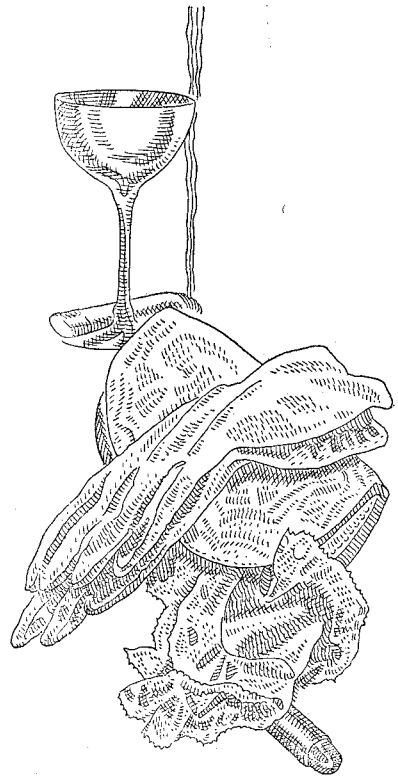
Then there were the children. We had to adjust to our own, three quite alien natures within the narrow confines of our home. There was no escaping their petty and harassing demands. Not once, even in my worst moments, would I have wished to be without the children and I feel sure that this was true of my husband. He was, on the whole, tender and companionable with them. But their demands and problems intruded at the wrong times. Just when he and I would seem to be restoring a harmony between ourselves, perhaps at a high price of forgiveness and mutual forbearance, something would break loose from them. It was nearly always something utterly unnecessary. We regularly rose to the big things and blew up about the little ones. And we didn't blow up at the same times. I see now how much of this was my own fault. Yet there it was. No one will deny that children have their compensating features but they do not make easy the preservation of romantic love between their parents.

There were many other reasons why romance retreated. Breakfast in a suburban home is a trying time and my partner in marriage was never at his best when he was half shaved and behind schedule or when, with ten minutes for breakfast before he must leave for the eight-eleven, he was confronted with some problem of family finance or discipline. Nor was I always the self-effacing angel at such moments. I know that. But I had my side. My husband would be gone for the day and there were often things which had been put off because of a late party the night before which had to be decided. If I settled them alone that would mean an argument. But his hurried irritability flustered me and often the good-bye kiss at the door concentrated so much mutual venom in it that it was worse than a slap. In fact, after a time, we had to give up any caress at the morning partings. It left us feeling too flat.

Incidents of this sort piled up until the continuance of romance came to seem impossible. Even the supreme expression of our love was no longer significant, yet it was romance that I wanted. From childhood, the stories I had read, the pictures I had seen, and the songs I had sung had set my impression that romantic love was a reality and was essential to my happiness. Nor can I deny, even now, that when it is present, life is raised above the commonplace into another dimension entirely. Once having experienced romance we long for it again. The days of my engagement and the first year or two of marriage still linger in my mind with a dream-like kind of beauty beyond my power to describe. And then what I thought I wanted most from life, and was sure life had to offer, I seemed to have lost.

If we can believe the records of our ancestors, when romantic love began to fade under the harsh glare of realities, the married women, at least all the respectable ones, accepted the situation and found their consolation in service to their mates, devotion to their children, and in the practice of religion. The men may have sought to rekindle the flames elsewhere but the penalties attached to the philandering of women were so severe, the undesirable complications of unwanted children so imminent, and the loss of self-respect so devastating, that but few took the risks. In my community that is no longer the case. It would be rash to give percentages but there is no doubt of the fact. Many of the women are asserting their freedom. Nor are they the women of doubtful repute. They are prominent not only in the activities of the country club and in social welfare work, but in at least one case in the work of the church. They do not appear to be conscious of any hypocrisy nor to be consumed with any fierce sense of shame.

It may as well be faced that such a social attitude spreads and affects other women. It affected me. I seem to have wanted romance more than anything else, and after nine years of marriage, it was completely gone. I was still young. I seemed to be attractive to others, but I was no longer desirable to my husband. Try as I would —making disheartening attempts to dress up and be attractive when we dined and had an evening alone together, he just didn't see me any more. He buried himself in a newspaper or a book or turned on the radio when I wanted to talk. Sometimes he paced about the room restlessly and then announced that he was going to call up some friends for a game of poker. His



poker game was always a stag affair, of course, with plenty of drinking, and he would come up to bed late and go heavily to sleep without even noticing that I was lying tense beside him in night raiment that I had taken so much thought in selecting. But I mustn't put all the blame on my husband. I no longer wanted him either. I merely wanted him to want me. Perhaps he felt that. Anyway I decided that he had lost interest in sex and then discovered that he hadn't—he had just lost interest in me. He was having an affair with one of my best friends while her husband was absent in Europe. He did not know that I had found them out, but I felt that everything was over so far as we were concerned and I had decided on what I thought was the best thing to do for the children—which was to do precisely nothing. I took up conscientiously the rôle of the martyred wife. And I marveled at my friend. She chattered as gaily as though nothing at all had happened and told me how much she was missing her husband; counting the days before he sailed home.

Then there was Alice. She was my closest friend. We had been in college together and after our marriages had settled by design in the same suburban town. One evening when our husbands

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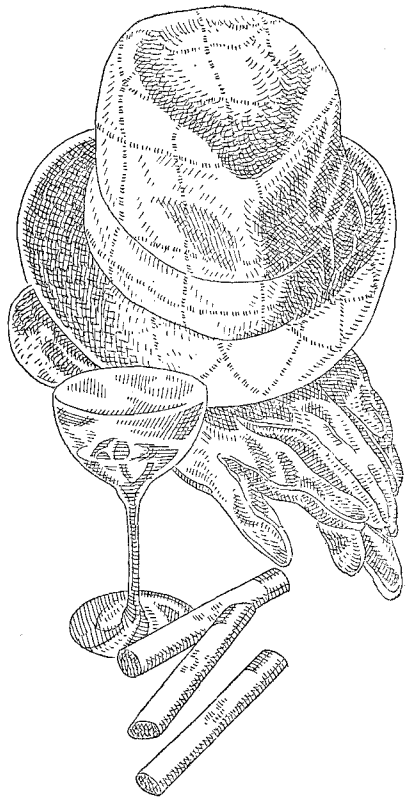

were both away and we were having a cozy time before the open fire in my living room, she told me that she was having a love affair—with another woman's husband! I stared at her as though I had never seen her before. She was so young and vivacious and was obviously having the thrill of her life. I was intrigued even though I was puzzled. My first conviction was that I could never do such a thing myself. But I had thought I knew everything about Alice—a bit imaginative and flighty but good and true at bottom—and here she was having an affair. Well, I wanted romance too—had always wanted it—and what did I have? A husband who was nearly always irritable or preoccupied or cold with me and who was in love with another man's wife.

I am not excusing myself—merely stating my own position. It is not hard for married women in the community where we live to find opportunities to meet men alone, nor are they slow to discover when we have become receptive.

There were endless discussions before I finally gave way. John was a thoughtful and attractive man. His arguments all sounded reasonable. "We want to be happy. It cannot be wrong provided we act with such discretion as not to hurt anyone else. Your husband and my wife do not need to know. The old conventions on the subject of sex arose before we knew about birth-control. Of course it was right for society to protect itself against illegitimate children, but with modern knowledge the situation is completely altered. Society is always laggard in changing the rules to fit a new state of facts. Let's not allow our happiness to be thwarted by a worn-out dogma! Other people are doing it—probably your husband himself. (That shot went to the mark although I kept silence.) Others are having a good time—why shouldn't we?"

I hesitated. I thought of my marriage vows. Whatever my husband may have been guilty of would not excuse me. I gave loving thought to my children and remembered the ideal that I wanted to hold up for them. I even thought tenderly of my husband—how hard he had worked, how much he had given to me and to the children! Perhaps I had misjudged him. Possibly his increasing indifference was more my fault than his own. It was a long time since I had responded to him the way I had just kissed the man beside me. Perhaps I was not the only one who had wanted romance! At that point I might have turned my back on the delusion I had been yielding to and returned to reality had my friend been a different kind of man. If he had blamed me for leading him on or forced me or derided me, I would have known how to resist. But he was just hurt. He really wanted me. But he honestly wanted me to be happy and if I could not be by yielding to him, he was willing to give me up. If he had been selfish about it, he would have lost me, but to find him actually thinking of me was too much. I gave in. And if I am not happy now, I have no one to blame but myself.

Few experiences in human relationships give either unalloyed happiness or the reverse. There is always a balance sheet to be drawn up in every situation and the best that we can do is to try to discover whether the liabilities exceed the assets. I simply would not be able to go into the details of my own digression, nor are they important. But I can discuss the assets and liabilities of a married woman's philandering in the light of experience.

Moralists to the contrary, the assets are real. Each of us lives at best a somewhat isolated life. There is no situation in which these barriers of personality are so definitely broken through as in the intimacies shared by a man and woman who are in a state of emotional attraction. Carefully guarded thoughts and feelings are brought out and shared. Courtesy and delicacy are called for and, between people of the right sort, discovered. Moreover, there is a kind of selflessness in extra-marital giving which has in it an element that marriage lacks. In marriage there is always the fact that in giving her whole self the woman has secured definite benefits in return. There is an aspect of barter and sale about marriage. It is even described as a contract. The wife gives her love and receives a ring and a name and a home and a new social status. An extra-marital love offers none of these benefits. On the contrary it is attended with definite risks. To deny that such experiences have human values is merely to confuse the issues.

It is because the values are real that under the stress of emotion the other side of the picture is often overlooked until it is too late to avoid pain and frequently severe disillusionment. I am not speaking of the women who have reached the breaking point in marriage. They no longer care about preserving their relationships with their husbands and in their cases the sooner there is a divorce the better. I came to believe that it was possible to preserve the values of marriage and still have something else. I realized perfectly well that whatever my husband might do himself or how he might theorize about freedom, he was terribly human and would not be able with complacency to share my emotional life with another man. That degree of unselfishness, for the men I know at least, is just impossible.

It is not a matter of opinion or reason but of uncontrollable emotional reaction. Even my lover would have been wild had he thought for an instant that his wife was behaving in like manner. Yet he truly respected me.

I did not want to hurt my husband. We had shared the most intimate experiences of life together. If the alternative had been to give him or the other man up, in my most romantic moment

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I would not have relinquished my husband. My love for him was the greater love. It had more background, more content, a greater number of mutual interests and obligations. Moreover, my whole way of living, including my relationships with my children, was bound up in it. I did not want to hurt that love, much less destroy it. I hated a lie, but the alternative soon became clear. I would either have to give up my lover or lie to my husband. The other man had come to want and need me in a way that my husband had ceased to do. Perhaps pique and jealousy clouded my judgment but I decided that I could give my lover what he wanted and conceal it from my husband. That was my first mistake. I was able to conceal the details. There was no crude melodrama of actual discovery. What I had not reckoned on was that subtler form of knowledge which people living close to one another possess. Most people can tell a lie but few can live one. Almost as soon as I had given myself to the other man, my husband knew. At first he said nothing. He appeared crushed. I hadn't known that he cared so much. He brooded with that hurt look in his eyes, as though he were having a vision of the pure and beautiful wife he had expected me to be—in contrast to what I was. But neither of us spoke. If only I had told him frankly it might have been better.

If I could have expressed my whole feeling to him, I believe it would have been better. But I could not. I wasn't sure how much he knew and I realized that if I told him the truth it would take something from our relationship that I might never be able to get back. How much it would take I could not tell. Emotional reactions are too complex to be weighed and measured. I knew that I wanted my relationship with my husband to be permanent. It would have to provide peace and happiness through the years. It would have to endure through periods of physical weakness as well as in times of buoyant vitality. Much as I thought that I cared for my lover, I found that when I didn't feel well I shunned him. He always expected the same quality of emotion from me. I knew that my husband and I would have to provide the main source of consolation for each other when the children had left home; when parents and lifetime friends had gone on, and when physical passion had died. How much would the future be marred if I told him that I was taking my freedom in the present? Curiously and to my chagrin, the fact that he had taken his first did not seem to matter. I could not escape the feeling of being the greater sinner.

Another fact on which I had not counted was the emotional strain. I see now that most of us women are already overstrained by the complexity of the modern world. Nerves are already too taut for gracious and kindly living. We need to simplify rather than to complicate our lives still further. Few realize in advance the enormous complexity of keeping the emotional relationship between a husband and a lover straight. When I felt tender toward my husband, I felt disloyal to my lover, and when the other man was embracing me, I could see the hurt in my husband's eyes. At times the strain, increased by a concealment that had not concealed, became too great for ordinary human nature to endure and I indulged in emotional outbursts with one man or the other which were little short of devastating. I seemed to be losing not only self-respect but poise and peace of mind.

I grew afraid. I feared that I had forfeited my husband's love. When he grew peevish about something, I pictured the divorce court with all its horrors. I questioned myself over and over what would happen to the children and to me if he should divorce me. I became painfully conscious of the fact that I was eating bread and butter he had paid for and that clothes bought with his money were on my back. I experienced a humiliating sense of failure. Then I developed a new fear which affected my enjoyment of my illicit love making. I could scarcely speak of my fear to my companion. I loved him but I wanted only my husband to be the father of my children. Of course I knew things about birth control, but what I knew was not enough to quiet my fears. After the novelty of being loved by another had worn off, I began to worry more about these things and then to talk of them. My friend was all patience and consideration and yet I could feel when the fervor began to go out of our secret meetings. I have nothing but kindly feelings for him. He was a gentleman to the last. But he was human. The time came when we both knew that the thrill was over for us both. I would be glad never to see him again. It brings up painful memories.

One thought had always tortured me. What kind of a mother had I become? Were my emotional strain, my anxiety about discovery, my weariness after adventure, the atmosphere of estrangement between my husband and myself making for the harmony and assurance of security that were essential to my children? I think, after the quick pain of knowing that my brief romance was over, my first feeling was one of relief because of the children. My next desire was to run to my husband, tell him everything, throw myself on his love, and ask his forgiveness. I wanted to start all over again—with him. I longed passionately to give him everything—all that I had given him in the first years of our marriage and more. I had no thought in that first reaction of blaming him for what had happened. But that was how it came out. The minute I spoke, the rage that he had been damming up in himself for months burst out in a fury of accusation. Perhaps I should have understood. No doubt I should have been patient until the flood was over and then told him quietly that I loved him and wanted his forgiveness. But I lost my own temper. I charged him with the first disloyalty. I told him that he had been heartless and selfish and that now he was acting the part of a cad. That finished it. He went out and we have scarcely spoken since, except as strangers—or enemies.

There has been no divorce. Up to now, for the sake of the children, we have carried on. But I have never been able to tell him my side. Clearly we cannot go on indefinitely as we are. Either we must come together or go apart. Even for the children, I cannot continue to live with him with the daily heartbreak of utter separation. I wonder whether a man can understand that. I wonder, too, whether there is not a romance of a different kind—the romance of seeing a thing through, of being able to experience disillusionment and rise above it.

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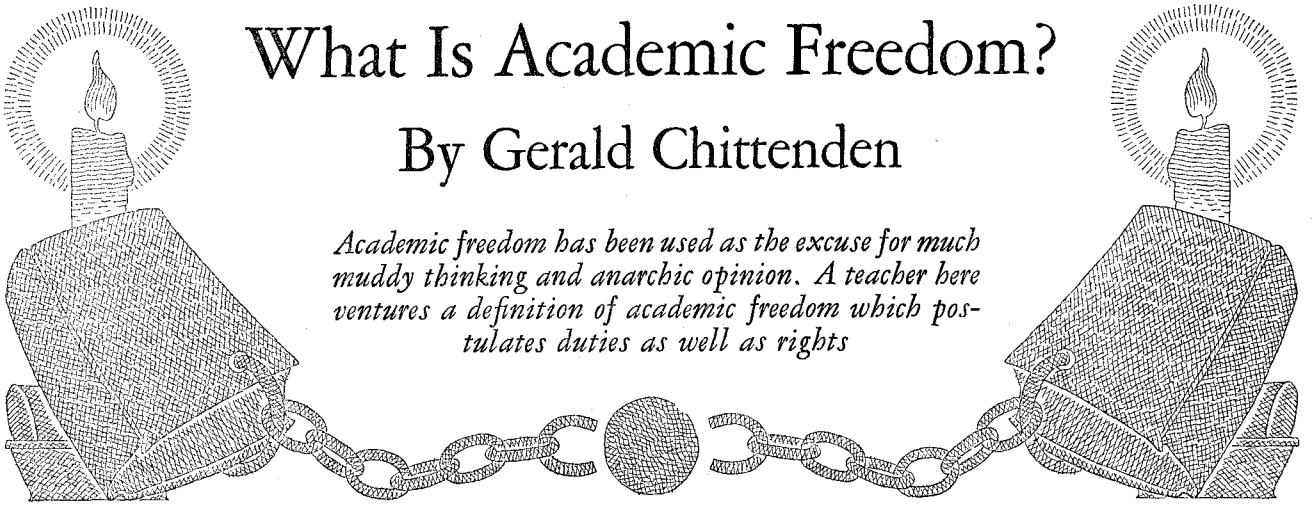

What Is Academic Freedom?

By Gerald Chittenden

Academic freedom has been used as the excuse for much muddy thinking and anarchic opinion. A teacher here ventures a definition of academic freedom which postulates duties as well as rights

WHENEVER the entire population of a country concentrates on one problem, the result is civil war. Shots may or may not be fired; battle is joined nevertheless, for, under the stress of the time, conviction hardens into prejudice, and tolerance tends to disappear. Today, one problem—the problem of social relations—is paramount in the United States, and not only every intelligent but every unintelligent person is thinking and talking about it. The issue lies between individualism and socialism,—or to state the case in more extreme terms—between capitalism and communism. There is no court of cool opinion to decide the case on its merits; everybody is interested, everybody's manner of life is at stake, everybody is compelled to attack or to defend.

When wartime psychology thus takes possession of men's minds, schools and colleges become centers of battle. Under double bombardment, education tends to change into propaganda, for teachers also have convictions. Since, furthermore, the success of any political theory depends ultimately on what young people are taught and on how they are taught, both capitalists and communists are at this moment trying to kidnap the schools. Neither party pauses to define what education is; each party knows only what it wants education to do, and howls for the blood of all teachers who refuse to serve its desires. The question of academic freedom, therefore, has assumed far more than a merely academic significance.

It may be defined as the right of a teacher to say what he thinks. Like all efforts to reduce a complex matter to its lowest terms, this definition is as inadequate as it is popular. All freedom, academic or otherwise, is limited; no right can exist unless it is balanced by a duty. It is therefore necessary to find out, if possible, what the limitations of academic freedom are, to discover exactly what authority teachers are responsible to. For liberty, especially intellectual liberty, without responsibility is anarchy.

To say that a teacher is responsible to society is to beg the question. What society? Is it the society which has established his school or college for its own use and benefit? Is it society as it exists in Russia, Denmark, or Italy? Or is it society as he thinks it would be if all men acted intelligently and altruistically? The answer seems to be fairly clear: the teacher is responsible to society as it exists in his time and country. His claim to freedom is valid if he first acknowledges that responsibility and then interprets it with intelligence and courage. Responsibility to society does not mean acquiescence in everything society does. Criticism is of the essence of the teacher's responsibility; nobody but a dishonest fool can argue that American society as it exists today or as it has existed in the past is perfection or anything like it. Its structure not only must change; it is changing, and just what it will become in the end no man can say. The teacher's temptation is to set himself up as a prophet, and, by virtue of that holy calling, to cause and guide the change to a definite end. His proper task, probably, is to criticise the change as it goes on, recognizing that it is caused by conditions beyond the control of the colleges, and that he, as an educator, should deal not with the hopes but with the experience of man. Education is a response to the pressures and the needs of a civilization. Changes in the structure of the civilization begin elsewhere, generally in the field of economics or industry; as they develop, the demands of culture on education alter, and education conforms. If this conception of the passive function of education—admittedly a controversial one—be accepted, it appears that the teacher's liberty is limited by the fact that he ought to be a critic, not a seer or a reformer. His responsibility to society is to evaluate what has been and is being done; when he tries to start anything, he is out of his province. There is a bitter need for such detachment, especially at a time when new theories, many of them academic in origin, are being hurled into action. The teacher's criticism, furthermore, should be not destructive, nor yet constructive, but purely judicial. Destructive criticism too easily develops into a sort of exhibitionism, for everybody likes to see the china smashed. Constructive criticism implies that the critic is sure of the value of what he is trying to accomplish—a godlike certainty which cannot be enjoyed by those who are dealing with human character and action. Judicial criticism is a search for truth without prejudice toward either side of a controversy.

Does this theory of the teacher's job mean that he should have no convictions? Within limits, it means exactly that, at least where social problems are concerned. He must know what the problems are; he must, as far as is humanly possible, state them with fairness to both sides; he must be familiar

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with the solutions which have been and are being tried; he must investigate the causes of their success or failure. He must, in other words, proceed according to the method of scientific thinking, knowing that he cannot see more than one step in advance. If he can help it, he must not become an advocate of any one solution, and in particular he must be on his guard against utopianism, which is the besetting sin of his profession. His task is not to find the answers to the problems with which he is dealing, but to sharpen the minds of his students so that they, when their time comes, will attack the problems which confront them with intelligence and open minds. His convictions will often drive him to scathing criticism of things as they are, but he should seldom if ever discuss things as they ought to be, for to do so is to take the short road to propaganda. And a clear idea of the difference between criticism and propaganda is essential to a definition of academic freedom. Criticism is concerned with the past and the present; propaganda is concerned with the future, and seldom makes any distinction between a vision and a dream.

Within the limits thus prescribed by judicial criticism, the teacher should be free, and must be free if anything like liberty is to exist in the country. He may have to fight for this freedom, he may have to suffer for it as many men have done, but to maintain it at all costs is a large part of the duty which he owes to society. The phrase, "duty to society," is nevertheless a dangerous one, slippery under definition, for it is and should be subject to individual interpretation. It is the remote authority to which a teacher's actions are referred. The more immediate authority vests in a board of trustees or an equivalent body. The teacher has a duty towards this body for the sordid and sufficient reason that he receives his salary from them. Since nearly all trustees represent a capitalistic society and capitalistic ideas, it follows that the teacher has a definite duty towards capitalism. To draw pay from a university organized under a capitalistic society, and then to attempt the destruction of that society is commercial dishonesty and cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be the foundation of intellectual honesty. Less in this area than anywhere else does the end justify the means. To define with exactitude the duty of the teacher to his employers is no easy matter. Integrity must be reconciled with compromise.

Integrity and compromise are not incompatible. Integrity enables a man to live with himself; compromise enables him to live with other people. A man's claim to freedom of thought is valid only when he allows freedom of thought to all other men. This mutual obligation of tolerance implies, especially where human relations are concerned, that certainty of one's own correctness is impossible to a man of intelligence; the factor of human nature is a variable which destroys the mathematical accuracy of all solutions of the social problem. Teachers, having often a natural affinity for idealism and intellectualism, become exasperated when they meet opposition from men whose experience has been purely practical; conversely, practical men become exasperated with theorists. Both parties to the dispute are wrong; both are right; and neither can get along without the opposition and the criticism of the other. To say, as many teachers do say all the time, and as all teachers say some of the time, that trustees and the ideas which they represent are wrong from beginning to end and deserve no consideration whatsoever, is simply fatuous. There are silly men on every board of trustees, just as there are silly men on every faculty in the land; fools are most conspicuous and annoying where sensible men are in the majority. To compromise with a sensible man, who is probably quite as much bewildered by present conditions as anybody else, does not involve a sacrifice of integrity, and emphatically is not equivalent to surrender. Such compromise does not involve the abandonment of the right and duty of criticism; it does mean the abandonment of the claim to prophetic power. The vision may remain; the dream evaporates. When a teacher acknowledges his obligation to his employers, he admits no more than that he is not working for a group of imbeciles with criminal tendencies.

It is impossible to indicate in general terms the point to which such compromise should be carried. Each case must be decided on its own merits. Trustees have before now demanded improper concessions from teachers; alumni have screamed in print about Bolshevism in the colleges; the old guard that never dies and never surrenders has squirmed under devastating criticism from academic sources. When a teacher finds himself under fire from these quarters, he must fight, and the innate love of liberalism which still exists in this country under the lash of something too like despotism will make it certain that he shall not fight alone. The duty of compromise remains; society rests upon it. "All government," said Burke, "is founded on compromise and barter"; the truth of the case has never been more compactly stated. When a teacher lays claim to unlimited freedom—which is anarchy and nothing else—he makes a concession to the great American fallacy. As a people, we spend much breath in yelling for our rights, and too often ignore the duties on which those rights must stand if they are to stand at all.

In this article an attempt has been made to define academic freedom. It is incomplete; it rests upon a certain premise—the statement that education originates nothing and should not originate anything—which is wide open to attack. The distinction between criticism and propaganda is to some extent artificial, for one almost unavoidably runs into the other; the exercise of critical power does not terminate in itself, but often leads a man to a definite conclusion on which he must act when he is convinced of its truth. Sometimes, he must suffer for such action, and it is perhaps well that he should do so, for persecution has often been the stimulant of truth. However incomplete, any attempt to define academic freedom should be useful in these days, for the phrase has the hypnotic power of a slogan, and has been used as an excuse for a deal of muddy thinking and anarchic opinion. Our path at present is badly blazed, and no man can know our goal. We must proceed, perhaps, by the expensive method of trial and error, from one proved truth to the next, too tangled in the undergrowth to see whatever vision there may be on our horizons; blind to it perhaps except in our rare great moments, but at least not dazzled by its splendor. Thus slowly in his past has man moved upwards from the slime and downwards from the treetops.

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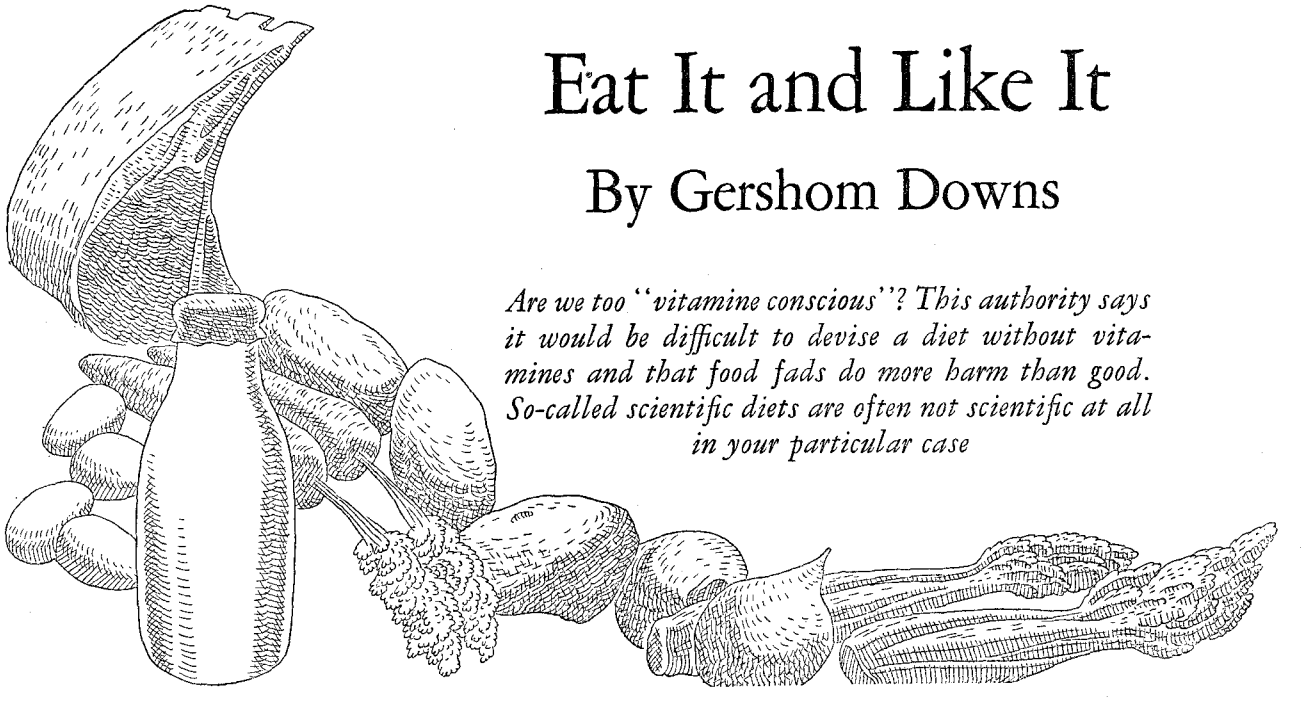

Eat It and Like It

By Gershom Downs

Are we too "vitamine conscious"? This authority says it would be difficult to devise a diet without vitamines and that food fads do more harm than good. So-called scientific diets are often not scientific at all in your particular case

WHILE the modern science of nutrition may be said to have begun with the work of such students of the subject as McCollum of Johns Hopkins and Mendel of Yale, well within the present century, theirs must be the responsibility also for having ushered in the worst of the food-fads, that of "vitamine-consciousness."

Prior to the interesting and important work of these savants, it had been known for many years that there was some inherent virtue in cod-liver-oil, and many children, particularly along the New England coast, had virtually been raised on it. This, in spite of the difficulty of administration. When the source of this virtue became clearly known and labelled as a "vitamine," it immediately began to have a wide vogue, and all and sundry were required to have their "D" with every meal.

Close on the heels of this discovery came the separation of vitamine "A," then in rapid sequence, "C," "B," and "E," "F," and "G." Long before this series was complete, all the world knew of the indispensable nature of these food-factors. People in the United States had decided that any meal not considerably reinforced by each of the vitamines was a complete loss. Every food came to be judged largely by its vitamine content, and to brand one as lacking in these essential food-factors was to completely damn it.

Approximately two years ago, this craze reached its peak and interest in the vitamines, at least among the laity, began to decline. Their place in the popular mind is being taken rapidly by the mineral content of foods and the phrases "acid-base equilibrium," "pH," and "alkalinity" glide glibly off the tongues of the diet-minded.

In a recent article in *American Medicine,* T. Swann Harding, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, points out the fallacy underlying the recent vitamine-consciousness.

Vitamines are important—if absent. But they are so rarely absent. When we consider that it is an extremely difficult matter to devise a vitamine-free diet, even under the most rigid laboratory conditions, it convinces one that the accent on these food-elements has been considerably misplaced. It is true that some part of the population practically live on a diet of over-cooked steak, potatoes, white bread, synthetic butter, and coffee. Such people do occasionally show evidence of vitamine deficiency. Others use so much alcohol that little room is left for food and as a result have one or another type of avitaminosis, as evidenced by recent studies of Dr. Spies and his associates of Western Reserve University.

For the great majority of us, however, vitamine deficiency can be about the least of our worries, for with a little variety in the menu, it would be a difficult matter to get too little of them.

Nor is there, under anything approaching normal conditions, any indication for a "vegetarian" diet or a "banana" diet or a "grapefruit" diet or any other of the transiently popular ones. Only the physician can know when special diets are indicated and they should be pursued only on his prescription and under his guidance.

The human is an omnivorous animal. This means that he not only eats, but utilizes well, just about every kind and sort of food. It does not mean that he can eat everything *but* meat. I strongly suspect that way back in the early dawn of the race's history, the usual diet was pretty nearly a carnivorous one, only eked out by fruits, nuts, and roots when animal food was too scarce or too fleet-footed to supply the needs of our forebears.

To most people meat is still a very definite essential and comes about as near to being an ideal food as one can find. As such it would be a difficult matter to find a valid objection to it, except perhaps its present price. If one has some religious or emotional reaction to meat-eating, a fraternal feeling for steer or lamb, which makes eating its flesh a distasteful idea to him, that is another matter. Certainly in that case, no one should force such food down such a person's throat, even though in the final analysis such food might be good for him. But to attempt to justify this abstinence on the basis of scientific reasoning is to prostitute all of that science to a prejudice.

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Animal cells and the tissues which they constitute—and this means yours and mine—are composed of complex proteins. The best, and biologically most economical, source of the elements of this protoplasm is the proteins themselves, and proteins as nearly as possible complete in all of the constituent amino-acids. No Shavian objections can change the fact that no available food answers this requirement as well as the meat-foods themselves. This, of course, includes not only meat itself, but eggs, milk, cheese, and all foods having their origin in the animal body.

Some years ago *The Journal of the American Medical Association* carried at least the high-points of a controversy which throws some interesting light on this subject of meat-eating. A distinguished polar explorer who was also a practical research scientist, came back from the Arctic to find that a mixture of religion and pseudo-science directed largely against meat in the diet was sweeping the country. The public was being told that a carnivorous diet was responsible for nearly all human disease. Practically all of these diseases were being successfully treated by the withdrawal of meat—plus a few other simple procedures.

The explorer-scientist was amazed at this turn of events, particularly in view of the fact that on the voyage from which he had just returned, he and his crew had subsisted for a prolonged period on a diet composed practically entirely of meat and fish—mostly raw. He insisted that this new fad was all wrong. His objection was countered with the contention that the strenuous conditions under which he and his men had lived in the Arctics had been sufficient to enable them to "burn up" this tremendous protein intake and throw off the poisons.

A man who is tough enough to brave long stays in the Arctic Circle is not so easily convinced. Doctor Stefansson, who writes of his own experiences in recent issues of *Harper's Magazine,* was not either. He immediately set up an experiment of his own to test his theory. He and some of his associates who were going to be in New York for some considerable time went on an all-meat diet under competent medical supervision, for a year's time. At the end of the period each was in healthier condition than he had been before, although living a rather average, somewhat sedentary existence. One of them claimed that for the first time in his life he had gone through an entire winter with no sign of a cold or a respiratory infection.

Since that time, numerous other laboratory and clinical studies have been made which point to the fact that a high-protein, a red-meat-protein diet may be an excellent and a highly desirable one.

In a recent series of experiments in the Yale University Medical School it was found that development and healing of both soft tissues and bone took place at a noticeably more rapid rate on a very high protein diet than on diets unbalanced in other directions. Also teeth grew more rapidly and soundly under these conditions.

There are certain types of pathological cases, such as the nephritides, wherein, due to abnormal protein retention, it is wise to curtail the protein intake. However, for the vast majority of normal or nearly normal people, meat supplies, in readily assimilable form, the elements necessary to growth, maintenance, and health. It supplies an evenly distributed form of mental and physical energy; is, in anything approaching reasonable quantities, in no sense harmful; and is to many people, the best tasting, most appetite-stimulating food there is. It is the true *pièce de résistance* of our diet.

Of only secondary importance to the proteins in the diet are the fats. These are essential because they contain the fat-soluble vitamines, "carry" the minerals into the metabolic processes, are a quickly available source of energy, and aid in "burning" the proteins in the metabolic process. Here, again, meat is the logical source of this important element.

One food-factor of which we hear all too little, is the phospho-lipid, lecithin. Lecithin is an essential to the maintenance of a healthy "protoplasmic balance." There is some excellent evidence that its lack, or at least its paucity, is at the root of a number of important diseases, such as, for instance, the arteriosclerotic group which includes most heart, kidney, brain, and blood-vessel lesions. Absence of lecithin may also play a major rôle in the cause of gall-bladder and biliary disease. This important substance is widely distributed throughout the entire animal kingdom and to a varying extent is present in a number of such vegetable foods as soya beans and the legumes.

Meat being as important to the diet as it is, why the meat-industry has not more ably defended itself from some of the attacks which it has received, is difficult to understand. The recent meat-strike in Detroit and the threatened one in Chicago to force down the price of the commodity are evidence that the public recognizes its dietary importance.

Perhaps the meat-packers prefer to hold down the output and maintain a high price-level. If so, some drastic steps should be taken to curb that program. Meat is much too important an item in our economic scheme to permit its juggling for entirely selfish purposes.

What has been said of the value of meat-products can be said with about equal force of eggs and the dairy products. These, also, are excellent sources of protein, of fats, of the fat-soluble vitamines, and of lecithin. They are comparatively inexpensive, and form a most palatable and acceptable variation in the diet. They are readily digested and combine well with most other foods. The dairy products are probably our best source of the most necessary alkaline mineral salts, especially calcium phosphate.

As food-fads and high prices have forced down our consumption of proteins and fats, our use of carbohydrates, that is, sugars and starches, has increased at an unbelievable and alarming rate. Today the American consumption of sugar surpasses by long odds that of any other country in the world. This is not difficult to understand. We burn up energy at an amazing rate. The carbohydrates generally taste good, are an abundant source of quick energy, and are relatively inexpensive. For some unexplained reason very little of the food-propaganda which has nearly inundated us has been directed against this class of foods.

The result has been the gradual substitution of sugar and starch, candy, pastry, and the like, for the more essential food-elements. Many of the ills which have been attributed to vitamine-deficiency, are in fact due to this "starch-stuffing."

Not the least of these ills, which may

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also be due to our tendency to release mental and nervous energy rather than physical, has been the constantly increasing trend toward a too acid diet. It is essential that this trend be offset or the result will be a rapidly ascending mortality rate. To do so means the inclusion of more alkaline-producing substances in the diet. Fresh green vegetables and fruits are an almost ideal source of alkaline-producing minerals. It is an amusing commentary on the subject of fads that we have been urged to include more of these vegetable foods, but on the propaganda-bred theory that they are valuable because of their vitamine content.

It is true that vegetables are the chief source of the water-soluble vitamines. By now, practically every one is familiar with the stories of the British sailors who developed scurvy on a navy-diet, and were cured of the disease by quantities of lime-juice. But no one today attempts to exist on the old British Navy ration of hard-tack and salt-pork. If scurvy occurs, it is in such a mild form that it is rarely recognized.

Still the citrus-growers hammer away at the vitamine content of their wares and say little in their advertising about a fact of perhaps far greater importance. The chief benefit which may be expected from an increased consumption of citrus fruits has nothing to do with vitamines, but is due to the fact that their end-result in body metabolism is most excellently alkaline.

Whence came the idea that different types of food should not be eaten together would be difficult to trace. The way in which foods are mixed in the diet is of no particular importance. Some years ago a very zealous but poorly informed layman went around the country lecturing on diet. He got an almost rapt hearing in many quarters, especially from the dentists. His chief thesis was that one must never eat proteins and carbohydrates together, or fats and proteins, or carbohydrates and fats, or even two different carbohydrates, or two different proteins. That he got a hearing at all is surprising, for our whole experience points the error in his reasoning.

Nature herself does not separate food-elements in this manner. Meat is not pure protein but contains appreciable quantities of fat and carbohydrate. Even the cereals, the nearest pure source of the carbohydrates, contain some protein and some fat. The whole theory is without scientific foundation, yet there are still numbers of people who assiduously attempt to separate the proteins, fats, and carbohydrates for different meals.

Of a piece with this notion is the superstition that sea-foods should never be eaten with milk or ice-cream or other milk-products. There may be an occasional person who is sensitive to a particular combination of foods—but that fact doesn't establish a rule. There are likewise people whose particular physiology is such that they cannot drink milk or eat foods containing milk-products, others who are sensitive to egg-proteins. But these instances are rare and do not influence the food-habits of the majority.

It has only been a relatively few years since tomatoes were grown solely for their beauty and children were cautioned against eating them as they were believed to be poisonous. Now we know that they are not only not poisonous but are an excellent source of minerals and vitamines, are alkaline in reaction and are extremely palatable.

That illustrates the difference between a food-superstition and a food-fact. It is essential that we stop being misled by what any Tom, Dick, or Harry tells us and find out what is the truth.

We cannot rely entirely on what the advertiser tells us about such matters. He frequently does not tell us the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The work of the laboratory scientist is not always available, and when it is, is not always entirely intelligible to the lay mind.

There should be some source of accurate, unbiased information on these subjects, couched in such language that the average intelligent person can know just what it means. It is to be hoped that such an agency will eventually be created.

Meantime, the wisest and happiest course to pursue is to eat what your fancy dictates. Choose a wide variety, do not gorge, do not eat so much sweet or starchy food that your appetite will reject the more important elements, and above all, *enjoy what you eat!* Do *not* "go on" any special diet, except on the advice and under the guidance of a competent physician.

If the average American approaches the subject with a healthy mental attitude and is reasonably temperate in his choice of excellent foods, of which there is a wide variety, he can hardly go wrong.

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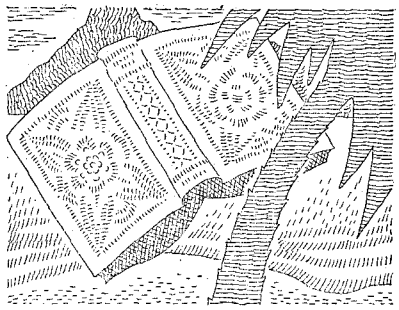
AFTER HOURS



Books and mushrooms hold the center of the stage this month in this department devoted to the recreations of our readers. The editors welcome the experiences of other readers. Articles selected for publication will be paid for

BOOKBINDING IN THE SOUTH SEAS

By Hassoldt Davis

Mr. Davis is the author of "Islands Under the Wind" and has written for the slicks and the pulps. The October American Mercury *carries his "Auctioneers of Paradise." Mrs. Davis, a graduate of the University of Grenoble, alternately sold books and taught school before accompanying her husband on his return to the South Seas.*

I knew it would be well enough for me to live in Tahiti, as I had done quite contentedly some years ago when still a bachelor, but despite my wife's enthusiasm I feared that she would eventually be bored. I should have writing to do, but she might find that beauty alone palled. I was not wrong. When the house had been built and thoroughly tinkered with, and I, day after day, spent at least six hours writing in my office of palm fronds, Jean grew restless. Life was too simple, food too readily prepared, house-work too slight, and neighbors too scanty.

I have always been grateful to my publishers for binding my first book in such a blatant red. I should have loved it in any dress, but Jean was furious. She could do better herself, she vowed. "Try," I suggested nastily. The second impetus toward what was soon to become a hobby and later a trade was a mammoth rat that ate the bindings from our best volumes; none but the best would suit him.

So Jean joggled to town one morning on the back of a truck and returned flushed with the news that she had apprenticed herself to the half-native bookbinder who repaired the official records. Each morning at five thereafter she rode the seventeen miles to his tiny workshop and worked with him until three in the afternoon. He was a thorough bookbinder and she a thorough apprentice. Our house was littered with the viscera of books. Nothing would do, in her first ardor, but that she must rebind four books at a time. Each leaf separately was cut from its neighbor and put in a "good, safe place" where I was bound to walk on it. The fine frenzy knew no order, and when her first book, Joyce's *Ulysses,* was assembled, we discovered sewed securely in it a page from the lamentations of Jeremiah.

But I rejoiced, for Jean was happy, and healthy in consequence. She sent to America for books on the craft, and the smaller essential tools. I found an alibi for neglecting my own work to build a book-sewing frame of native timber, and a press which consisted mostly of two fat segments of a coconut tree. Bookbinding and the design of covers, I was beginning to discover, were simpler and more amusing than the writing of their contents.

Whatever could be manufactured at home, Jean attempted, and I, in true martyr style, ate my fish with seldom a potato because on the other burner she was concocting paste of flour, alum, and water. I drank a glass of dilute powdered alum for bicarbonate of soda and couldn't thoroughly unpucker my mouth for twenty-four hours. She learned to make paper from corncobs and to color it fantastically by floating it in a basinful of water and swirled oil paints. I was sent into the jungle after unusual leaves to be used for stencilling book covers, and Jean bought yards of "tapa," the native cloth made of hammered bark, to back them. We ground small sea shells and blew them over the boards of books, and soon Jean's projects for binding far exceeded the number of books at her disposal.

I refused to buy new ones. The patient fellow to whom she was apprenticed stared aghast when his wild but able slavey proposed to bind the French government records in Dutch batik.

Fortunately we came one day upon the empty house that once belonged to Robert Keable, the minister-author of *Simon Called Peter,* and found many of his books left in it, their bindings green with mildew and their curious bookplates riddled by worms and munched on by roaches for the sake of the glue. That held her for a while, though not for long. She had become by now too proficient to be interested in books of even their pitiable condition. Such was her ambition that she must repair and bind exquisitely only the most hopeless of volumes, and to that end I hunted through the junk of the Chinese storekeepers in Papeete.

There I found material, in many languages and fragments, and amongst it, of all unlikely places, a first edition of Conrad's *Victory* and another of *Uncle Remus.* It was all I could manage to prevent my perfervid helpmeet from renovating them completely. Still, I was not without respect for her industry and talent, nor gratitude that she should be happy on this island I loved so well. I was marooned in my office of leaves, for the whole small house was her workshop now, and I was permitted to touch none of those materials put in the "good, safe place." But my respect grew continually as the Europeans of the island brought her their

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books to bind. Her business throve, and still faithfully at 5 o'clock each morning she rode the copra truck to her unremunerative job.

It was during this period that she typed fifty copies of a humorous poem upon Chinese wrapping paper, bound it in home-made batik and sold it with the colophon "This is number — of an edition limited to fifty copies, printed upon Chinese parchment, and bound in batik by Hinny Magoo." The fifty were sold in a week, but I was growing worried. Bookbinding was getting the best of her: "Chinese parchment" and "Hinny Magoo!" I pondered. Furthermore the healthy beauty of the South Seas no longer attracted her other than as material for book covers.

The climax came one day when she showed me proudly the skin of a large rat, tanned and supple. The very rat, she explained, that had been chewing the covers of our books. She had caught it, and had it skinned and tanned with avocado seed by one of the natives. Now she planned to bind a tiny ancient volume of primary school natural history with it, as a matter of justice, she explained, and propriety and art.

It was shortly after this that we returned to America, where Jean still binds books though other interests have somewhat modified her mania, and I still write books, with covers more blatant than ever before.

MORE ABOUT BOOKBINDING

By William H. Morton

For thirty-seven years an instructor of manual training in Portland, Maine, schools, Mr. Morton continues to use his hands "after hours." "Manufacture" springs from an undeniable human need, and bookbinding seems to be one of its most satisfying expressions.

My interest in bookbinding was aroused by the pasting of a new piece of cloth on the dilapidated cover of an old school history. The improvement was so marked that I determined to find out how a book was made.

A trip to the public library unearthed several authorities on the subject. A little home-made equipment, and the fun began. An occasional visit to a bindery or publishing house, as interest increased, offered valuable help. The result is that I now have on my shelves about one hundred and fifty volumes for whose appearance I have no need to apologize to any bookbinder.

I have found that this hobby makes reading material accessible. Magazines piled away in trunks or closets are seldom consulted, but classified, indexed, and within arm's length they are real tools.

The titles on the backs of most of my books are put on by pasting on a printed label, like many regular editions, but the serial numbers have been made out of the figures of calendar pads. As for other material, I use what is called binder's board for covers and, in the beginning, the heavier cloths like buckram. Making the sides and backs of your books of different colors and consequently of different pieces will simplify the pasting process and avoid wrinkles. Supplies can be secured from any accommodating bookbinder or bought from supply houses which will gladly furnish samples of the endless varieties of book cloths now on the market. They are not expensive.

But a word of warning. Hobbies are contagious and you may infect a whole neighborhood. The writer reached the stage where he turned his house into a bookbindery. With kitchen, dining room, and living room for a laboratory, enthusiastic devotees of the craft gathered.

A backward glance over the personalities of my clientele and associates in this venture reveals the presence of a printer, a silk merchant, an architect, a dentist, clerks, housewives, and many school teachers. Now when accumulating years have brought me to the retirement age for public school teachers, the mania still persists, and the question comes in from several sources: "How about another class this winter?"

MYCOLOGY IN THE HOME AND AFIELD

By Marian Tyler

Marian Tyler lives in Connecticut with her writer-husband, Stuart Chase, who also contributes occasionally to Scribner's.

She suggests that beginners learn the amanita family first and avoid everything that could possibly belong to it.

Casting about for a hobby when I moved to the farm, I gave up birds as too elusive for my taste, trees and wild flowers as not elusive enough. Then I contracted a mania for mushrooms.

It began innocently if crudely when an anecdote coincided with a backyard crop. The tale of the social worker's dinner party, before it swept the country by way of the stage and the sophisticated magazines (who placed it in the Paris dining-room of a lady of title), originated in this corner of Connecticut. The famous social worker, if you remember, cruelly fed some wild mushrooms to her dog before having the basketful made into soup. Her dinner guests enjoyed the soup until the maid announced that the dog had died. In dismay their hostess called a doctor to save their lives. He did his painful duty, asked to see the remains of the dog, and learned that the hapless animal had been struck by a truck.

It was a good story in its youth. Before we had stopped laughing at it we found our meadow full of beautiful agarics, like the mushrooms the grocer sells, but fresher and more delicate.

"Don't be reckless," my husband said. "I want to live."

"Then watch the traffic and dodge trucks," I replied, and cooked the mushrooms. Eating them was an adventure. I had evidence enough that they were harmless, but not the final evidence of successful digestion. So for an hour after dinner I concealed my nervousness, and then became filled with foolish pride.

Since then I have collected and dissected bushels of assorted fungi, and read everything I could find on the subject. My interest has shifted from gluttony until I am prouder of identifying a specimen than of consuming it.

I enjoy observing the way mushrooms live. I like their mystery, their wildness, their morbid growth, fantastic forms, and even more fantastic names. So far as I know, except for the common agaric, all mushrooms are quite untamable. You can neither transplant them nor grow them from spores. They appear when and where they please, shooting solidly from roots like cobwebs, with wild vigor and dra-

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matic speed. A collector must take them as they come. He cannot go into the woods in wet weather without finding half a dozen new varieties, but he may spend months looking in vain for fistulina hepatica, the famous vegetable beefsteak.

Their variations number into the thousands and give methodical classifiers plenty of labor and disagreement. One learned student suggests that this confusion is due to their incomplete evolution, the opposite of the archaic ferns. "We have here an extensive evolution of comparatively recent origin, in which many of the steps of the progression are still in existence." A given species may vary widely from state to state and acquire half a dozen names. It may produce unrecognizable *sports,* like the polyporus in the greenhouse whose pores pointed to the roof instead of the ground, without the slightest respect for textbook descriptions.

Most of the textbooks date from the '90's and sound pleasantly Victorian. Mushrooms had a great vogue then. Professor Peck was filling volumes of his New York State Botanist's reports with descriptions of new fungi, and enthusiastic collectors were sending him specimens, in varying states of decomposition, from all over the country. Controversies would arise about a strange clitocybe—should it have a pigeon-hole to itself as laccaria? The hypholoma perplexum and hypholoma incertum suggest the bewilderment of their discoverers. When I hesitate over a bagful of marasmius that may or may not be champignons, I do not know whether I have collected a rare variety or simply a mutant for southwestern Connecticut.

If you are brave and persistent enough to taste again and again in gradually larger doses you may discover a new edible species—or immunize yourself to a mildly poisonous one. A correspondent of Professor Peck's proceeded too fast with a tiny yellow specimen called mycena splendidipes. "It is a veritable little siren," he wrote wistfully. I picture the poor man in the throes of his stomach-ache, consoling himself with the thought of the great service he was rendering posterity. As for Professor McIlvaine, one of his students remarked that he had a copper-sheathed interior, so that his endorsement was no safe guide for ordinary mortals.

There will always be plenty to learn about this hobby of mine. I am less distressed about the specialists' contradictions since I have begun reducing their classifications to a key of my own. But every few days some new form appears on a stump or under a tree to baffle and tantalize me. Probably fungi have a taste in food more narrowly specialized than that of other plants; not any old wood, but old wood of a particular tree. The birch polyporus does not like oaks. Others like chestnut or elm or a specific evergreen, manure of a certain kind, sawdust from one sort of lumber. Their spores must be as mobile as butterflies. I plant parsley and out of nowhere arrives an army of handsome green and yellow parsley worms. I plant a pine and presently a pine-loving boletus luteus springs up beneath it, though I have not seen this boletus nearer than a mile. I take the specimen indoors to garnish the hamburger—not the parsley worm, the boletus—and hope its roots will spread, even at the cost of perfect health for the pine trees.

Hobbies reveal the character of their riders and mine may have an unconscious Freudian basis. If so I refuse to be alarmed, however sadly Doctor Brill may shake his head at spinsters who collect phallic mushroom photographs. In my own mind I can detect one romantic motive, a fancied superiority in defying death by poison. No doubt it is merely showing off in a different way from the stunt-flyer, but I am sure that mushrooms would attract me less if none of them were deadly. Sometimes I find a handsome fly amanita with a large segment bitten out of its dotted yellow surface, and wonder if the squirrel or the field mouse has died. Animals are not immune. How could they have a protective instinct against this appetizing morsel which Nero is said to have fed to unsuspecting guests?

And mushrooms would interest me still less if none were edible. Whatever it is that gives certain persons a thrill in finding wild food, living off the country, the feeling is primitive and deeply rooted. It affects hunters, whom otherwise I am at a loss to understand. I have seen a cultivated woman of fifty, a wild light in her eyes, dash away from a walking party on sight of a blackberry patch and return half an hour later, scratched and stained, with her hat ruined by being used as a basket. You would not have to be a nature-lover to be temporarily unbalanced by a tree stuffed with wild honey. Or, I insist, by a rich field of mushrooms, worthy of the chef of the Tour d'Argent.

I suspect that the Victorian interest in fungi is due for a revival. My limited and contradictory library on the subject includes recent bulletins from Albany and Washington. When the depression began to cause actual hunger and undernourishment, departments of agriculture thought it ironical that "large quantities of excellent food of this kind go to waste at our very doors," and tried to educate the public to use it. Of serious new research in the field there appears to be little. Botanists work on microscopic rusts and smuts that damage field crops, and tend to ignore the large and vulgar toadstools in their bewildering variety. The toadstools usually live on dead wood instead of live grain, which makes them comparatively useful citizens and a matter of indifference in the laboratory. Or perhaps the scientists are waiting for evolution to finish its work and simplify theirs.

Publishers might seize this clue to a neglected market and reissue some of the mushroom classics now out of print. Even better, they might commission something up-to-date and complete. When it appears I hope that it will cover the contradictory species of Fairfield County, Connecticut.

Violin-making is the subject of a fascinating article to appear in the March "After Hours." The raising of rare water-fowl will be among the other hobbies discussed.

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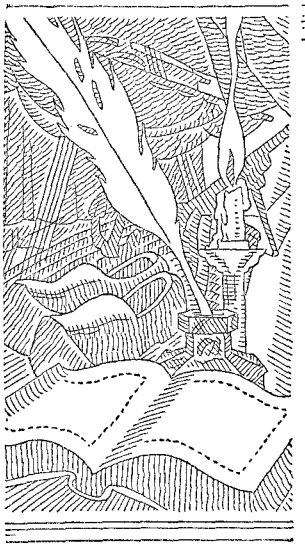
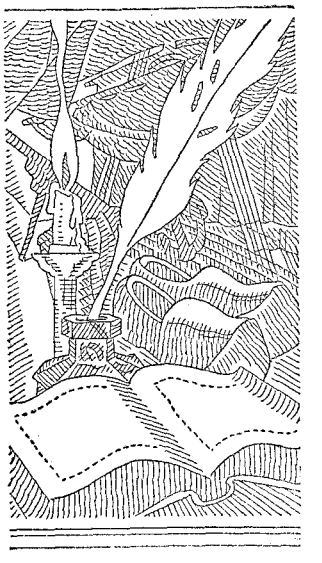


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Our Times, Including Warren G. Harding . . . Thomas Gray and Laurence Sterne, Letter-Writers . . . Biographies about Washington Irving, Dr. Thomas Fuller, Henry van Dyke, Joseph Conrad

WHY does Mark Sullivan call the Sixth Volume of *Our Times* the concluding one? It closes with the year 1925; and many tears have flowed under the bridges since then. I cannot accept this as the last volume; although I may be indulging in a vain hope. These books are so continuously interesting today and will so steadily increase in documentary value in the years to come, that their accomplished author should not become weary in well-doing.

He began these books in September, 1923; the first volume appeared in 1926; this sixth and latest was finished October 13, 1935.

His belief is that history can be taught with the greatest profit if the teacher and students begin with the present and work back to remote periods. There is much to be said for this method. Generally, it takes the historian so many words to tell his readers about earlier centuries that when his narrative reaches the last hundred years, nearly everything has to be omitted.

Furthermore, it is interesting to have a book or a succession of books cover only that period which those who are old enough to read with understanding, can remember in their own experience. Mr. Sullivan has earned the gratitude and admiration of thousands by the thoroughness, the fairness, and the skill with which he has chronicled what happened just before yesterday. And what a host of imitators he has had and will have!

Of the six volumes, this last one is the most depressing. I fell into a depression that it will take some time to relieve. For who is the hero of this book?

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING.

The story of his life and career—both personal and public—has the cheerfulness of decay; and when, on page 371, we finally dismiss him, all we can say of the next 300 pages is "there is no pleasure in them." They should be read and must be read, but they are as depressing as the first pages of newspapers since 1914.

Mr. Sullivan quite properly points out the vast difference between the novels and plays that followed the World War, and those that had followed in the wake of every preceding war in history. Our post-war art, all over the world, expresses only one word—Disillusion. Now while this may be wholesomely bitter, like some medicines, it is an additional contribution to the general gloom.

Then Mr. Sullivan enumerates the songs and musical plays, most of which would be an insult to the intelligence of a sub-normal adolescent.

"Let a smile be your umbrella on a rainy, rainy day." There is nothing more depressing than manufactured gaiety unless it be sentimental slush; and most songs that were popular in the twenties are a combination of both diseases in their most malignant form.

I went into a saloon once and on the wall was a motto:

SMILE, DAMN YOU, SMILE!

Coming back to Harding, Mr. Sullivan states that the stories about his murder or suicide have been proved absolutely false; although historians of good standing (he says) have helped to give them currency.

Mr. Harding was an amiable man, who should have gone on with his newspaper and golf-playing; he was unhappy almost anywhere else. It may take another decade for the Republican party to recover from his nomination and election. When he was nominated, I said there were three striking likenesses between Mr. Harding and myself. We were both born in the same year, we were both reared in the Baptist denomination, and we were both totally unfitted to be the President of the United States. I am content not to have the opportunity to demonstrate this last similarity.

Mark Sullivan's book should be read by all Americans interested in the past, present, and possible future of their country.

The Correspondence of Thomas Gray, edited by the late Paget Toynbee and by Leonard Whibley, fills three beautifully printed volumes of about five hundred pages each. The late Edmund Gosse's edition of the Letters, like his other works, was well bespattered with errors. The Reverend D. C. Tovey, of Guildford, once wrote me, "I have gleaned more misinformation from the works of Edmund Gosse than from any other writer, ancient or modern." Fortunately Mr. Tovey, an admirably scrupulous scholar, got out an edition that was better than any of those that preceded it. Our present editors have had the additional advantage of coming still later. These editors be-

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gan their collaboration in 1925; over a thousand letters passed between them in seven years; then Mr. Toynbee died in 1932. The share of each editor in the present edition is fully explained in the Preface; and I am glad to see, among the scholars to whom thanks for assistance are given, the name of W. S. Lewis of Farmington, Conn., who is a recognized authority on Horace Walpole.

Gray was perhaps the best scholar of all the English poets as well as the best letter-writer. While to the vast majority of readers, he is known only or mainly as the author of one of the most popular poems ever written, he was a very remarkable person; he had an amazing mind.

I wish, among the valuable appendices to this edition, the editors had included a reference to Professor Kittredge's essay on Gray's knowledge of Norse, which G. L. K. kindly contributed to the volume *Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray,* which I edited in 1894, and which Mr. Tovey found very useful, as he publicly acknowledged; even though he did state that Kittredge was a professor at Yale; I wish that statement had been true.

The Life of Washington Irving, in two tall and copiously illustrated volumes, by Professor Stanley T. Williams of Yale, is a credit to American scholarship. And it is not only a definitive biography of Irving, it is a history of American public taste in letters and of moral and patriotic standards during the first half of the nineteenth century. The work is based on ten years' research in manuscript sources. It is continuously interesting. Perhaps the best outline description of this biography and one that ought to tempt buyers, is the following paragraph from Professor Williams's Introduction:

> The reader, after glancing through the pages of this long book, will, perhaps, wonder momentarily about the need for so detailed a portrait of the first American man of letters, Washington Irving. Out of the past he emerges as a talented writer, hardly more; as the author of two or three enduring sketches or tales; as a man singularly lovable, commanding the affections of his countrymen during his lifetime and after his death. How else, in the usual broad outlines, should his portrait be? But is it possible to add subtler, more delicate tints to the conventional image, showing him hated as well as loved, writing desperately for bread instead of dwelling serenely in the Alhambra or at Sunnyside? I think so. It is unlikely that the old painting of Geoffrey Crayon will fall from the wall; my investigation reaffirms some of Irving's best-known characteristics. Yet it is my hope that the familiar memory of a rare spirit may be enriched by better perspective, more finish, more understanding, more finality of knowledge. At any rate, this is my purpose in attempting a definitive biography of Irving.

A biography that—like its hero—combines scholarship with diversion, is *The Great Tom Fuller,* by Dean B. Lyman. The Reverend Doctor Thomas Fuller, who died in 1661, was one of the most learned men of his time and one of the wittiest. His *Good Thoughts in Bad Times,* and his monumental *Worthies of England* are masterpieces. His comparison of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in wit-combats is one of the best-known of all literary anecdotes. And now Mr. Lyman has given us an attractively slender volume containing all that scholarly research has been able to discover about the facts of Fuller's life and career. The book has much of the flavor of the works of Fuller himself; because Mr. Lyman not only admires his hero, he loves him.

This Life of Fuller comes opportunely, as Professor James O. Wood of San José State College is editing a new complete edition of the *Worthies* for Everyman's Library, and Mr. Walter Houghton of the English Department at Harvard is preparing a new edition of Fuller's *The Holy State.*

Among other recent important publications in English literature is *Letters of Laurence Sterne,* edited by Lewis Perry Curtis. This is a volume of about 500 pages; here are 222 letters "attributable to Sterne besides one which bears his signature." Ten of these have never before been printed. The Appendix contains forty letters (nine now first printed) which relate to Sterne. There are eight portraits and illustrations, of which "Sterne and Death" will arrest attention.

It was a desperately difficult job to edit these epistles with the accuracy and thoroughness exhibited here by Doctor Curtis; as Sterne helped himself freely from other authors, so many forgeries of his writings followed his death. There are also many questions concerning the facts of his life that are almost as difficult to explain as the traits in his bewildering personality. I have never particularly admired Sterne; he is not one of my favorite authors; I do not return to his pages again and again. But although it is difficult for me to feel the affection and admiration for him that perhaps I ought to feel, I do most heartily admire his courage. I think his courage was as great as his wit—and how could one praise it more than that? I wonder how many persons would have gone on their way for twenty-five years cursed with a mortal illness, with frequent hemorrhages ("I bled the bed full" he writes as proudly as a small boy with a wound) and proceeded not grimly but gayly? He didn't grin and bear it; it was Death that grinned and Sterne who laughed. This clergyman naturally wrote more diverting letters than most men of genius. Open at random:

> To My Witty Widow, Mrs. F.
> *Coxwould, Aug. 3, 1760.*
>
> Madam,
>
> When a man's brains are as dry as a squeez'd Orange,—and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a Mallet, 'tis in vain to think of sitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Trot-Style of, *yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand, &c.* which by the by, looks like a Letter of Business, and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. . . . God defend me from such, who never yet knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life——

On another occasion he said, "I begin with writing the first sentence—and trusting to Almighty God for the second."

The same excellent plan is observed in printing both the Gray and the Sterne letters; at the top of every page the number of the letter and the calendar date are printed.

There is something anomalous, something that would have appealed to his sense of humor—in taking the scattered writings of a man like Sterne, who cared nothing whatever for accuracy, consistency, order, or logic, and editing them with the minutely exacting standards of twentieth-century scholarship!

While there are those who deplore the lack of religious faith shown by many respectable persons today as compared with men in earlier centuries, what would happen to a modern clergyman if he should be known as the author of some of Donne's poems, or of some of Swift's verse and prose, or of the fictions of Sterne? These three famous clergymen preached regularly.

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And that pure-minded and devout and wholly orthodox Parson Woodforde in the eighteenth century did not turn a hair when the Squire called on him accompanied by his wife and mistress.

Sometimes I think we are the real Puritans. What would be thought today of a clergyman who stood in the pulpit with his hourglass on one side of his manuscript and his glass of rum on the other?

In Suffield, Conn., in 1749, when the Church held a meeting to consider ways and means for building a new house of worship, it was voted that "the committee should provide Rhum, Cyder, and Beer for Raising the new meeting-house, at their discretion."

I suppose the labors of John and Charles Wesley in that same century are largely responsible for the stricter code of morality since demanded of clergymen.

I am once more reminded of this, because immediately after reading the letters of Sterne, I took up the biography of Henry van Dyke, written by his son Tertius. Now the Reverend Doctor Henry van Dyke was a professional clergyman and eloquent preacher; he was also a poet, essayist, novelist, writer on the sport of fishing; he was also a wit and humorist, in constant demand as an after-dinner speaker. But it would be inconceivable to imagine him indulging either orally or verbally in improprieties. It is the same difference as is observable between the two Bishops of Browning three centuries apart.

Henry van Dyke, a Biography, by his son, Tertius van Dyke, is a work of filial piety and an admirable record of an unusual and striking personality. Henry van Dyke's books had an enormous circulation; he was one of the foremost pulpit orators and pastors in America; a professor of English literature at Princeton; a poet of distinction; a champion in the difficult art of fly-fishing; a brilliant and witty speaker on any occasion; United States Minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg at the most critical period in modern history; from the age of twenty to the age of eighty he was one of the busiest men in the world, and one of the happiest.

Now no outsider can possibly be so well acquainted with a famous man as are the members of his own family. It happened that Tertius van Dyke was not only his son but was from first to last his most intimate friend. The portrait of his father in this book is more like the original than any which could have been made by a professional biographer.

A book intimate in its revelations and exciting for the general reader is *Joseph Conrad and His Circle,* by his wife Jessie. This is a long book yet not too long. It out-Froudes Froude about 900 per cent. If the great novelist in the spirit-world is aware of what goes on in our earthly life, I should think that even his celestial tranquillity might be ruffled by these printed pages. The wife of a man of genius has a thin time (always excepting Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Hawthorne). Mr. Conrad in daily life here appears as anything but reasonable or unselfish or good-natured. Yet the curious thing is, that although his wife in this voluminous work cleansed her stuffed bosom of much perilous stuff (in Shakespeare's infelicitous phrase), she unquestionably loved him every day of their married life and loves him still. There is no doubt also that he loved her devotedly; though a looker-on might not have suspected it.

I was interested in reading his own triumphant account of that evening in New York, when, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, he read aloud from his published work, and talked. For I was "among those present" and I shall never forget it.

It seems strange to see him in this biography so inconsiderate and selfish, for I have never known a man more courteous, more kindly; the perfect, accomplished gentleman.

Anyhow, he emerges from his wife's reminiscences much nobler than Ford Madox Ford, who has now been thoroughly damned in two volumes of recollections—Archibald Marshall's *Out and About* and Mrs. Conrad's book. It should be added that although Mrs. Conrad has no literary skill, she leaves no doubt of this and that.

The Voice of England, by Professor Charles G. Osgood of Princeton, is a review in one compact volume of English literature from the early Anglo-Saxon (a very different language from English) to the year 1935. There are an index and a bibliography. The author's comprehensive knowledge of the subject, his good taste and freedom from excessive pro and con, and above all, his excellence in literary style, transform what might have been the material for a compendious Manual into a series of shrewd and persuasive literary essays. Yet the whole is not less than the sum of its parts. The author keeps up his own and the reader's courage from beginning to end. Here is a fair sample of condensed appraisal; Richardson has exactly two pages.

> Yet this very minuteness in *Clarissa* creates not only tragic suspense, but somehow raises the story by cumulative effect from a mere far-off tale of horror to a universal grandeur not unlike that of great tragedy in any age.

I am not sure what the "practical" purpose of this book may be; that is, what group or class of readers or students it is intended to serve; but I am glad the author wrote it.

The Pulitzer Prize Plays, 1918–1934, edited by Kathryn Coe and William H. Cordell, give in one volume the complete unabridged texts of the American plays that won the Pulitzer Prize, seventeen in all, with a bibliography. It constitutes a good record of the development of the American theater during the last sixteen years.

There is only one strictly first-class American playwright whose name does not appear—Philip Barry. His best plays have not been so box-officially successful as his inferior productions.

Eugene O'Neill has won the prize three times and has been considered more often even than that.

Three women are prize-winners.

It was a good idea of the publishers to assemble Mrs. Morrow's three historical novels on Abraham Lincoln in one volume under the title *Great Captain.* Mrs. Morrow combines scrupulous scholarly research with creative literary art. Her novels are always excellent stories founded on verifiable fact, and perhaps *Great Captain* includes the best of her work so far.

The Voice of Bugle Ann, by MacKinlay Kantor, is a literary miniature masterpiece. Whether one likes dogs or

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not—and I know nothing of fox-hounds—this should forever have a place among the caninical works. Bugle Ann belongs to the choir invisible of immortal dogs; which includes Homer's Argos, Rab, and Bob Son of Battle. Every one who loves beauty will love this story.

When I saw a novel announced that bore the secondary title, A Brontë Novel, I feared that it would combine sensationalism with unreality. I never was more agreeably disappointed. The book is called *They Lived* and the author is E. Thornton Cook. Now this is a story, not a biography. But Mrs. Cook has laid the foundations for every page in ascertained fact, wherever such a thing was possible. And she has shown excellent judgment in the portrayal of the characters in that amazing Yorkshire parsonage. The dialogue is particularly well managed.

The Garden Murder Case is the best "case" S. S. Van Dine has written since *The Greene Murder Case*. And although our familiar characters are all here—and I should be disappointed if any were omitted—there is a completely original twist to this terrific yarn, which arouses my unstinted admiration.

Silas Crockett, by Mary Ellen Chase, will add to her rapidly rising reputation. It is a faithful chronicle of four generations of Maine ship-captains from 1830 to 1933. It is a social history of the Maine coast and of those who go down to the sea in ships. And while the first Silas Crockett is the best-drawn of any of the characters, I think the book progresses in excellence as it advances; and the account of Huldah on pages 338–343 is full of sympathetic insight and tenderness, without a trace of sentimentality. When we compare these pages with the meditations on page 92, we may reasonably believe that our author herself, like most of us, is often baffled by her own opinions. It is easy for me to see how one may lose faith in an after-life; but how one may lose desire for it is not so easy. Do you suppose there is any one who really—I mean any occidentally trained person—who actually has no desire for future existence? Some say they don't want it, but are they speaking the unadulterated truth?

Murder in the Cathedral, by T. S. Eliot. This book will be a hopeless puzzle and a terrific disappointment to the Great Unwashed, if they should buy it under the delusion that it is a detective story. But how beautiful it is! And to me far more interesting reading than Tennyson's *Becket.*

As a matter of record, the first performance of *Murder in the Cathedral* in America was at Yale University, Dec. 20, 1935.

NAMES OF BOOKS MENTIONED WITH PUBLISHERS

Our Times, Vol. VI: The Twenties, by Mark Sullivan. Scribners. $3.75.
The Correspondence of Thomas Gray, ed. Toynbee and Whibley. 3 vols. Oxford. $21.
The Life of Washington Irving, by S. T. Williams. 2 vols. Oxford. $15.
The Great Tom Fuller, by Dean B. Lyman. University of California. $2.25.
Letters of Laurence Sterne, by L. P. Curtis. Oxford. $10.50.
Henry van Dyke, by Tertius van Dyke. Harpers. $3.50.
Joseph Conrad and His Circle, by Jessie Conrad. Dutton. $3.75.
The Voice of England, by C. G. Osgood. Harpers. $3.
The Pulitzer Prize Plays, ed. Cordell. Random House. $3.50.
Great Captain, by H. Morrow. Morrow. $2.50.
The Voice of Bugle Ann, by M. Kantor. Coward McCann. $1.25.
They Lived, by E. T. Cook. Scribners. $2.50.
The Garden Murder Case, by S. S. VanDine. Scribners. $2.
Silas Crockett, by Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. $2.50.
Murder in the Cathedral, by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt Brace. $1.

LOOK IN THE MIRROR

By Raymond Holden

Look in the mirror. Those reluctant eyes
That mingle with their truth a bias light
Of generous pity when they meet my sight
Now, in their own, meet all that underlies
Their dark pride, their bright beauty, all their tears.
Men are but names. They do not stand in glass
To tell the mirrored woman what she was
Or is today, or will become with years.

You have yourself, not me; those are your eyes.
I love you, but my love gives little force
To your mind's recompense, your soul's recourse.
Love can but stand behind you, shadow-wise,
And, warmer than a shadow, on your hair
Set its quiet lips to say that it is there.

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Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER authors. . . . What they say. . . . Arthur Hobson Quinn on a new subject. . . . A school teacher writes on academic freedom. . . . Letters and editorials on "Man's Last Specter."

CHANGES in the American People —Do We Need a Dictator?" is the first of the **James Truslow Adams** series on the Constitution which did not cross the Atlantic in proof sheets. Mr. Adams has returned to this country from England and plans to stay here. His new book on Jefferson will be out in the early spring.

Nancy Hale, whose last novel *Never Any More* reached best-selling proportions, has a collection of short stories coming out in the spring. It will be called *The Earliest Dreams* and will contain fourteen of her stories.

Doron K. Antrim, who writes "Tin Pan Avenue" says that his interest in music dates back to the time when as a youngster he found out what a lot of fun could be had from a second-hand harmonica. "Ever since then," he says, "I have been identified with what we call the music business, which for me included: teaching music, selling music, pianos, etc., and writing about music. During the war, among other things, I helped the boys departing for the great adventure to get together and make their own music, and still think that making your own is the ultimate musical enjoyment. After the war I worked on music magazines, edited the *Musical Observer* until it was merged with the *Musical Courier,* and since 1928 have edited the *Metronome,* a magazine which goes back over fifty years and contains within its pages a history of popular music in America. . . . It will no doubt be many years before the music business becomes adjusted to such sound conveying media as moving pictures and radio. The latter, for instance, has made music so easy of attainment, that it has greatly reduced the ranks of the amateurs, formerly the backbone of the business, to say nothing of the professionals and composers. It is difficult to imagine anything today that touches more closely the lives of the people than music, and yet which renders such a small return, by and large, to its producers and creators. However, we in the business believe that radio also will be the means of stimulating the slumbering instincts of people to more participation in music and already see indications in that direction."

OUR AUTHORS SAY:

"It is a fundamental political fact today that the people are willing and desire to go to the Federal Government rather than to those of the forty-eight states to get things done. . . ."

James Truslow Adams. P. 65

"Bureaucracy is a word of tremendous emotional power and like all similar words, a definition of it is rarely attempted by those who use it most frequently."

C. Hartley Grattan. P. 98

"The question of academic freedom . . . has assumed far more than a merely academic significance."

Gerald Chittenden. P. 115

"A study of the death rates over the period from 1917 to 1934 shows clearly that mortality from cancers of wholly visible sites almost without exception has been declining among both men and women."

Doctor Louis I. Dublin. P. 85

"Most people can tell a lie but few can live one."

Philandering Wives. P. 111

Nicholas Murray Butler was in the thick of the excitement out of which the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt emerged. In this second of his series on the Fourteen Republican Conventions which he has attended, he tells of the Convention which nominated T. R. and throws in a Democratic Convention for good measure.

New York is definitely a home town to **Virginia Bird.** She writes: "Born in New York and perpetually in love with it. Grew up in Murray Hill, Yorkville, and Central Park. Studied violin forever and ever, piano almost as long but perform reluctantly. Went to New York University, Fordham Law, and Columbia and was cordially bored at all three, and feeling reciprocated undoubtedly. Had better time belonging to amateur symphony, swimming and reading poetry. Take life as lightly as possible and writing as seriously as possible."

Doctor Louis I. Dublin took his doctorate at Columbia in 1904. Since 1909 he has been connected with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of which he is now a vice-president. He has analyzed the records of the life insurance company, using them as research material in many fields and has written much as a result of this work. He has written on "Mortality Statistics of Insured Wage Earners and Their Families," "Workingmen's Insurance in Europe," "The Money Value of a Man," "To Be or Not to Be—A Study of Suicide," and much more. In 1931–32 he was President of the American Public Health Association and has served as President of the Population Association of America and vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"New Frontiers of Research" puts **Arthur Hobson Quinn** in a new rôle for most of our readers who are accustomed to reading his discussions of American drama. Yet it is obvious that as Dean of the University of Pennsylvania his interests should be wide and varied beyond his chosen field and in this article he uncovers opportunities for research open to us all.

Jo Pagano's stories are already known to SCRIBNER readers, and this is the second "Italian" story which has been published in the magazine. He is now at work on a novel about these same

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people. He lives and writes in Los Angeles. His own favorite author is Thomas Mann and his favorite story is "Early Sorrow" by that author.

C. Hartley Grattan finds time, between lecturing at Washington Square College on "Life and Labor in the United States" and making a study of American poverty, to lecture around the country from time to time. He has worked in Washington and is thoroughly familiar with his subject "Working for the Government."

A teacher in boys' boarding schools for thirty-one years, **Gerald Chittenden** has been at St. Paul's in Concord, New Hampshire for the last twenty-six in the English department. He has written many short stories and a book of essays called *Reflections of a Resident Expatriate*. "What Is Academic Freedom?" rose, he says, "out of the conviction that the present controversy about academic freedom, brought to a head by the teachers' oaths and other gestures of pure fright, was being carried on by people in bad tempers. Professional patriots, male and female, are ranged on one side; they believe that all teachers are communists, and advocate controlling them by fascistic measures. The remedy is, of course, worse than the disease, if the disease exists. Their attack has forced teachers of all shades of opinion to take up a defensive attitude which runs the risk of being quite as hot and arrogant as the assault itself. Such a conflict is not the road to truth."

For several years **Doctor Gershom Downs** taught in some of the outstanding medical schools in the country. At the same time he became well known through his research and medical writing especially in the fields of constitutional and metabolic pathology. For the past three or four years he has been doing food and drug consultation, research and writing for manufacturers and producers of this type of products. He edits the journal *American Medicine* and is medical director for a well-known medical advertising agency. He began his writing career as a reporter on a middle western newspaper.

The author of "Frontiersmen," **Charles Morrow Wilson**, comes of a pioneer family of Arkansas lawyers and farmers. He is of the fourth generation to live in Fayetteville, Ark. His books include *Backwoods America* and *Helmsman of the Frontier* and he divides himself between farming and writing. "When fates in either are too outrageous," he says, "I turn as gracefully as ability allows to the other. During the past three years I have lessened agrarian activities in keeping with the philosophy of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration—*i.e.*, the less I farm, the less I lose." His particular aversions are "churches, sermons, Tammany, fresh water college professors, picnics, magazine editors who, *per se*, become world authorities upon all known subjects, all book publishers and bill collectors."

THE article in the December issue, on the care and treatment of insanity by Inis Weed Jones, has brought interesting comment from high officials and newspapers around the country. William A. Bryan, Superintendent of the Worcester State Hospital, Worcester, Mass. writes:

MORE HEALTHY ATTITUDE

Sir: I am writing to thank you for the publication of the article by Mrs. Jones in the December number of SCRIBNER'S dealing with the question of psychiatry. While I am not a judge of literary matter the article particularly appealed to me because of its dignity and educational tone and yet it was rather fascinating reading. May I, speaking as a psychiatrist, express my thanks to you and your magazine for publishing an article of this character. It is a real contribution to the health of our citizens.

If such educational measures as this could be carried out over a time I am sure it would react in a better understanding of the work of psychiatric hospitals, a diminution in the fear that is so characteristic of most people in the presence of these matters, and a more healthy attitude towards these mental health problems.

I am sure that every psychiatrist in the United States will join me in expressing the wish that more material of this kind might be made available to the community.

An editorial in *The Des Moines* (Iowa,) *Register* says:

MENTAL DISEASE AS A SOCIAL BURDEN

Psychopathic research, and methods and facilities for treating mental patients, are just beginning to catch up with the parade of progress in the corrective field, says a writer in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. As padded cells and brutal handling have given way to humane and sympathetic methods of treatment, the percentage of cure in public and private institutions has risen rapidly.

This trend is comparatively recent. Five years ago, with 1400 English language articles and books on tuberculosis, there were only 31 on dementia precox, the commonest mental ailment, which costs $350,000,000 annually and is the hardest of all to cure. Yet there is plenty of reason to give fullest attention to the problem, since it is estimated that "one household out of five has at some time in the course of each generation some one of its members in a mental hospital."

The marked increase in recent years of recorded cases of mental unbalance is due in considerable part to the growing understanding that there is no stigma attached. Victims are no longer hidden away by their families, but are placed in hospitals for treatment. This of course has involved overcrowding in many cases, and has produced budgetary problems to seriously handicap hospital managements. The remedy for that, of course, is to center public attention upon the situation and upon the costliness of a niggardly policy toward the problem.

Iowa may take pride in the citation of the state psychopathic hospital by this author as one of the eight outstanding institutions of that sort in the country. This state, with at least eight public institutions for treatment of various types of mental disorder, can scarcely be listed with the laggards either as to research or remedial care.

Mrs. Walter Ferguson, whose column is syndicated to many papers throughout the South and West, was enthusiastic about Dorothea Brande's article "At Least We're More Honest."

HONESTY

Hurray for Dorothea Brande, who challenges the modern conception of "honesty" as it applies to domestic relations. In the current SCRIBNER'S she raises the roof, so to speak, and shows us some unpleasant sights.

And isn't it time we stopped making believe that it's smart and brave and good to do as we please regardless of the consequence to others, or that it's a sign of intelligence to disregard the fundamental emotions of the heart?

Whenever you read some jubilantly penned item about Wife No. 2 inviting Wife No. 1 to dinner, don't swallow the idea that a pleasant evening was had by all, which the writer usually wishes you to do.

Mrs. Brande goes into detail about what that sort of flim-flam does to the children in a family. Where there are none, I suppose nothing makes any particular difference. So long as adults can fool themselves into believing they enjoy such unnatural situations, well and good.

They can't fool the children; that's a certainty. Have you ever noticed, Mother, how droopy your little boy is on the days when you and his father have had a bad quarrel, or the fright in the eyes of your little girl when she comes in from play to find you crying?

In Mrs. Brande's language, "Children starve, physically, not merely mentally, emotionally and spiritually, unless they have behind them the security of an unambiguous relationship." No truer words were ever written. The same fear that floods the adult heart when a man sees his financial security swept

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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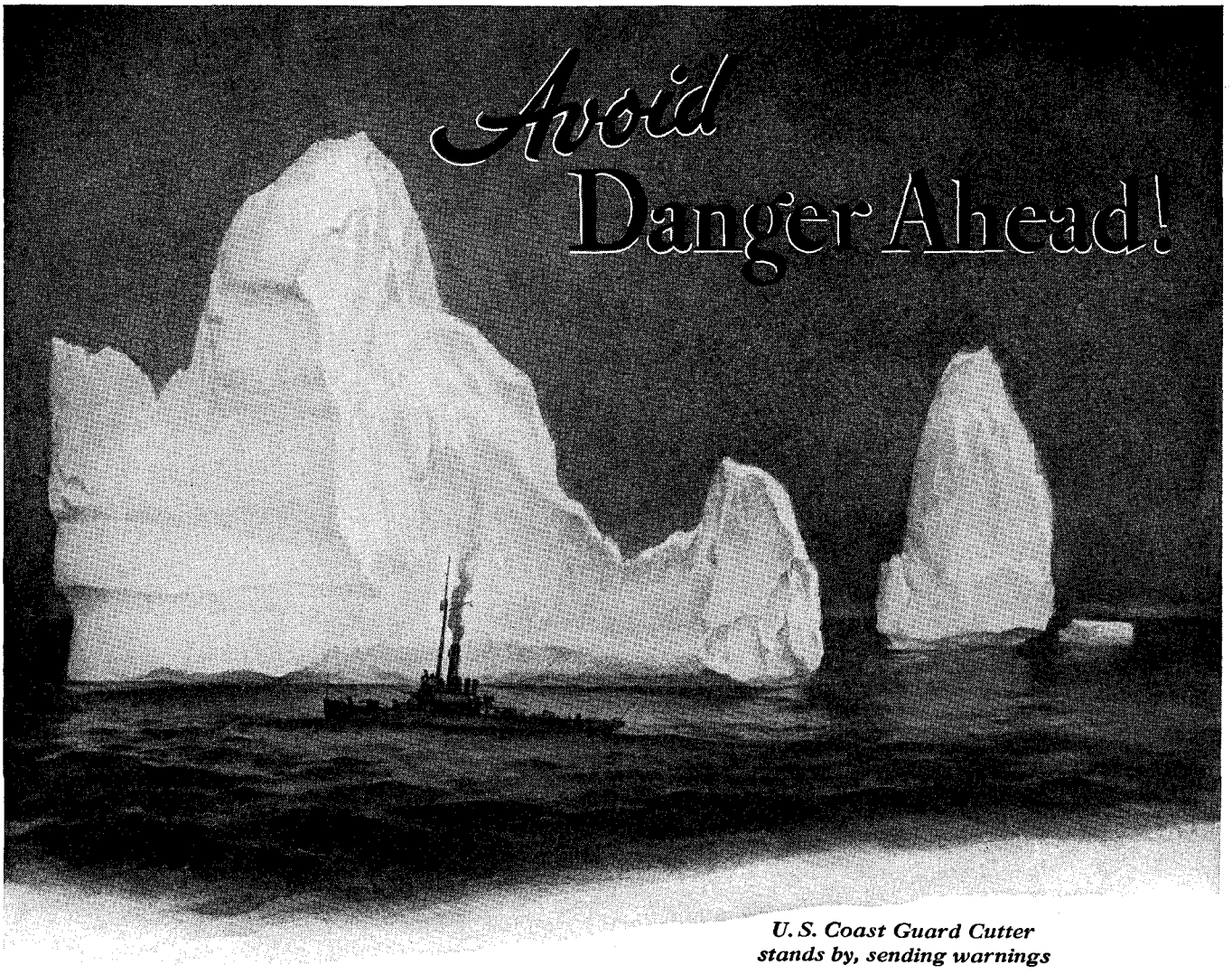

U. S. Coast Guard Cutter stands by, sending warnings

WARNED of icebergs ahead, the wise ship captain charts a course which avoids danger. Likewise, men and women with their doctor's advice should chart a course of living which will help to avoid some of the dangers to the heart. Children, as well as adults, need to have their physical condition charted. A child who is recovering from any infectious disease should be carefully examined to learn whether the heart has been damaged and needs special care. Prompt attention may prevent lasting heart injury.

A person may have a defective heart without realizing the fact. On the other hand, many people whose hearts are not impaired think they have heart disease. They mistake symptoms of other difficulties for indications of heart trouble.

Know your own heart. There need be little guesswork. In most cases your doctor can determine its condition. If advisable he or the specialist may suggest the fluoroscope and electro-cardiograph to find out whether or not your heart needs to have its load lightened to prevent a breakdown. Today many men and women whose hearts are far from perfect are able to lead useful, active lives because they know what their hearts can and cannot do.

If your heart is normal, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

A thorough physical examination, at least once a year, may be the direct means of adding many years to your life. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." You are welcome to your copy. And, above all, don't postpone the examination you ought to have. Address Booklet Department 236-S.

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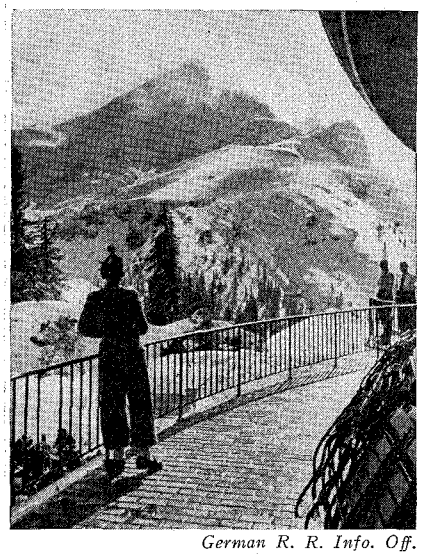
If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Skiing time in New England. . . . New Hampshire, Vermont, Lake Placid. . . . A book for skiers. . . . Special rates in Germany, Norway, Austria, Switzerland. . . . The country surrounding Garmisch-Partenkirchen. . . . The Olympics.



German R. R. Info. Off.

THE ALSPITZE, GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN

WHEN a big New York daily publishes from time to time a box two columns wide by ten inches long, under the heading "Skiing Information," it means many things. It means, of course, that snow and a great white hush are falling on the woods and slopes of the north countree. It means that railroads are offering splendid bargain prices from here to there. It means that the stores are showing and selling quantities of skis and boots and scarfs and gloves and practical and incredibly warm ski suits in gorgeous blues and greens and rusts and yellows that will soon be taking the white hills from New York to Canada, from Pennsylvania to Colorado, and even to Wyoming and to California, Oregon and Washington; taking the white hills at breathless speed and at all angles. But underneath all this lies the greater meaning that everywhere, all over the country, more and more people are taking their winter sports seriously, and with an all-conquering interest are turning, even before their toast and coffee in the morning, to see by the sporting page how many inches of snow their chosen skiing ground lies under.

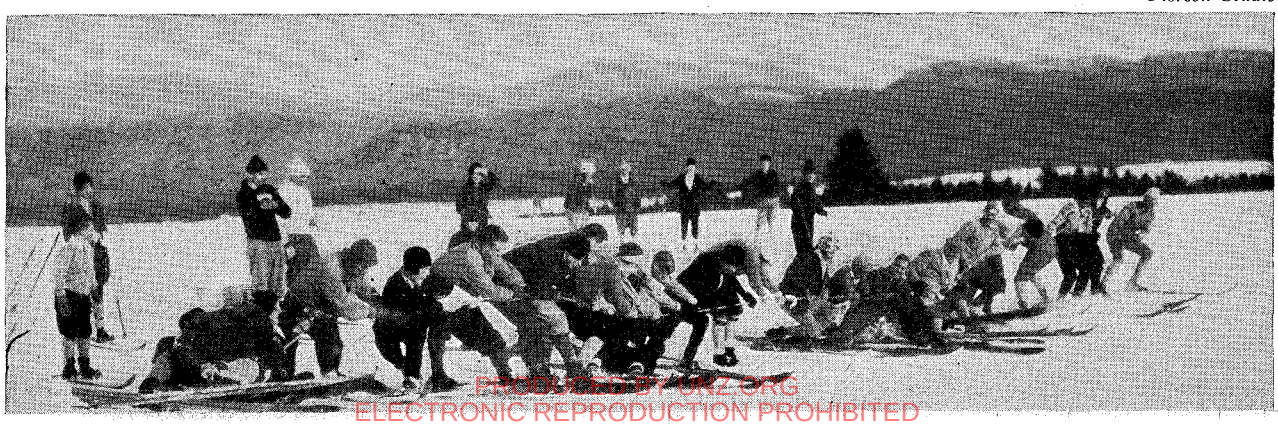
At the moment of writing there is snow almost everywhere where there ever is any, but in ordinary mild winter weather, this is the kind of thing you are apt to find, in your Skiing Information column. Beginning with a favorite skiing spot in Connecticut, "Spotty snow condition on top of ski trails, no skiing, 33 above." Gradually working up to, say, Pinkham Notch in New Hampshire, on the White Mountain Trails: "Nine inches snow in notch, one-half inch wet granular over old light crust have made good skiing on carriage road and lower part of old Tuckerman Trail, 24 above and clear." And then over into my country, into Vermont, Stowe-Waterbury, Mount Mansfield Trails: "Six to eight inches breakable crust in Smuggler's Notch, deepening above Half Way House to four inches granular snow on foot or more unbreakable crust base. Good skiing on Mt. Mansfield auto road, Smuggler's Notch Road and high open slopes, 29 above and cloudy." The language may be cryptic, but a book couldn't say more. Only tell me, Brother, how did it look, flying down the steep slope on the Mansfield auto road, how did the country look over to the east toward the Worcester Range? Could you guess, from glimpsing so much, how the little farms and houses would look beyond it? The little houses all buried in snow beyond the Range, over Hardwick-way? And could you raise your eyes from the roadway long enough to see and tell how Camel's Hump, there to your right, rises covered with snow, and gigantic against the sky? You couldn't tell me more clearly than I see it, sitting at a desk, Fifth Avenue, New York, but I'd like to hear you try.

Lake Placid

Lake Placid is at its best. Approximately 250 miles of ski trails surround it, dotted with shelters and fireplaces, welcome to old-timers, and almost necessary to the beginner. There are also a slalom course and four down-hill runs—Sentinel North Notch, 1½ miles, Whiteface Mountain Memorial highway, four miles, a new 1½-mile run from Lake Arnold down to Avalanche Camp, and the Mt. Whitney expert run, one mile long.

Things are happening there all the

TUG OF WAR ON SKIIS, ONE OF MANY WINTER SPORTS AT LAKE PLACID, N. Y. *Pierson Studio*



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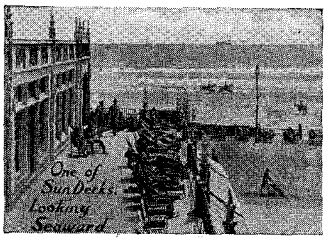


winter through. On the first of February there's a Tri-county Invitation Outdoor Speed-skating Meet. On February 8, there's the National A. A. U. Senior 2-Man Bobsled Championship. The next day is the 4-Man Championship. From then, through the Tenth Annual Mid-Winter Ice Carnival over the week-end of the 22d, there is some big skating, skiing, or bobsledding event nearly every day. With rates in the various "cottages" and hotels varying from $1 a day European plan, and $2 a day American, and round-trip rates from New York as low as $15.20 over holidays and $24.56 with six-month return limit, you can't make a mistake, whenever you go. Rates are correspondingly low from many other points, in upstate New York and New England. For ski enthusiasts, incidentally, there is a lovely book called *Sixty Centuries of Skiing,* written by Charles M. Dudley and published by the Stephen Daye Press in Brattleboro, Vermont.

The Olympics

But those on whom fortune really smiles this year will find their way to the Olympics at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. For me there is a haunting and inexplicable familiarity about that country. I remember that Barrie, in *Margaret Ogilvy,* the lovely story about his mother, said that because of stories she had told him, things that happened when she was a child became more real to him than his own life and that when he looked back, sometimes it was her childhood that he saw, rather than his own. Now my father has never told me about Germany. He did not live there as a boy, nor do I remember that my grandparents who did come from there ever told me about it. And yet when I see those snow-capped peaks, golden in the sun, the dark forests on the lower slopes, the little villages belonging to the valleys, in the green of summer or the snow of winter, whether really or in photographs, an overpowering nostalgia comes over me and a feeling "This is the land of my people. This is where I belong." It may very well be that this

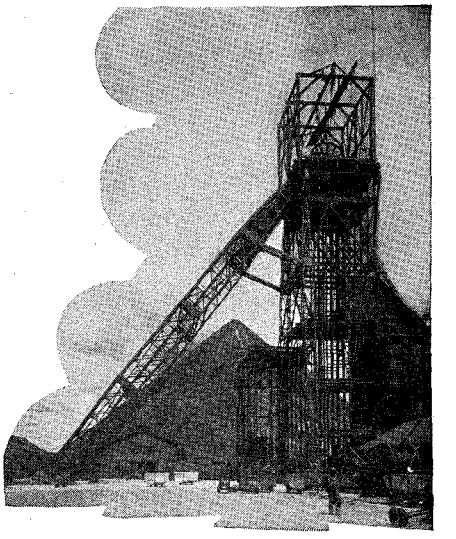
(*Continued on page 12*)

Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 128*)

away overcomes the child as he watches his home fall apart and his parents go their separate ways. In all life there is nothing so dreadful.

Let's be concrete. Do you believe the following is an intellectually honest statement? "Children are better off when their parents are divorced than they are in a home where the father and mother no longer love each other." I don't. To my notion it's Alibi No. 1



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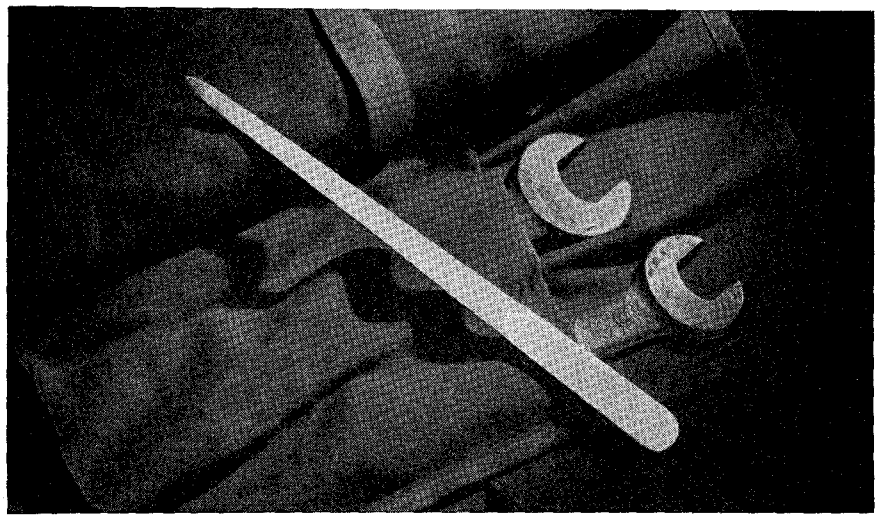
country has power to evoke such a feeling in every one; that I can rationalize my own emotions because my grandparents did come from there, but that in reality, the whole world, going to the beautiful and magic country of southern Germany is moved the same way and believes that here they have come home.

At any rate it will be home for thousands of people all over the world during the eleven days from February 6 to 16 when the Olympic winter games are being held. Elaborate preparations, to use the term much overworked in the folders, are being made to take care of the incoming hordes, and rooms available in neighboring villages as well as in Garmisch-Partenkirchen are all listed with the central housing committee, so that no price raising is to be permitted. Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Norway, and many of the other countries have special reductions in railroad fares, ranging from 25 per cent to 60 per cent depending on the length of your visit, so be sure to look into the possibilities.

Once at Garmisch-Partenkirchen you will realize how far short any description of mine falls; how pitiful is any attempt to tell you of the great ridges of the Alpspitze, the steep Waxenstein, the white Hollental and the giant Wetterstein. Just beyond the last houses in Garmisch-Partenkirchen lie the ski stadium and the Olympic ski-jump—not the largest ski jump in the world, but judged by experts one of the best. Across the Partnach River is the ice stadium where the ice hockey tournament will be held, and about 330 feet above the village lies the Riessersee, a beautiful lake, "surrounded by forest-clad mountains" where the speed skating competitions will be held. From the very edge of the lake a lift takes you to the starting point of the breath-taking bob-run, lying in the shadow of the Alpine peaks.

But I do not need to tell you. You who go will think my story wan and colorless. You who do not will think I exaggerate. Go, then, and see for yourselves. Tell me of the mountains in the sun.



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